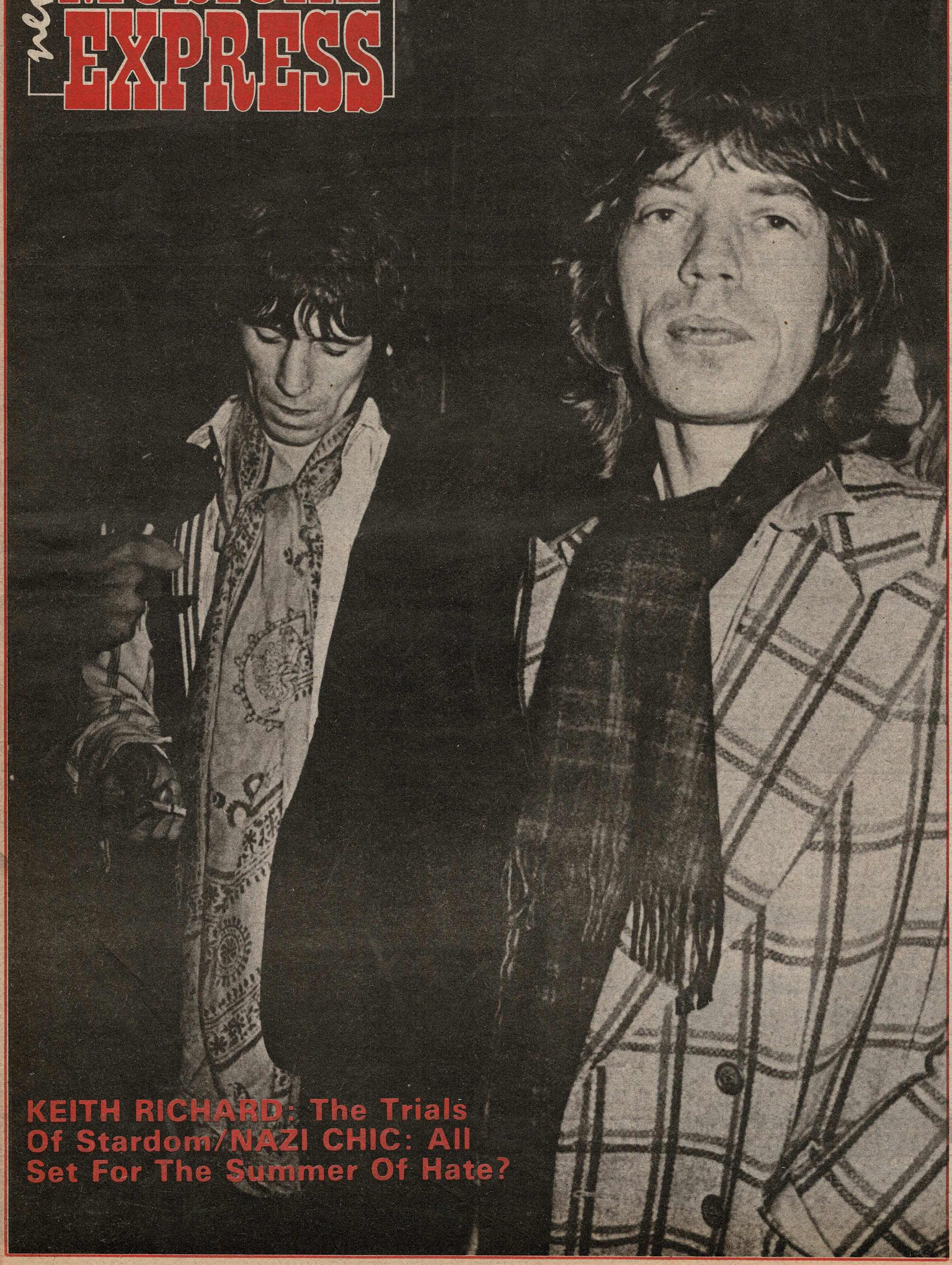
January 22, 1977 US 95c/Canada 55c 15p

Aus. 35c NZ 35c S.A. 35c Den Kr 4.85 Fin F.M. 2.40 Fr N.F. 4.00
Ger. D.M. 2.20 Malaysia $1 10c. Malta 15c Spn 38 pts.

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

DAVID BOWIE: The Thin White Duke's Low Profile/HALL & OATES: Picking Up The Traces



KEITH RICHARD: The Trials Of Stardom/NAZI CHIC: All Set For The Summer Of Hate?

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

RECORDING NEWS

Pistols firing now official

THE SEX PISTOLS' contract with the EMI Organisation has now officially been terminated.

The group, their manager Malcolm McLaren and their lawyers met with EMI executives last week, in an attempt to reach a compromise solution.

But EMI were apparently unwilling to re-consider their decision to fire the Pistols and, said a spokesman for the group, "the meetings did not prove fruitful."

Other record companies were believed to be waiting in the wings for the Pistols to become available, and negotiations on a new deal are likely to open shortly. But no-one is prepared to comment on any approaches "until their notoriety has died down."

EMI managing director Leslie Hill confirmed on Monday that details of the termination (presumably financial) have now been agreed between the parties concerned, and he wished the Pistols "every success with their next recording contract."

Tape pirating halted

EMI HAVE perfected a new technique, by which a special watermark will be contained in all pre-recorded tape cassettes. It is an inaudible coded signal, which can only be heard when played through a special decoder. The system is being introduced to combat the widespread pirating of tapes. It is estimated that over 300 million tapes sold each year are pirated — that is, illegally recorded from the copyrighted version. In Britain only five per cent of cassettes sold are pirated, but in other markets the figure runs as high as 80 or 90 per cent. The new technique will enable tapes to be checked for their authenticity.

● The **Mighty Diamonds'** new album, as yet untitled, will be issued by Virgin on March 4. It was recorded at Allen Toussaint's studio in New Orleans and contains 12 tracks — six by the group, three by Toussaint and one each by Frankie Miller, Thom Bell and Smokey Robinson. Virgin are now in the process of lining up a British tour by the Diamonds in April, venues permitting.

● **John Lodge** has a single issued by Decca on January 28 titled "Say You Love Me".

● Mike Heron's new band **Heron** who will be supporting Procol Harum on their upcoming British tour, have their debut album "Diamonds Of Dreams" released by Bronze on February 11.

● **Wings'** new single, released by Parlophone on January 28, is a track from their current hit triple album titled "Maybe I'm Amazed". Out the same day on MCA is another song from the "Evita" musical — this one is "Another Suitcase In The Hall" by **Barbara Dickson.**

● **EMI this weekend two maxi-singles, each featuring three past hits of the Shadows and Mud. The** Shadows' set comprises "Apache", "Wonderful Land" and "FBI". And the Mud set (which is on the Rak Replay label) features "Tiger Feet", "Oh Boy" and "Dyna-mite".

● Capitol issue a **Tavares** EP tomorrow (Friday) containing four tracks, all from different albums. They are "The Mighty Power Of Love", "I Hope She Chooses Me", "My Ship" and "Strangers In Dark Corners".

● CBS announce that former Rolling Stones and John Mayall guitarist **Mick Taylor** has been signed to the label, and will shortly be starting work on a new album. Also, **Rick Nelson** has signed with Epic and **Muddy Waters** with Blue Sky, both of which are distributed here by CBS.

● **Slade** return to the recording scene this week with a new single "Gypsy Roadhog", which is the first release on their manager Chas Chandler's own Barn label, distributed by Polydor. And **Kiki Dee** aims for the charts again with her new single "First Thing In The Morning", released by Rocket tomorrow.

● Among singles out on January 28 are "Bombay" by **Golden Earring** and "Rocking Guitar' by **Bert Weedon** (both on Polydor), "Never Gonna Give You Up" by **Bonnie Bramlett and Dobie Gray** (Capricorn) and "You'll Never Know What You're Missing" by **The Real Thing** (Pye-International).

● **Dr. Feelgood** fly to France on February 14, to start work in a Paris studio on their fourth United Artists album. Recording will be supervised by New York producer Bert de Coteaux, who has previously worked with Stevie Wonder and B.B. King.

● White Rock", the soundtrack album of **Rick Wakeman's** music from the movie of the 1976 Winter Olympics, is released by A & M this weekend. And excerpts will be featured next week in BBC-2's "Whistle Test" and "Musical Time Machine", BBC-1's "Sportsnight" and ITV's "Magpie", as well as in BBC-1's "Film Night" on February 6. The film has its royal charity premiere on January 31.

STONES IN QUANDARY

THE ROLLING STONES, who are understood to be on the point of announcing a new recording deal with Polydor, were this week still assessing the long-term effects of Keith Richard's conviction.

Although he was only fined £750 plus costs, the verdict could prompt the U.S. immigration authorities to withdraw his visa, thus preventing him (and consequently preventing the Stones) from performing and recording in the States.

As NME closed for press on Tuesday, the Stones were still discussing with their lawyers the possibility of an appeal against conviction. But whatever the outcome, a spokesman for the Stones denied national Press reports, suggesting that Richard will fly to America in the near future to force an early decision on whether he will be admitted.

Said the spokesman: "The question never arose. He simply wouldn't expose himself to the humiliation of going there, just to be turned back. In any case, the Stones have no U.S. plans at the moment. The only dates they are considering so far are a possible South American tour later in the year."

The Stones' new recording deal with Polydor was expected to be announced at the Midem Festival in Cannes later this week, confirming NME's exclusive forecast before Christmas. It is believed that the contract, in addition to orthodox material, also calls for solo albums.

July Wakes is on again

THE JULY WAKES Festival, which was staged for the first time last year, is to be held again this summer. And such was the success of the first event that the promoters have decided to expand it from three to four days. It will be presented at the same site — Park Hall in Charnock Richard, near Chorley in Lancashire — from July 14 to 17 inclusive.

THE 1976 Wakes event featured such names as the Chieftains, Alan Stivell, the McGarrigles, John Martyn, John Prine, Mike Harding and Jack The Lad. But co-promoter Brian Adams said that it is intended to broaden the festival's scope this year, taking in contemporary folk and more traditional folk music. "I have already opened negotiations with four major American acts," he told NME.

As a gesture to the thousands of people who "got the festival off the ground" last year, it has been decided to retain the 1976 admission price of £5.50 for the entire festival — despite the inclusion of an extra day. It is expected that initial bookings will be announced shortly.

● Meanwhile, Adams also revealed that a special one-day rock concert is to be staged at the same Park Hall site on Saturday, June 4, under the name of "Jubilee Festival". This will be one of a number of events held that weekend (another takes place the same day at London Earls Court) to mark the Queen's Silver Jubilee, and it is likely to be the biggest of its kind in the North of England.

Lone Star tour is cut

LONE STAR have lost their lead singer Kenny Driscoll, who has left the band to pursue a solo career. They are now working on a new stage show with a replacement singer, whose name will be revealed shortly, but meanwhile they have been forced to cancel the first leg of their extensive British tour. All projected January gigs have been pulled out, but it is hoped that the February portion of the tour will go ahead as planned.

NEWS IN BRIEF

● **NAZARETH will be touring Britain extensively in the late spring, a spokesman for their management confirmed this week. The band are currently recording a new album in Montreal, and they are scheduled to begin a six-week tour of the United States and Canada in mid-March. They will subsequently return home for their British gigs, which will coincide with the release here of their new LP.**

● *HAWKWIND have decided against playing a free London concert with a view to recording a live album, as they had originally intended. And their record company has issued an official statement, insisting that Nik Turner's departure from the band is not necessarily permanent. It says that Turner has "stepped out" of the group to pursue his own interests and ideas but may re-join the group later.*

● KRAKATOA are now back on the road following their recent line-up changes. They have acquired a new girl singer in Elana Harris, and the rest of the personnel comprises Dave Poxon (bass), Roger Adams (lead guitar) and Nigel Glocker (drums). They have gigs this week at Inverness Ice Rink (tonight, Thursday), Aberdeen University (Friday), Dundee Samantha's (Sunday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (Monday) and London Fulham Golden Lion (Tuesday).

● **QUEEN are expected to play selected British concert dates in the late spring, following their current tour of the U.S. and Canada. The massive 42-date itinerary started last week, and takes in such major venues as New York's Madison Square Garden and Los Angeles Forum. Prior to the opening, they had been in the States for ten days rehearsing a brand new stage act, which includes excerpts from their album "A Day At The Races".**

● *SLIK have added several more dates to their current tour. They are Bristol Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday), Bury St. Edmunds Focus Cinema (February 13), Manchester ABC Theatre (19) and Halifax Civic Theatre (20). Their gig at Torquay Town Hall on January 28 is cancelled, as they will then be filming a BBC-TV musical play for subsequent transmission. And they now play Torquay 400 Club on February 4, instead of Hastings.*

● ALBION DANCE BAND top the bill in a special event at London Hammersmith Riverside Studios on January 30 — starting at 2pm, it includes exhibitions, guest appearances, workshops and fringe attractions. Then on February 3, they headline in concert at Croydon Fairfield Hall, with guest singer Martin Carthy.

● **GARY GLITTER continues his comeback, which started with a London concert just before Christmas, by playing a string of cabaret dates. So far confirmed are weeks at Batley Variety Club (from February 6), Manchester Golden Garter (from 14), Watford Bailey's (from 20), Charnock Richard Park Hall (from March 6) and Leicester Bailey's (from 21). He is considering playing a few selected concerts in April.**

● *FRED GRANGER has quit his job as manager of London's top pub venue, the Hope and Anchor in Islington. As previously reported, he recently launched a small record label with a view to clearing his debts at the Hope, but the move came too late to solve the problem. New manager John Eichler plans to resume the policy of nightly live gigs when he takes over next month.*

● ROOGALATOR have gigs at Bath University (tomorrow, Friday), London 100 Club (January 25), Ormskirk Edge Hill College (28), Crewe College (29), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (30), Sheffield Polytechnic (February 2), Newcastle Polytechnic (4), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (5), Bradford University (9), Portsmouth Polytechnic (12), Bracknell South Hill Park (13), Brighton Top Rank (15), Colchester Technical College (18), Kingston Gipsy Hill College (19), Dundee University (25), Derby College (March 17), Bromley Saxon Tavern (18) and Oxford Polytechnic (19).

● **AL JARREAU has been confirmed for another concert during his brief British visit next month. It takes place at Oxford Polytechnic on Thursday, February 10 — three days before his major London appearance, reported last week, at the Victoria Palace. He will also be guesting on TV, probably in "Whistle Test", during his visit.**

● *LED ZEPPELIN's movie "The Song Remains The Same" has won two categories in the 1976 awards given by the magazine 'Film And Filming'. It was named Best Documentary of the year, and Jimmy Page picked up the award for the Best Soundtrack. The film went on general release this week, initially playing selected cinemas in the London area.*

● FLYING ACES, the band led by ex-Man member Martin Ace, are to play a major London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on March 22. This will be the final date of their current extensive one-nighter tour, which opened earlier this month, and they subsequently start work on their debut album.

● **JOHN STEVENS' AWAY, arguably Britain's most advanced jazz-rock band, attempt to win a wider audience by way of a lenghty tour of colleges and rock venues opening this month. It will continue through February and March, and first confirmed gigs are Portsmouth Polytechnic (January 27) and Hull University (February 5).**

● TONY PALMER's 17-part documentary series on the history of popular music, "All You Need Is Love", is to be fully networked by ITV. The first one-hour programme will be seen in all regions except London on Saturday, February 12. London viewers will see the series on Friday nights, starting February 18.

● **HINKLEY'S HEROES have added five more dates to their latest tour, for which intitial gigs were listed last week. The nine-piece all-star outfit play Keele University (January 26), Coventry Warwick University (27), Liverpool University (28), Manchester University (29) and Newcastle University (February 5).**

● 10 c.c., now featuring Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman, have started planning their worldwide tour which will cover America, Australia and Europe (including Britain). But they are still actively looking for musicians to join the touring band. The new 10 c.c. album by the re-formed band is expected in early spring.

● **STUART HENRY's Saturday-night Radio Luxembourg series "Sound System" has been picking up abnormally high ratings for the small hours of the morning, so from this weekend it is being switched to the peak time slot of 11pm-1am. And in response to numerous requests, 208 have scheduled a second repeat of the "Stevie Wonder Live At The Rainbow" 1971 concert for Friday, January 28, at 2am.**

● *GRAHAM PARKER and the Rumour, whose British tour opens at Croydon Fairfield Hall on March 6, have switched their previously-reported concert at Bradford St. George's Hall from March 15 to 18 . . . and BE-BOP DELUXE, who set out on tour tonight (Thursday), have put back their gig at Exeter University by two days to January 28.*

● ELLA FITZGERALD and COUNT BASIE will now being playing a slightly shorter tour than was originally planned. They now appear together at Aberdeen Capitol (April 23), London Palladium (24), Manchester Free Trade Hall (25), Southport New Theatre (26), London Royal Festival Hall (30) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (May 1).

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
RY COODER
AND THE
CHICKEN SKIN BAND
WITH GUESTS
MEAL TICKET
FREE TRADE HALL
PETER ST., MANCHESTER 2
THURSDAY 27th JANUARY at -7·30 p.m
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE DAWSONS STOCKPORT & WARRINGTON, CENTRAL RECORDS MIDDLETON & ASHTON under LYNE, FREE TRADE HALL BOX OFFICE 834 0943, OR ON NIGHT
ODEON BIRMINGHAM
NEW STREET
FRIDAY 28th JANUARY at -7·30 p.m
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFF. 10·30 a.m - 8·00 p.m, MON.-SAT. TEL. 021 6436101, OR ON NIGHT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SATURDAY 29th JANUARY at -7·3
EXTRA CONCERT SUN. 30th JAN. at -7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 22

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Bruce's new band

***JACK BRUCE** is back in action again with a brand new band. The line-up consists of Hughie Burns (guitar), Tony Hymas (keyboards), Simon Phillips (drums) and Bruce (bass). They came together secretly in the autumn, and have already completed work on a debut album titled "How's Tricks?" This will be released by RSO Records in March to coincide with a British and European tour, which is currently being finalised.*

Sedaka, Seasons for Palladium

NEIL SEDAKA is to play a week at the London Palladium in mid-spring. He will appear at the venue for the week commencing May 16, and perform solo and unaccompanied.

Apart from his own piano playing, there will be no other instrumentation on stage, and

Sedaka will appear for a full two hours without any support acts.

"Titled 'Neil Sedaka And Songs — Solo Concert' and promoted by Barry Dickins of MAM, the show will trace his 25-year career, from his early hits until the present day. The Palladium box-office opens next Monday (24) with tickets priced at £6, £5, £4, £3, and £2.

FRANKIE VALLI and the Four Seasons return to Britain in the spring for a week-long London engagement, followed by four provincial dates. They headline at the London Palladium for the week commencing April 25, then play Blackpool Opera House (May 5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Manchester Ardwick ABC Theatre (7) and Wolverhampton Civic Hall. There is a possibility of more dates being added to this schedule.

For their Palladium week, there will be two performances on Wednesday and Saturday, and one house on the other four nights. Tickets are now on sale priced £5, £4, £3, £2.50 and £1.50. There will be two shows each night in the provinces, and readers should apply to the respective box-offices for booking details. A new album by the group will be issued by WEA in early March, but no title has yet been announced.

Elton, too?

NME UNDERSTANDS that negotiations are nearing completion for Elton John to headline a week-long engagement at the London Palladium during the spring. This will mark his official stage comeback, following his winter sabbatical to concentrate on his chairmanship of Watford Football Club. Weeks commencing March 28, April 4 and May 2 are present unbooked at the Palladium, and Elton could appear during one of those periods. Alternatively he may choose to wait until after the soccer season — May 23 onwards. No official confirmation of this London season could be obtained, but sources close to Elton indicated that it is "on the cards".

More by McTell

ANOTHER 14 dates have been added to the winter college tour by Ralph McTell. His complete itinerary, including the five gigs listed by NME three weeks ago, comprises university appearances at Cardiff (February 9), Aberystwyth (10), Loughborough (11), Reading (12), Leeds (13), Manchester (16), Coventry Warwick (17), Bristol (18), Bradford (19), Southampton (22), Keele (24), Lancaster (25, instead of 21 as previously reported), Glasgow Strathclyde (26), Dundee (27), Bath (March 4), Birmingham (5) and Exeter (7). He also appears at polytechnics in Oxford (February 23) and Newcastle (March 2). As already announced, McTell will be playing a second tour in May and this will be confined to the concert circuit, with details to be announced shortly.

Paice, Ashton, Lord

FIRST OF THE former Deep Purple musicians to go on the road in a new guise will be Jon Lord and Ian Paice. Their new band, which also includes Tony Ashton as third co-leader, begins a short British debut tour in late March.

They are being billed as Paice, Ashton, Lord — and the other two members of the band are Bernie Marsden and Paul Martinez.

They play Birmingham Odeon (March 26), Liverpool Empire (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Glasgow Apollo Centre (30) and London Rainbow Theatre (April 1). Prior to this, they are showcased in "Sight And Sound In Concert," aired by BBC-2 and Radio 1 on Saturday, March 19. The band's debut album "Malice In Wonderland" is released by the Oyster label in mid-February.

Glen Campbell dates

GLEN CAMPBELL, who recently had a four-week chart-topping run with his album "20 Golden Greats", returns to Britain in the early spring for a ten-date tour. After opening at Eastbourne Congress Theatre on April 3, he plays two days at London Royal Albert Hall on April 4 and 5 (two performances each night).

Subsequent dates are at Manchester Ardwick ABC Theatre (7), Liverpool Empire (8), Blackpool Opera House (9), Sheffield City Hall (10), Glasgow Apollo Centre (15 and 16) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (10), Glasgow Apollo Centre (15 and 16) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (17). Promoter is Jeffrey Kruger.

Information regarding booking arrangements may be obtained from the respective box-offices, or from a special office which has been opened to deal with queries of this nature at 01-235-7517. Alternatively, enquiries may be sent by post (s.a.e. please) to P.O. Box No. 460, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5BQ.

● Veteran country artist Hank Locklin and new singer Jo-Anne Steel will be the guest artists in Faron Young's British concerts early next month.

Drifters here again

THE DRIFTERS return to Britain yet again on March 18 for a six-week tour, lasting until the end of April, and there is a possibility that their visit may be extended. The group, whose new Arista single "You're More Than A Number" is currently climbing the NME Chart, have so far been confirmed for the following dates by promoter Henry Sellers: Batley Variety Club (March 20 week), Watford Bailey's (28 week), Maesteg Four Sevens (April 3), Manchester Golden Garter (4 week), Nottingham Commodore Suite (10, 12 and 14), Camberley Lakeside Club (15 and 16), Brighton Top Rank (22) and Wakefield Theatre Club (24 week).

CHICAGO, ZAPPA & TULL New gigs

CHICAGO will now be playing three concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon, during their short British tour starting this weekend. Originally set to play just one gig on January 25 at this venue, they were last week also confirmed for the following night. They will now additionally be appearing there on January 27.

FRANK ZAPPA has now had the final date of his seven-concert British tour confirmed. Besides the extra gigs announced last week, he will be appearing with his band Zappa at Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre on February 14. There will be no support act in any of the concerts, as Zappa will be performing for almost two hours.

JETHRO TULL have added yet another date to their British concert tour next month. It is a second night at Manchester Ardwick ABC Theatre (now known as Manchester Apollo) on Friday, February 4. This has been set because their originally - announced concert at this venue on February 5 has now sold out, leaving hundreds of disappointed applicants.

Coyne venues

KEVIN COYNE is playing a short series of college dates, to tie in with the release next week by Virgin of his live double album "In Living Black And White." Dates are London School of Economics (This Saturday), Bath University (February 2). Brighton Sussex University (4), Colchester Essex University (5), Uxbridge Brunel University (11) and Keele University (16). He will use backing tapes to accompany him. During the second half of February, he begins a tour of Belgium and Holland.

PETER GABRIEL

GABRIEL BACK IN ACTION

PETER GABRIEL, Genesis' former front man, makes his comeback next month when his debut solo album is released. Titled simply "Peter Gabriel", it is issued by Charisma on February 18. Produced by Bob Ezrin, it was recorded in Toronto, London and New York with a strong line-up of backing musicians, plus the London Symphony Orchestra.

A 20-venue American tour by Gabriel opens in Chicago to coincide with the U.S. release of the album by Atlantic. The itinerary includes two days at New York Palladium and six shows at Los Angeles Roxy.

Gabriel's backing band for the tour will feature most of the musicians on the album — including bassist Tony Levin (ex-Paul Simon and Judy Collins), synthesiser man Larry Fast (who has worked with Nektar) and guitarist Steve Hunter (ex-Alice Cooper). Hunter will in fact open the show with music from his own solo album, due out next month.

It is understood that Gabriel is likely to play a series of London dates after fulfilling his U.S. commitments.

Curved Air & Kokomo in Roxy-type splits

CURVED AIR have broken up, although the split is intended to be only of a temporary mature. They insist that they are merely taking a sabbatical and "doing a Roxy Music", to enable the various members of the band to pursue individual activities and explore new directions. They say that, depending upon their individual work scedules, they plan to re-form Curved Air towards the end of the year.

Main reason for the disbandment is evidently Sonja Kristina's decision to record a solo album — a project she originally planned two years ago, but which has so far failed to materialise. Says Sonja: "An opportunity has now arisen for me to work with a top producer and I shall probably go to America in April to record my solo LP." There is a possibility that she will subsequently play solo dates.

Tony Reeves is joining the re-formed Greenslade for their upcoming tour; Stewart Copeland is forming his own "new-wave" band called The Police; Mick Jacques will concentrate mainly on writing and session work; and keyboard player Alex Richman has no plans for the immediate future. Curved Air broke up for the first time at the end of 1972, but then re-formed in mid-1974.

KOKOMO are also out of action for an indefinite period. They played their last date for the foreseeable future at London roundhouse on Sunday — a gig which nearly didn't happen! The band recently lost the U.S. drummer John Suswell, who has returned to the States — and last week Neil Hubbard had to leave them temporarily, to start rehearsing for a six-week American tour with Robert Palmer.

These setbacks — coupled with the disillusionment of being without a management at present, resulting in a serious lack of work — caused Kokomo to consider scrapping their Roundhouse show. But they were persuaded to play the date, using ex-Gonzales drummer Glen De Fleur and their former member Jim Mullen as replacements for the missing men.

During the next few weeks, and possibly months, the various members of Kokomo will pursue other activities — as previously reported, some will be backing Bryan Ferry on tour next month. But the present plan is for Kokomo to re-emerge later in the year, with all the existing members plus a new drummer.

SONJA KRISTINA

Gallagher—Lyle and Chieftains:gala gigs

GALLAGHER & LYLE headline a special charity concert at London Royal Albert Hall on Monday, February 21. This is shortly after the termination of their major British tour, opening this Saturday in Blackpool.

The event is in aid of the Music therapy Organisation, and the support act is Cado Belle. Elton John, Rod Stewart, Rick Wakeman, Billy Connolly and Twiggy are among stars expected to attend the benefit. Tickets are priced at £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 and £1.00.

THE CHIEFTAINS are to perform a gala solo concert at London's new National theatre on Monday, February 28 — the first music presentation to be staged at the venue. The show will follow the last performance of J. M. Synge's "Playboy Of The Western World," featuring original music by the Chieftains, which has been resident at the theatre for the last eight months.

Members of the cast will join the group onstage towards the end of their act. The Chieftains are currently on a European tour, during which they will be filming a Eurovision TV special in Strasbourg.

Melanie off

MELANIE has cancelled her scheduled concerts at London New Victoria theatre (January 28) and Manchester Ardwick ABC (30). She has decided instead to play dates in America, to coincide with the release there of her new album. Her visit is now being re-arranged for the summer. Meanwhile, ticket-holders for her cancelled gigs may obtain cash refunds from the point of purchase.

Bert Jansch goes on tour

BERT JANSCH is playing a string of concert dates during the next six weeks. As a prelude, he joins Kevin Coyne and John Stevens' Away at the London School of Economics this Saturday (22) in a charity gig in aid of "the decriminalisation of marijuana."

Subsequent dates will be played solo, with an occasional guest artist. They are Uxbridge Brunel University (January 28), Dublin Bellfield University (29), Belfast Queen's University (30), Leicester University (February 12), London Marquee Club (15), Portsmouth Polytechnic (17), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (18), Aberdeen University (March 4), St. Andrew's University (5) and Newcastle St. Mary's College (6). Jansch spends the second half of March touring Europe.

FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£3.50	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.50	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£2.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£2.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.00	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs	£1.60	Yessongs/Yes	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£2.95
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£2.95
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£3.95
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.50	Bass Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Clapton/Ocean Blvd & others	£2.95
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Lindisfarne/10 Songs	£1.10
Kinks Greatest Hits	£2.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Hollies Greatest Hits	£2.50	Marc Bolan Lyric Book	95p
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	T.Rex Songbook	£1.50
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
74 88 Guitar Chords	£3.00	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano	ea £3.95		
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00		
Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.25		
Eagles & Desperado	£3.95		
Eagles/On The Border	£3.50		
Eagles/One Of These Nights	£3.95		
Queen/19 Songs	£2.00		

Top 20 Sheet Music in Stock 35p per song. Orders £1 and under add 15p p&p. Between £1 & £2 add 25p. Between £2 & £3 add 35p. Over £3 add 50p. Comprehensive Catalogue Available 20p. Send Cheque/P.O. To:

FASTBACK MUSIC, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

TWO FOR THE TOP

ANDY BOWN

"LOVE, LOVE, LOVE"

EMI 2571

BOBBY PICKETT

"KING KONG"

Polydor 2066 754

EMI MUSIC, 138/140 Charing Cross Rd., London, WC2
01-836 6699

GENESIS

THE NEW ALBUM

WIND & WUTHERING

CHARISMA

CDS 4005

ADVERTISEMENT

FIVE MINUTES AGO

VIRGIN BARGAINS

Grateful Dead — Historic Dead £2.69
Todd Rundgren — Runt £2.49
Queen of the Night — Maggie Bell £2.59
Nicely Out of Tune — Lindisfarne £1.39
History of British Blues £4.69
The Genius of Jimi Hendrix £2.69
Lenny Bruce Carnegie £5.49
Blue Pine Trees — Unicorn £1.39
Rare Bird — Born Again £1.79
Peter Frampton — Winds of Change £2.49
Tom Rush — Merrimack County £2.59
Teach Yourself Rock Guitar £1.89
Jan & Dean — Gotta Have One Last Ride £2.99
Eric Clapton and the Yardbirds £2.69
Small Faces — There Are But Four £2.69

New issues arriving watch NME top 15 deletions

Plus each day a different new release at near cost price
At The Virgin Warehouse, New Oxford Street only

THE VIRGIN WAREHOUSE

108 New Oxford Street, In The Shadow of Centre Point

Available from most stores at:
BRADFORD, BIRMINGHAM, BRIGHTON, BRISTOL, COVENTRY, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NOTTINGHAM, PLYMOUTH, NEWCASTLE, SOUTHAMPTON, SWANSEA, SHEFFIELD, HULL, LEEDS, LONDON: NOTTING HILL GATE, MARBLE ARCH.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending January 19, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING	New Seekers (Polydor)
12	2	HORSE WITH NO NAME	America (Warner Bros.)
14	3	BRAND NEW KEY	Melanie (Buddah)
11	4	MOTHER OF MINE	Neil Reid (Decca)
2	5	SOLEY SOLEY	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
7	6	SOFTLY WHISPERING I LOVE YOU	Congregation (Columbia)
6	7	I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVING	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	8	SLEEPY SHORES	Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)
17	9	STAY WITH ME	Faces (Warner Bros.)
15	10	MORNING HAS BROKEN	Cat Stevens (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending January 21, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	I'M A BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA)
1	2	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
4	3	HAPPY JACK	The Who (Reaction)
3	4	MORNINGTOWN RIDE	Seekers (Columbia)
12	5	STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
7	6	ANY WAY THAT YOU WANT ME	Troggs (Page One)
15	7	MATTHEW & SON	Cat Stevens (Deram)
14	8	NIGHT OF FEAR	Move (Deram)
6	9	SAVE ME	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
5	10	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Donovan (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending January 19, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	THE YOUNG ONES	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	2	STRANGER ON THE SHORE	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
4	3	I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
7	4	LET'S TWIST AGAIN	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
5	5	MULTIPLICATION	Bobby Darin (London)
3	6	LET THERE BE DRUMS	Sandy Nelson (London)
8	7	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
12	8	RUN TO HIM	Bobby Vee (London)
11	9	THE TWIST	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
9	10	JOHNNY WILL	Pat Boone (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending January 22, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul (Private Stock)	4	1
2	(8)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Julie Covington (MCA)	4	2
3	(15)	SIDE SHOW	Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	4	3
4	(5)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	4
5	(17)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce (MCA)	3	5
6	(3)	MONEY MONEY MONEY	Abba (Epic)	8	2
7	(10)	THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10c.c. (Mercury)	5	7
8	(13)	WILD SIDE OF LIFE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	8
9	(2)	UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE	Showaddywaddy (Bell)	10	1
10	(4)	WHEN A CHILD IS BORN	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	8	1
11	(19)	DADDY COOL	Boney M. (Atlantic)	3	11
12	(7)	DOCTOR LOVE	Tina Charles (CBS)	6	6
13	(21)	YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER	Drifters (Arista)	3	13
14	(30)	ISN'T SHE LOVELY	David Parton (Pye)	2	14
15	(9)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie (Rak)	6	7
16	(11)	GRANDMA'S PARTY (E.P.)	Paul Nicholas (RSO)	6	8
17	(6)	PORTSMOUTH	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	7	5
18	(—)	SUSPICION	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	18
19	(—)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles (Asylum)	1	19
20	(—)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread (Elektra)	1	20
21	(14)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen (EMI)	8	2
22	(—)	DON'T BELIEVE A WORD	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	22
23	(—)	SMILE	Pussycat (Sonet)	1	23
24	(20)	HAITIAN DIVORCE	Steely Dan (ABC)	5	19
25	(—)	EVERYMAN MUST HAVE A DREAM	Liverpool Express (Warner Bros)	1	25
26	(12)	LIVIN' THING	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	9	3
27	(18)	LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW	Kursaal Flyers (CBS)	8	15
28	(23)	FAIRY TALE	Dana (GTO)	8	16
29	(—)	KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	KC & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy)	1	29
30	(28)	FLIP	Jesse Green (EMI)	2	28

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY — Harold Melvin & Blue Notes (CBS); THE WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD — Gordon Lightfoot (Reprise); YOU + ME = LOVE — Undisputed Truth (Warner Bros.); SAVE ME — Clodagh Rogers (Polydor); YOU — Randy Edelman (20th Century).

ALBUMS

Week ending January 22, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(10)	RED RIVER VALLEY	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	2	1
2	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	9	1
3	(2)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen (EMI)	5	2
4	(6)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	4	4
5	(3)	DAVID SOUL	(Private Stock)	7	3
6	(5)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	14	1
7	(4)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	42	1
8	(7)	SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS	(Arista)	5	4
9	(13)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	(EMI)	3	9
10	(24)	WIND AND WUTHERING	Genesis (Charisma)	2	10
11	(12)	THE GREATEST HITS	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	10	4
12	(8)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	8
13	(14)	DISCO ROCKET	(K-Tel)	7	7
14	(11)	100 GOLDEN GREATS	Max Bygraves (Ronco)	11	4
15	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Glen Campbell (Capitol)	10	1
16	(16)	HOT CHOCOLATE GREATEST HITS	(Rak)	9	8
17	(27)	EVITA	Various Artists (MCA)	2	17
18	(17)	GREATEST HITS	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	4	17
19	(18)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John (Rocket)	12	4
20	(28)	44 SUPERSTARS	(K-Tel)	4	20
21	(26)	FOREVER AND EVER	Demis Roussos (Philips)	29	2
22	(—)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles (Asylum)	34	1
23	(19)	BOXED	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	3	19
24	(—)	LOW	David Bowie (RCA)	1	24
25	(23)	THE WHO STORY	(Polydor)	15	1
26	(—)	DIANA ROSS GREATEST HITS II	(Tamla Motown)	16	2
27	(—)	SOUL MOTION	(K-Tel)	12	2
28	(22)	BEST OF STYLISTICS VOL II	(Avco)	18	3
29	(—)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	44	1
30	(21)	22 GOLDEN GREATS	Bert Weedon (Warwick)	11	3

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

BEST OF LENA MARTELL (Pye); CLASSIC GOLD (Ronco); LOVE ON THE AIRWAYS — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M); THE PRETENDER — Jackson Browne (Asylum); LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE — Bread (Elektra).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending January 22, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce
2	(3)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder
3	(2)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis
4	(7)	HOT LINE	Sylvers
5	(6)	DAZZ	Brick
6	(8)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary MacGregor
7	(12)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann
8	(10)	WALK THIS WAY	Aerosmith
9	(9)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen
10	(13)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles
11	(4)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer
12	(15)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons
13	(16)	I LIKE DREAMING	Kenny Nolan
14	(14)	JEANS ON	David Dundas
15	(18)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread
16	(20)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND	Barry Manilow
17	(5)	AFTER THE LOVIN'	Engelbert Humperdink
18	(21)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
19	(24)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller
20	(11)	TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT	Rod Stewart
21	(22)	SATURDAY NIGHT	Earth, Wind & Fire
22	(—)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
23	(23)	WHISPERING/CHERCHEZ LA FEMME/C'EST SI BON	Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah
24	(30)	DANCING QUEEN	Abba
25	(19)	LOVE ME	Yvonne Elliman
26	(25)	LIVIN' THING	ELO
27	(—)	HARD LUCK WOMAN	Kiss
28	(—)	GO YOUR OWN WAY	Fleetwood Mac
29	(—)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN"	Barbra Streisand
30	(17)	SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD	Elton John

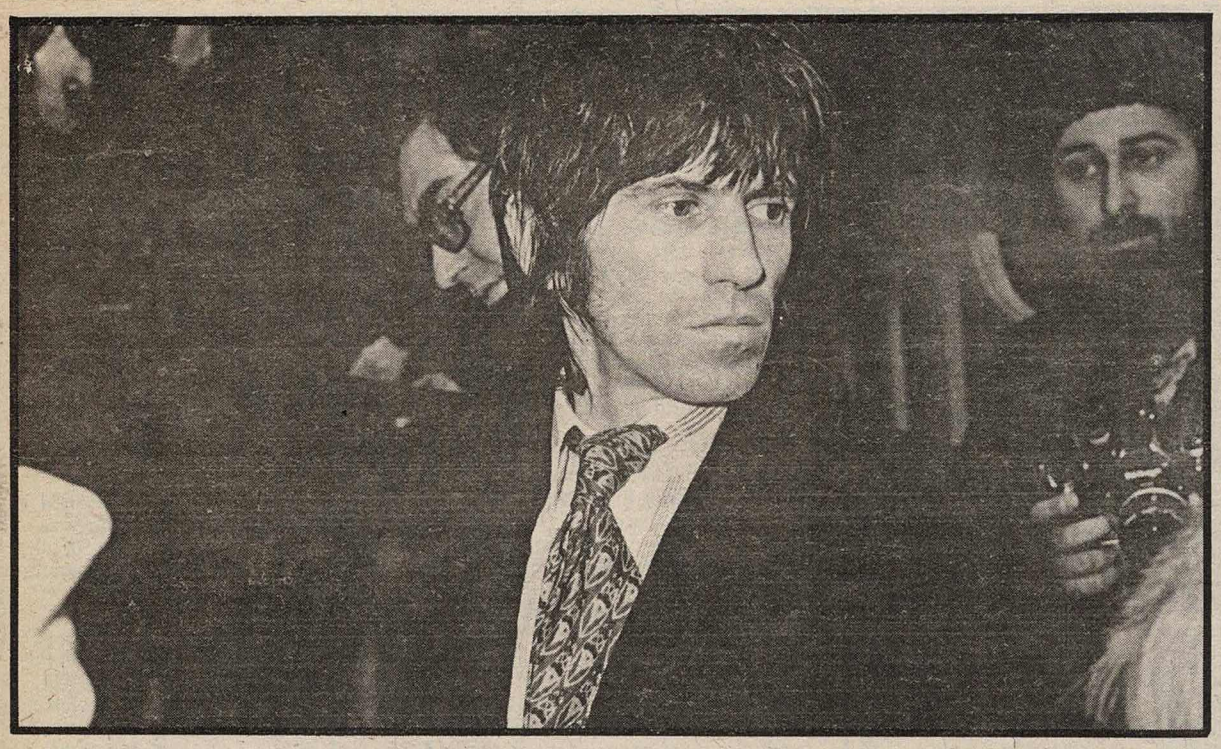
Courtesy "CASH BOX"

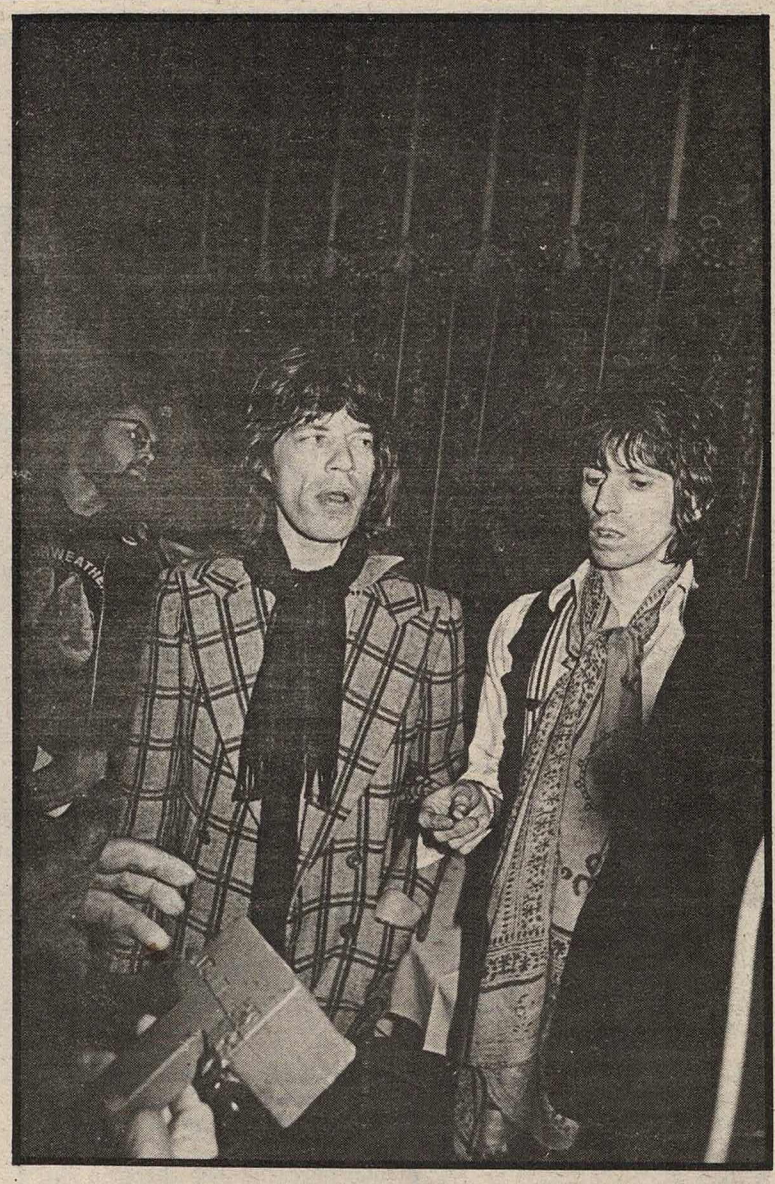
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending January 22, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
2	(2)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
3	(3)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
4	(4)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
5	(5)	BOSTON	
6	(6)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
7	(7)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
8	(8)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart
9	(21)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand/Kristofferson
10	(10)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
11	(11)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss
12	(9)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne
13	(13)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
14	(14)	GREATEST HITS	James Taylor
15	(12)	HEJIRA	Joni Mitchell
16	(15)	THIRTY-THREE & ⅓	George Harrison
17	(18)	CAR WASH	Soundtrack
18	(16)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles
19	(19)	SONG OF JOY	Captain & Tennille
20	(17)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John
21	(—)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen
22	(23)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
23	(22)	CHILDREN OF THE WORLD	Bee Gees
24	(20)	CHICAGO X	
25	(24)	SPIRIT	Earth, Wind & Fire
26	(26)	DREAMBOAT ANNIE	Heart
27	(27)	ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD	Lynyrd Skynyrd
28	(28)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
29	(25)	SONG REMAINS THE SAME	Led Zeppelin
30	(29)	FLEETWOOD MAC	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"





GETTING OFF IN AYLESBURY...

. . . depends what you're trying to get off on. KEITH RICHARD got off on the acid, but failed to get off on the cocaine. TONY PARSONS was in court (just watching, squire) and CHALKIE DAVIES was loitering outside taking pictures. Once again, "I Fought The Law (And The Law Won)" takes you there . . .

"HEY, KEEF, WHAT-CHA GONNA DO WITH THE CHAIN?" Considering the situation with the benefit of hindsight, that was probably a tactless question to ask The World's Most Stylishly Dissipated Rock 'n' Roll Mutant.

I mean, here he is less than two hours after a three-day trial ended with him facing the judge looking as terrified as any soccer hooligan staring the prospect of locked cells and metal bars in the face — as naked as a Rolling Stone is ever gonna get.

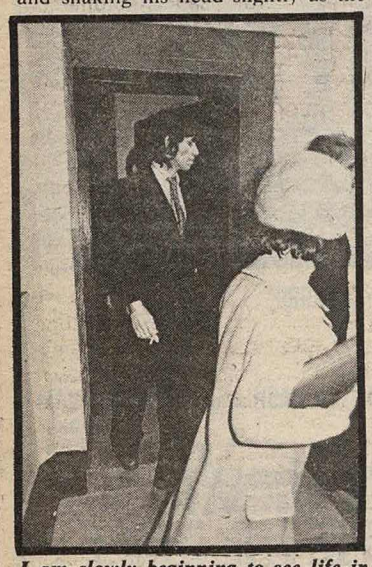
Okay, so he was found not guilty of possessing the acid and only fined a grand for being found guilty of possessing the coke found in the silver chain, ("Fining him a thousand pounds is like fining me two pence," an Aylesbury wench pointed out as we all left the courtroom for the last time), BUT!!!

That's only the minute tip of an iceberg that could, if the U.S. immigration authorities take a stern viewpoint, prevent the Stones touring America where last year they grossed seven million quid in 48 gigs . . .

And here he is now facing a veritable barrage of press men, television cameras and their hot lights and radio microphones held by nervous men in Harry Fenton suits.

And all of them are barking questions at Keef and Jagger as they stand with their backs against an enormous round table for the apres-trial press conference in a room in the plush gaff where the Stones entourage have been holed up for the past few days.

I LEAVE THE MEDIA MASS and crawl over the back of the round table until I'm kneeling right next to Keef's cadaverous face, skin as white as a line on a mirror, eyelids half closed and shaking his head slightly as the flashes explode and the TV lights blind us.



I am slowly beginning to see life in terms of a never-ending series of . . .

"Can't see a bloody fing," Jagger complains, shielding his eyes.

Suddenly the thought hits me that, a few inches away from one of the world's most elegantly wasted earholes, I'm in a better position than anyone in the room to uncover the *raison d'etre* of Keith Richard.

So . . .

"Hey Keef, whatcha gonna do with the chain?"

He's just been saying that he'll have to decide with his lawyers if he's gonna appeal and he whirls round as though somebody just gave him a rabbit punch. He looks at me for a moment and then cools out.

"It ain't mine, so they can do what they like with it," he says. "I don't want it . . ."

The media make a note of his statement and then lay back into him with all the subtlety of the Spanish Inquisition . . .

"How's this going to effect the Stones touring America, Keith?"

"It's too early to say . . ." Turning questions aside with the tired grace of a man who has been through hell and ain't gonna be phased *now* . . .

"Will there be an appeal?"

"I'll have to discuss that with my solicitors . . ." With the best defense money can buy, and ex-Attorney General and Tory M.P. Sir Peter Rawlinson as Q.C.

"What have fans thrown at you, Keith?"

"You name it . . ." Jagger at his side protectively, as he has been during the last three days.

"What's going to be the consequences?"

"I might get a song out of it," Keef replies casually and starts talking about the way the cops always treat him because he's Keith Richard Of The Rolling Stones Pop Group as I crawl across the table until I'm next to Jagger . . .

"I GET USED to the police searching me," Keef tells the hordes. K-Tel presents Media Man explosion? "It's normal procedure . . . if it's different for other people I don't know."

"Hey Mick, howz'bout an exclusive quote for the readers of NME?"

Jagger just bounces up and down on his feet grinning — "Howza'bout it then, hey? Hey?" — in perfect humour same as he's been for the past three days, signing autographs on girls' legs, talking to wide-eyed kids, sprinting so the photographers got some good pictures ("Mick Jagger flees from fans!") and ignoring the wise-guys.

"Hey, there's Steven Tyler of Aerosmith!"

Sitting in the public gallery that held 44 people next to old ladies who had come with thermos flask and sandwiches . . .

"Why did ya come, Mick?"

"Ahhh, I never miss one of Keef's appearances in court," he says, The Mouth grinning, but showing why the Stones have been together for four-teen years. And when it's over and the last quote has been noted down and the last picture snapped the two Stones and their entourage dive outa there, Jagger cool now with John Phillips, (ex-Mamas and Papas) who has been with them all week, after the flare-up between them after the judge announced the sentence; Jagger hands in pockets giving Phillips a verbal lashing after the latter made some remark that Mick obviously considered brainless, the situation not cooled by Philips strained bonhomie towards Jagger who just shook his head and said nothing . . .

Doors! Some of them have to be walked through. Some are impossible to walk through. Some have to be walked through . . .

THE NME CRIME REPORTING SQUAD look like a cripples' package tour en route to Lourdes.

Chalkie had one of his feet run over by the Rolls-Royce which was taking Keef away from the scene of the conviction while I had my right hand mangled up trying to rip off a hub-cap from that same vehicle the night before while the world slept (I later learned that you need a special tool to remove hub-caps from Rolls-Royces).

The media majority rush to their wheels to get back to the presses as quickly as possible.

I'm under no such pressure and have got time to sit back amid the rural splendour of Buckinghamshire and contemplate the past three days of madness.

Monday morning saw the first day of the trial and the rock press arriving in the musical backwater of Aylesbury with their rock 'n' roll Nasty Tales of superstars who have their blood changed in the South of France, have new sets of teeth screwed into their gums as replacement for their amphetamine-rotted originals, have concrete noses as payment for white powders, silver plates in the roof of their mouths and, all in all, come on like some kind of hip six million dollar man.

Of course, we couldn't frighten the good people of Aylesbury, who'd witnessed life in the raw, too, and were quick to point out that the Crown Court where Keef was to have his trial was the same one that some teenage Mod had burned down years before with a can of paraffin and a box of matches when the cops refused to release his mate who was being held for GBH. *(That's Grievious Bodily Harm to you gentlefolk — Ed.)*

The trial opened with nine people in the public gallery and a string of cops in the witness box describing how, last May, after Keef had swerved and written off his Bentley from the M1 through a hedge and fence and into a field, they had found salt tablets in Keef's make-up bag and from that deduced that he was holding drugs.

PC Brian Sibbert had a very fetch-

"No Ah won't . . . be a-fraid . . . no Ah won't . . . shed uh tear . . . if you'll just-uh . . . stand bah me."

ing short-back-and-sides and described how, after mistaking the salt tablets for illicit chemicals, he had strip-searched Keef and found the acid stained paper in the pocket of his jacket. Later the cops found the silver chain with attached vinaigrette (Victorian smelling salt holder), a small flick knife, a Lancia car key and the hollow silver tube in which was found the 39 milligrams of coke that got Keef busted.

(I'd walked up to Sibbert during Day 1 recess and asked him how he spelt his name, to which he replied, after looking me up and down, "I've already given that information to someone *older* than you are. You can ask him . . .")

AFTER THE RECESS Keef took the stand and told how the Stones wear each others' clothes so the acid could have been put there by anyone, and other people use the Bentley so the chain could have been left by anyone wanting to shower the Stones with gifts . . .

By this time I was becoming acquainted with the gentleman of the press (sic, very sic). When it was all over the Stones long-time PR man and confidant Les Perrin told me that the way that Fleet Street handled the trial was "an exercise in how *not* to cover a trial."

FOR ALL of day two, just like the other two days, Keef sat with his right

■ *Continues over page*

time and time again. The analogy becomes hideously depressing long before it becomes strained enough to

■ *From over page*

hand clamped down on top of his left as Stones transport manager Alan Dunn described the "organised chaos" of a tour and how there was always a "fair selection of chains, pendants and costume jewelry around for the band to wear" in reply to Bruce Laughland's (prosecuting) assertion that the silver cocaine chain found in Keef's wasted Bentley was the same as the one in a photograph of Keef taken four days before at another Stones gig in Leicester.

A big turning point in the case was when Dunn admitted that the debris building up on the floor of the car must have at least *some* superficial cleaning otherwise it would be like cruising around in a luxurious pig-sty. Keef had said that the chain could easily have been lying around amongst everything else as the car was never cleaned whilst on tour. The plot thickens!

The prosecution summed up as the word spread like a dose of the clap that Mick Jagger was sitting in the public gallery and kids started bunking off school and ruffling up their hair just like Keef instead of doing their homework.

"It would be idle for me to pretend that this case is not one that arouses a great deal of public interest," the prosecution said. "But we are all equal before the law." He then gave EIGHT reasons why he thought he had proven that Keef was the owner of the coke chain. It was all a bit like a new Waddington's board game.

THEN THE CROWD went crazy as Sir Peter Rawlinson hit the stage for the defense . . .

"We are not dealing with Lord Olivier or Rex Harrison here," he pointed out (perhaps with reference to the fact that Keef had not been wearing underpants on the Night Of The Bust) "who come off stage and put on a Saville Row suit," with reference to the Stones wearing each other's stage clothes.

Next up was the judge, Lawrence Verney, directing the jury in all the subtle little details of the law. However, even though it was only

Walk right through! Into the cold but bracing light and air of freedom!

three-fifteen in the afternoon the judge told us we could all sling our collective hooks for the day. Rumour had it that he likes to get home early for his tea . . . .

THE NEXT DAY, The Final Day, can only be likened to Cup Final Fever. Oop fer der bust, and so on.

By this time the big, forbidding looking front gates of Aylesbury Crown Court were locked up to keep the maddening crowd at bay and if it hadn't been for my Jimmy Olsen Press Card, then even *I* would have been left on the cold concrete amongst the uneaten popcorn and ragged rosettes . . .

The judge summed up, wondering aloud if "normal police procedure had been followed" when Keef had been *strip-searched* after *salt-tablets* had been found in his bag. Who breaks a butterfly on a wheel and blame it on the Stones . . . the gentlemen of the papers that your parents read sniggered when reference was made to Keef's musical burden in the Rolling Stones.

When the jury had departed to make their decision everyone milled around aimlessly, not wanting to hang around because they could be out for hours but at the same time not wanting to miss The End. Another case was moved into the court (something to do with missing or forged cheques) and how tame it all seemed after the wunnerful world of rock 'n' roll!

Mostly, the crowds in the public gallery stuck close by their seats so that they wouldn't lose them to the hordes clamouring for a ticket, I mean *place* out in the street. By this time Jagger was down in the well of the court with Phillips and Les Perrin, a great old guy who looks like a Sicilian Godfather. When Jagger split from the scene so did most of the people not saving a seat.

I WENT OVER the market square to a pub called The Green Man that overlooks the Crown Court to find out what the clientele thought of the judicials being enacted in front of their windows.

It was a strange pub . . . Ted Nugent, The Who, Hendrix and the Stones on the juke box and the regulars a fifty-fifty mixture of old 'uns blowing their pension and young 'uns who looked like fully paid up Quo fan club members.

The landlady was Olly Duthie, a friendly lady of fifty years old looking just like The Mum Next Door.

"What's going to happen then, love?" she asked me.

Don't know, Olly. I gave Ladbroke's a ring and they ain't taking bets . . . hey, what do you think about it all, Olly?

"Well, I think they should make an example of one of these stars, love . . . so many kids take all these drugs because their idols do. And look how haggard they look! I reckon he'll get away with it, meself. An ordinary fella would just get sent down. And I get on well with kids . . . I'd sooner have young people than old in me pub. Wouldn't let 'em take any of those drugs in here, mind . . ."

Gotta run — word's just come through that the jury have reached their decision and it's gonna be announced in a few minutes time.

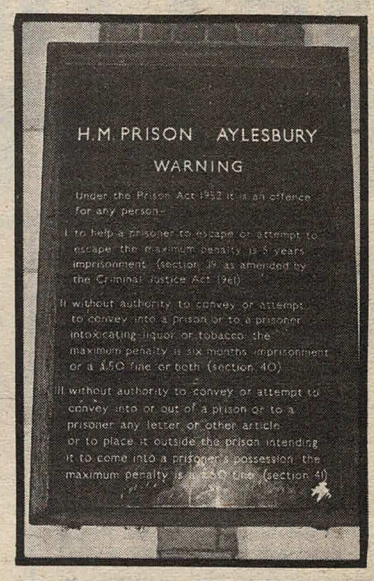
Keith Richard looks like the definition of rock 'n' roll even when he stands facing the judge with a cop by his side looking scared shitless.

The kids in the gallery gasp, that's just what it was — a communal release of relief — and then there's DEAD SILENCE as he's found guilty of possessing coke. ("Hisses of disbelief greeted the second verdict" — the *Daily Express*.).

Keef nods and nods in terrified gratitude mixed with abject horror as Judge Verney tells him that if it happens again there will be more than a thousand pounds fine — next time it will be the nick.

Then Keef, after saying "Thank you" to the jury of nine men and three women, walks from the court with a broad grin on that death-white visage . . . a free man.

And I am left thinking that three-day trials could well replace festivals in the rock-masochism league.


H.M. PRISON AYLESBURY
WARNING
Under the Prison Act 1952 it is an offence for any person:
I to help a prisoner to escape or attempt to escape the maximum penalty is 5 years imprisonment (section 39 as amended by the Criminal Justice Act 1961)
II without authority to convey or attempt to convey into a prison or to a prisoner intoxicating liquor or tobacco the maximum penalty is six months imprisonment or a £50 fine or both (section 40)
III without authority to convey or attempt to convey into or out of a prison or to a prisoner any letter or other article or to place it outside the prison intending it to come into a prisoner's possession the maximum penalty is a £20 fine (section 41)

(Happily not . . . THE END)

CAMP AFRICA MOROCCO

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT?
Fed up with boring package holidays?
Under thirty? Want to go to Africa? It's easy!
Join us at Camp Africa!!

Explore the Kasbah of Tangier, surf the Atlantic waves, ride camels through the sand, haggle in bazaars, or just laze under the African sun.

At Camp Africa your home is an African style thatched hut - cool, clean and comfortable. You can do what you like, when you like - dance till dawn in the disco, or swim in the early morning cool.

ATOL 782B

THIS IS YOUR SUMMER AT CAMP AFRICA!!

Send for brochure to Camp Africa, Dept P4, PO Box 99, 29 Queen's Road, Brighton BN1 3YN. Tel. 0273-23397

Name .....

Address.....

.....

IF YOU'VE GOT A TASTE FOR TERROR... TAKE CARRIE TO THE PARTY.

"CARRIE" X

If only they knew she had the power.

A PAUL MONASH Production A BRIAN De PALMA Film "CARRIE"
starring SISSY SPACEK
JOHN TRAVOLTA and PIPER LAURIE
Screenplay by LAWRENCE D. COHEN · Based on the novel by STEPHEN KING · Produced by PAUL MONASH · Directed by BRIAN De PALMA
United Artists

NOW! Leicester Square Theatre TELEPHONE 930 5252
Sep. progs. 12.40 (not Suns), 3.20, 6.00, 8.50 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.45 pm
AND AT SELECTED SHOWCASE THEATRES ACROSS THE COUNTRY

ACE WITH 'NO STRINGS'

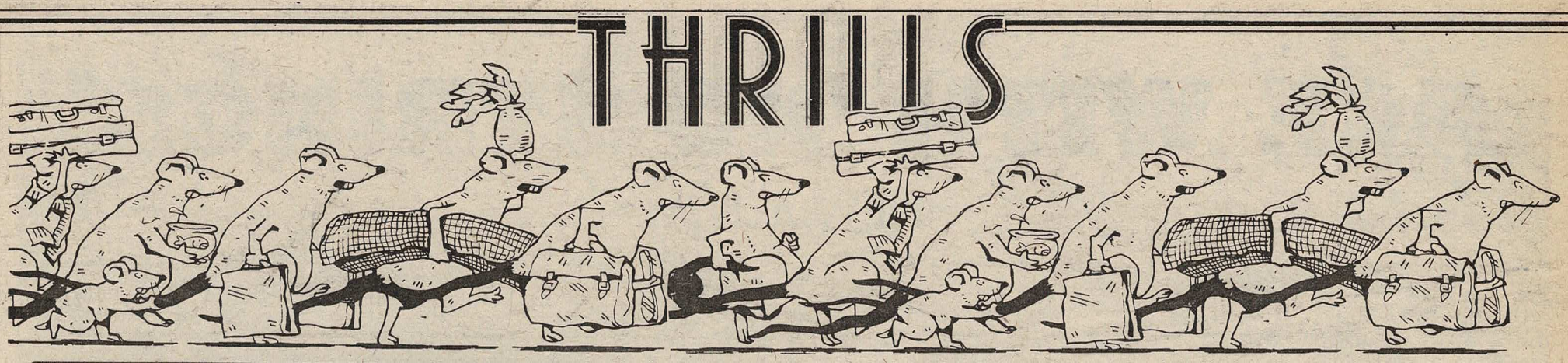
NEW ALBUM

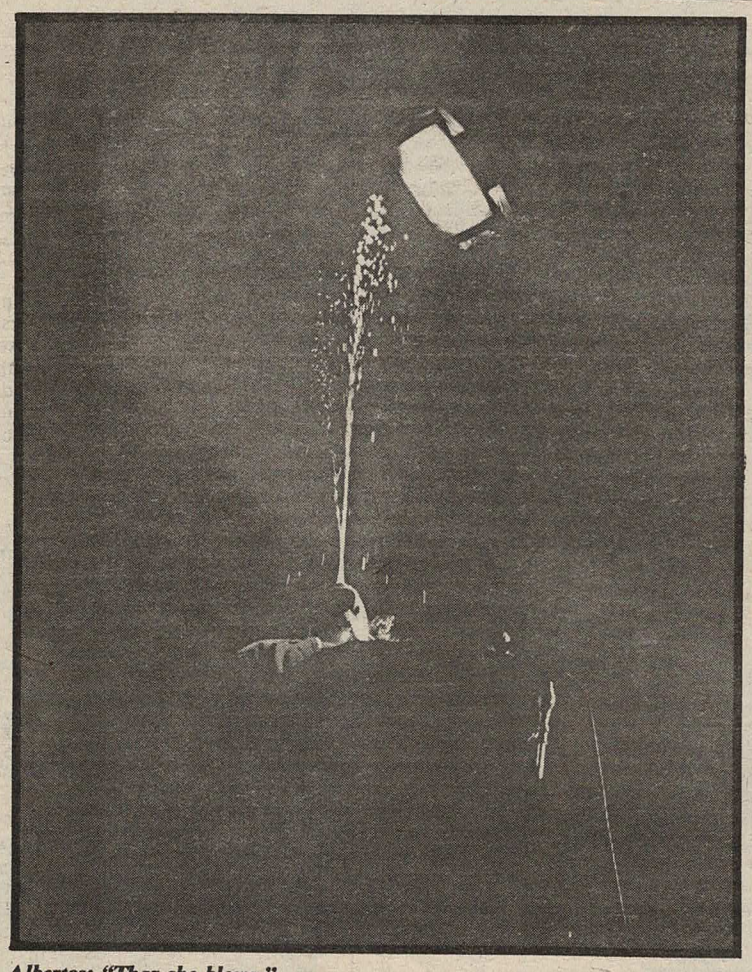
FIVE-A-SIDE
ANCL2001

TIME FOR ANOTHER
ANCL2013

NEW SINGLE
YOU'RE ALL THAT I NEED ANC1036

ANCHOR RECORDS & TAPES





Albertos: "Thar she blows."

NOT ONLY THE WHOLE STORY OF ROCK BUT A KILLER WHALE TOO ....

"DA HIPPY Church" is what my Dutch cab driver calls it. As regular readers will know, The Paradiso is a converted church in the centre of Amsterdam, existing in a shimmering flower power time-warp from 1967 where soft drugs are legal and plentiful.

Here, Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias are getting their break in the world of big-time movies. When I arrive in the late afternoon, The Paradiso is peopled by hysterical, gesticulating French who greet each suggestion from the director with jeers of derision and exaggerated histrionic gestures of despair.

And this is only the lights crew.

Paradiso regulars, showing up early to get stoned, gradually begin to fill the hall and are co-opted into the movie. At The Paradiso the girls still wear glitter, face paint, hennaed hair, 'head' jewellery etc. The French girls with the film crew, in their tailored jeans, sneer at them.

The plot is red hot: A pure Pariserre girl runs away to Amsterdam and falls in love with a junkie girl she meets at The Paradiso. The junkie is shooting up on the balcony. The camera pans past her to a long shot of the stage below . . . and which group does the discerning Eurojunkie fix to these days?

On stage Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias slay the audience with their wit and repartee, grinding their way through "The Story Of Rock 'n' Roll Part 1: The End" time after time.

I CUT TO that evening's performance. The Paradiso is packed and appreciative. The Albertos sell about as many records in Holland as they do in Britain.

"You could say that we're about as big as Mud over here".

Bob Harding stands stage centre and sings a sincere religious song:

"Now that I've found Jesus / I don't smoke dope no more / I'm through with smack and fucking ..."— He makes ad-lib asides — "I got that needle right out of my ass, Lord!"

They remind me of The Fugs, particularly Ed Sanders' first solo album, "Sanders' Truckstop". The Albertos have their roots in The Fugs, Zappa, the Bonzos, The Alberts and also The Goons, Monty Python, *National Lampoon,* Peter Cook and Dudley Moore and the whole spectrum of English humour from Tony Hancock to Arthur Askey.

There are five of them, all screaming for attention — which makes for a highly energetic stage act, with everyone shrieking "Look at me!" and any incident used as an excuse for improvised humour.

In the middle of "Pavlov" the power fails. Chris Lee immediately falls on his knees, screaming at the Lord in anger, "Give us back our power". The audience love it. Since it was in a church many of them remain convinced that it was part of the act.

Also during "Pavlov" a dog appears out of the audience and jumps on stage. Much is made of this; "Remember, 'Dog' is 'God' backwards ..."

They do a Lou Reed number which no-one should miss. Bob Harding drags himself across stage, throwing in a few swimming strokes for good measure, before pulling himself up the mike to standing position while the "Sweet Jane" backing track grinds away behind him mean and nasty.

With his back to the audience, hunched over the mike, he parodies Reed to perfection, at one point whipping out a guitar lead and tourniqueting his arm to receive a shot of machine head rubbed up against him. The song's called "Anadin".

They take the piss out of rock mercilessly. Heavy metal is destroyed by Chris Lee: "This will be so loud that your ears will bleed and your brains dribble out of you nostrils ..."

Patto Smith got hers in the punk number, "Radio Iguana", or maybe it's called "Teenager In Schtuck", a Ramones-style ditty taken at breakneck speed with guitars held at the correct 45 degree angle and a "1, 2, 3, 4" countdown between each verse to keep everyone in time.

The Albertos feel punk is a healthy force in an industry that has become dominated by Rod Stewart society parties and millionaire heavyweight bands who use up all the money. At a recent Marquee gig The Damned went on and did Alberto's encore for them.

They can imitate anyone — though that's not the whole point. They can transform themselves before your eyes and become The Magic Band. It's not just the music that changes but their gait, the way they hold their instruments and move on stage — it's quite creepy. Suddenly you have before you Captain Beefheart in his best early period doing "Gingham Toad-Wart Troutcheque Boogie", which seems to be a new version of "Winter Wonderland".

It's impossible to do this band justice. They really have to be seen to be appreciated. Their act is obviously the result of a long history — and I talked to Chris Lee about their roots.

Lee says he hated rock 'n' roll until he saw Dylan and The Band on the 1966 UK tour. Then he went out and bought himself an electric guitar.

"I used to really believe in the underground — in the alternative society — because it meant so much more than rock music, and I think Alberto is a bit like that — a bit more than rock music."

"Bruce Mitchell (the drummer) was in the Victor Brox Band — the most important blues group in the North-west nest to Mayall. They would play an opening number then they would wheel on a tree trunk and Brox would start carving it while he was singing. The idea was that the place would book them again so they could see how the sculpture was getting on ...

"Bruce had an exploding drum kit and used to collapse during his solo. They used to rush on with a gas mask with a tube going to a great big cylinder that had "dope" written on it. They used to pump up and he'd start playing again.

"They used to do whole gigs on acid before it was illegal. There were a couple of black guys in the group and half way through the act the band used to paint each other either black or white — according to which they were. Can you imagine this in Bolton in 1966?

Drummer Bruce: "Swapped for leather coat."

"I acquired Bruce for a leather overcoat. The Brox Band broke up in 1967, and with a school friend I'd just started a band called Jacko Ogg And The Head People, and we needed a drummer."

A sax player named Tosh Ryan lived next door to the house they rehearsed in.

"Tosh used to play with Victor Brox and he said, "Oh, you need a drummer? Gimmie that leather coat and I'll get you a beltin' drummer". So, being young and foolish, I did. Now Bruce and I have been together for ten years."Jacko Ogg used to feature the North of England junior bagpipe champion, doing things like "Baby You're A Rich Man" on bagpipes with cardboard cut-outs of skyscrapers behind which Chris Lee in a King Kong outfit would fight with someone painted green to represent The Incredible Hulk.

Next for Chris and Bruce came Greasy Bear — four harmony singers playing country rock as a reaction against heavy metal, "particularly Jimmy Page". They made an album for Philips which never came out.

"We used to have a huge block of wood with "10 bob deal" written on it and we would roll a two foot long spliff on stage."

They were obviously rather advanced.

They listened to records available in Manchester at the time: the first two Mothers albums, The Fugs' "Tenderness Junction", Canned Heat's first album, The Velvet Underground and Elektra albums.

Tony Bowers, bass and lead guitar, and Simon White, pedal steel and lead guitar, were students at Wigan Tech. "When they were about 16 they used to watch Greasy Bear, never dreaming that one day they would play with their heroes ..."

The group was slowly forming. Bruce was sharing a flat with Chris and Chris was working at a "freaky shop in Manchester" with Jimmy Hibbert — who now plays rhythm guitar and sings with the Albertos.

The band has gone through many name changes. At one time they were Willie And The Zipguns, and prior to becoming Alberto they were Harry Odin And The Thunderers. Chris would like to change the name again, to the George Sugden Eleven.

The name Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias does confuse some people. And so does their act. "At one time we used to come on wearing panchos and sombreros singing 'La Cucaracha'. This was at these very very hard rock gigs in the North. They'd all be sat there waiting for Sabbath or Quo, then they'd hear 'La Cuca-rach-a, la cuca-rach-a...'

"There were about nine of us then and we'd stumble through all the pint pots and piss and cigarette ends...

"When it first started it was like — for want of a better word — a tribe. Everyone was equal, the musicians, the roadies ... we were all equal. We had people dropping in and playing and dropping out and playing ... Everybody had the same wages. Then came responsibilities and commitments and the road crew wanted a wage — which meant they earned more money than us. But if they'd stayed with it they'd have had a percentage of the album as well. But they didn't, so tough shit, roadies!"

Alberto's plans usually involve *performance.*

"We had great plans to do a symphony called 'Journey To The Centre Of My Head' with Portsmouth Symphonia at the Albert Hall. Suspended over the audience we were gonna have fibreglass brains with wings that went backwards and forwards and opened up and dropped cards that said, 'After the show why not enjoy a good Chinese meal at Ling Chen Fung's?

"And we kept laying all these plans on the management . . . and sometimes they'll rent us a bear suit from Theatre Zoo for us to all look stupid in ..."

I WAS with the Albertos on the last leg of an exhausting European tour and saw their concerts in Amsterdam and Eindhoven. They'd reached the stage where, when the group van went under a bridge, they'd automatically lower their voices — because that was what the radio did.

While driving through East Germany they saw Corby Service Station heading towards them through the night on a collision course across a field. As they all cowered in terror, the apparition passed over their heads. In fact a double decker train and it crossed the autobahn over a bridge. At that point they realised that they'd been on the road too long.

They have almost completed a new album which includes much more spoken material, making it more like their stage act. Some of it is totally bizarre. If there were any justice in the world these guys should have their own TV show, but as it stands you'll just have to try and catch them live.

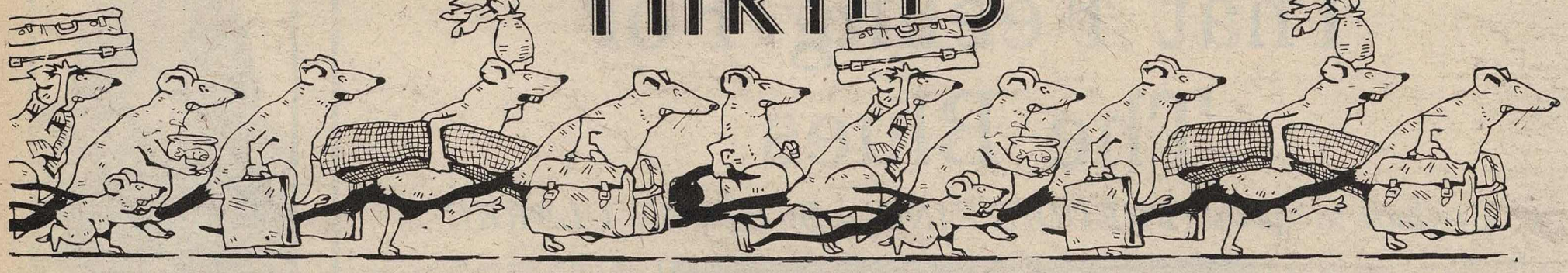
□ MILES

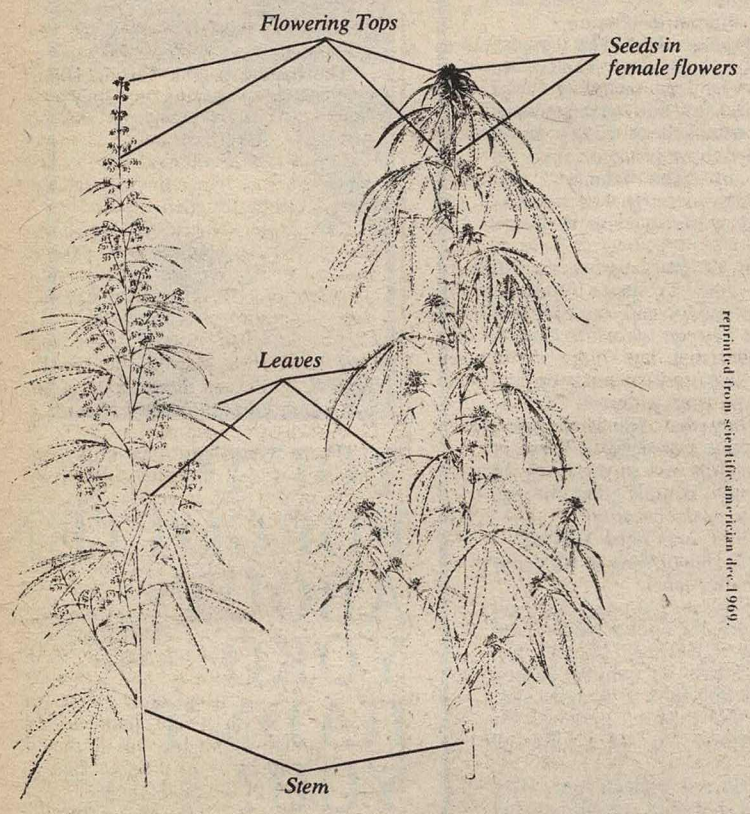
Where are they now dept . . .

BRIAN WILSON
For standard Windows, Bow Windows, Georgian Flats, Conservatory Frames. Ring for free quote.
BRIAN WILSON,
6 HENSHALL STREET,
BARNSLEY 86361.

"I'm into windows, man. Got any Uppers?" from Barnsley Independent 4.1.77 sent by Bob Watson, Barnsley.

THRILLS





reprinted from scientific american dec. 1969.

All parts of the Cannabis plant contain traces of the sticky resinous sap that holds the magic ingredient to which the plant owes its fame. The concentration of the resin varies in different parts of the plant, being at its highest in the sticky flowering tops of the female plant and the upper leaves, though it is also present in the lower leaves, and to a much lesser degree in the stem.

Unlike most plants, *Cannabis Sativa* has both a male and a female plant, like its distant relations the hop and the nettle. Contrary to dope myth, the male plant *is* potent in resin, though not so potent or abundant as the female. Fertilisation takes place when the male flowers (which are very low in resin) shed their pollen into the awaiting tendrils of the high resin female flowers, which then produce seeds.

Cannabis seeds are legally allowed in this country when they occur in birdseed. Temperate strains of the Cannabis plant — more widely known as hemp — have also been used for many years in the rope-making industry for their stringy fibrous quality. Such strains of the plant are low in resin.

The resin is produced by the plant to shield its leaves from the rays of the sun, and contains the *Tetrahydrocannabinol* that is held responsible for the effect of the plant when ingested.

HERB ACEOUS

HOW THE DRUG LAW CAME UNSTUCK

LATER THIS YEAR there will probably be the largest, and most controversial, public debate on the legalisation of soft drugs since the 60s, following a Court of Appeal ruling last week that cannabis leaves are not an unlawful possession.

The decision, made by three judges presided over by the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Widgery, was based on the wording of the Misuse of Drugs Act, 1971. This limits offences to the "flowering or fruiting tops" of the plant, and not the leaves.

Announcing the ruling, Mr Justice Slynn said: "The test is not simply can cannabis resin be extracted from the material before the court? It must be shown that the material in question is part of the flowering or fruiting tops, and it is not sufficient to merely show that the material consists of leaves and stalk of the plant cannabis."

The judgement reversed the conviction of Kevin Goodchild, a 19-year-old clerk from Fareham, Hants, who was given a six month suspended sentence and fined £100 at Portsmouth Crown Court last July for possessing cannabis.

Goodchild used a defence, previously rejected by Judge Brodrick at Portsmouth Crown Court, originated by Richard Harkinson and Don Aitkin, who are both advisors to the drug-help organisation, Release. The defence was first used at Mould and Kingston Crown Courts last spring, and led to the acquittal of Megan Duffle and Berrydale Johnson who faced cannabis charges.

Although last week's decision again focuses attention on a loophole in the cannabis law, Release have warned grass smokers to remain cool. The Crown will appeal against the Goodchild ruling to the House of Lords, who in turn may reverse the Appeal Court's decision.

Psychologist Steve Abrams, who was previously a prominent voice in Soma, the organisation which during the 60s campaigned for more lenient dope offence penalties, also warned: "I reckon they're bound to find a way round this loophole.

"But", he added, "the fact a decision of this kind has been made by a Court of Appeal is a hopeful factor."

Solicitor David Offenbach, who specialises in drug offences, said: "I'm very pleased. I think justice was done, and the Court of Appeal interpreted the law in accord with the statute, which is to their credit."

The Court's decision does not mean they deliberately staged an exemplary case as an open invitation for kids to smoke grass without fear or legal reprisals. Their ruling, however, could be interpreted to mean that the judiciary are not averse to changes within the present drugs laws. Lord Widgery, for instance, may possibly be sensitive to the strong public feeling that cannabis offences should be treated with less severity, because in 1974 at the Divisional Court he ruled that cannabis leaves *could* be legally considered part of the whole plant.

He's now changed his mind.

Already, the Appeal Court's ruling has had an effect. Throughout the country many pending prosecutions for unlawfully possessing cannabis have been suspended.

David Offenbach commented that he'd like to believe courts were taking "a more sensible view about cannabis", but he thought that at this stage it was still too early to speculate on the ramifications of the Appeal case.

"I hope in the long run," he added, "that the unlawful possession of cannabis can be de-criminalised, so that we treat it the same way in Britain as they do in those parts of the USA where is has the status of a parking offence."

Bob Nightingale of Release, also dismissed suggestions this was a major breakthrough in the legalisation of grass.

"We don't believe that legalisation, or liberalisation, can be achieved through the courts," he said. "Already this year, people have been sent to jail for simple possession and we're sure the only way it can become legal is through Parliament.

"Even getting the law relaxed has to be done through Parliament. The Appeal Courts decision will probably have very little effect on the cannabis situation and Release believe it is the duty of Parliament to make immediate moves towards the complete legalisation of this harmless herb."

Commented Steve Abrams: "This case could be a hint from the judiciary to redefine the law in the direction of legalisation. Anything we can get away with is fine by me."

The matter will be open for public debate later this year because not only is the Institute For The Study Of Drug Dependents publishing a report about the conditions under which dope ought to be legalised, but to block the loop-hole in the present law an Act of Parliament will have to be passed. And that means there will be open discussions.

Since 1971 attitudes towards the use of cannabis have mellowed, to say the least.

In 1973 the then Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham in his annual address to magistrates and judges said: "My advice to you, if you happen to come across the use of a soft drug, is not to dive off the deep end. Take great care ascertaining the background, and treat the offender with becoming moderation."

In 1974 the Principal of Kings College, London advocated the legalisation of cannabis, claiming that if it was taxed heavily it would be a considerable source of Government revenue.

Release also support such a move, because they believe that legitimate sale of the drug would prevent kids coming into contact with the dope black market and therefore hard drugs.

Just last year, even the Government's Advisory Council on the Misuse Of Drugs was apparently divided over the issue when they submitted two confidential and contradictory reports to the Home Office. Early this week the same body called an emergency meeting to examine the effects of Lord Widgery's ruling.

Also, for economic reasons, factions of the police and legal profession are believed to be in favour of decriminalisation because of the taxpayers money is needlessly spent on cannabis offenders. During 1975, for instance, there were 8,837 cannabis convictions in British courts, the majority of which were for possession.

And that amounts to a lot of police, court and even prison expenditure.

The reason this present situation exists concerning the Drug Law dates back to 1914. Cannabis was first defined in this country for medical purposes as only the "flowering and fruiting tops", but it has since been scientifically proved that the complete plant is "active".

Said a professor of pharmacognosy, "A lot of people in this country are now growing their own, and the plants do not flower readily. The law is, at present, a nonsense. The Government has tried every devious way to get round the problem but it needs a change in the law, which could easily be done by adding the words 'cannabis leaf'."

Matters are not quite that simple, however. The law was originally designed to protect certain industries by excluding the words "cannabis leaf". For instance, both the hemp fibre and bird seed manufacturers use parts of the plant in their production techniques.

There is a possibility that people caught in possession of cannabis leaves could be charged with having a substance containing cannabinol derivatives, such as THC (tetra hydra cannabinol) which is evident throughout the plant. But the offender would face stiffer penalties, because THC is a Class A drug (like heroin), where as cannabis is listed as Class B.

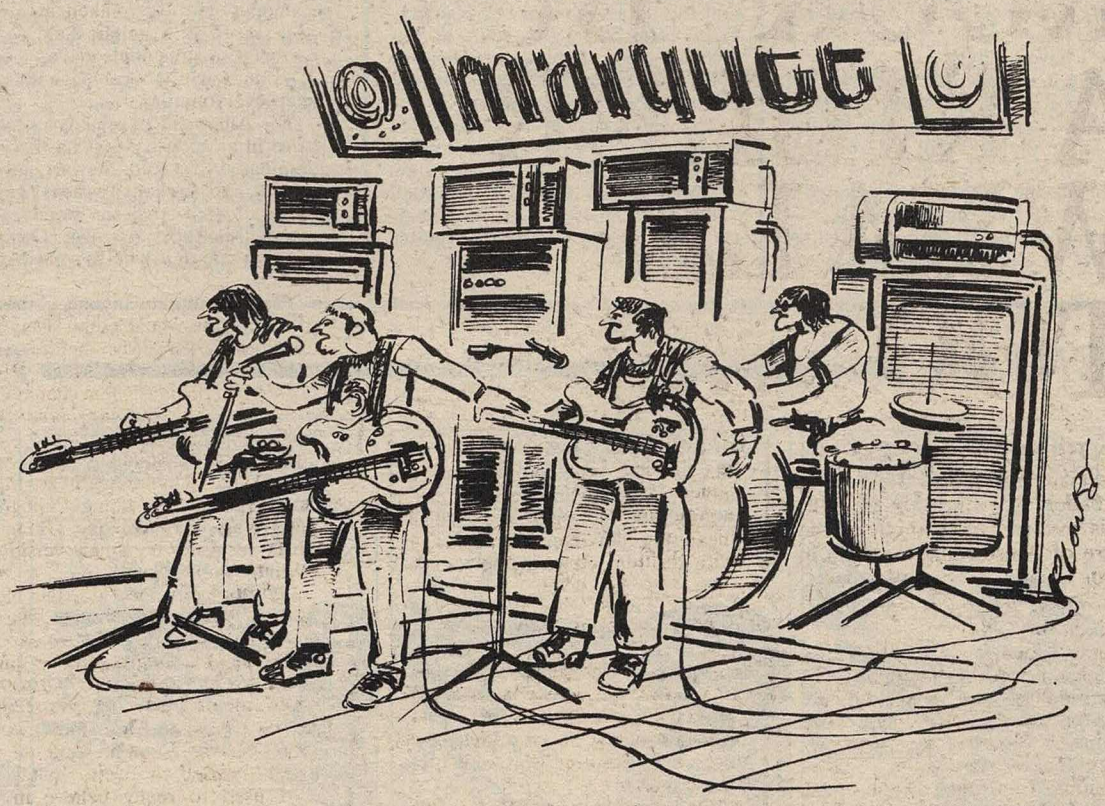
According to one source though, the Advisory Council who in effect brief the Home Office on such matters, feel this would be "a flagrant abuse of the intention of the law".

Speculation aside, Release are now trying to raise funds to undertake a £5,000 National Opinion Poll to support their claim that cannabis should be legalised, and there's a benefit concert at the LSE on Saturday.

Bet you don't see a "flowering or fruiting top" in the building.

□ TONY STEWART

LOWRY



"Thankyou. I'd like you to give a big hand for Ernie on bass guitar, Syd on lead and Arthur on cocaine, amphetamines and anything else he can get hold of."

That Feeling For The Blues

A tribute to the late FREDDIE KING By STEVE CLARKE

IN TERMS of rock music the big thing about the late Freddie King was not so much the music he laid down himself, but rather the influence it had on the breed of white British guitarists performing in the mid and late 60s — who took what King had done and used it as a springboard for developing styles which were to shape the sound of rock as we know it.

Born in 1934, Freddie King was the youngest of the three electric blues guitarists called King — B.B. King was nine years older and Albert King 11 years. The latter two were born and raised in Mississippi, whereas Freddie grew up in Texas, close to the Louisiana border at Gilmer, a tiny country town. His folks were farm people with a musical bent and his own interest in music was encouraged by his uncle, Leon King, who, before his death in 1945, taught him everything he knew about the guitar.

At 16 Freddie moved north to Chicago with his mother — and an old acoustic Harmony guitar on which he tried to imitate the great bluesman Muddy Waters.

Ensconced in the home town of his heroes, Freddie hung out on the corners of West Madison, Chicago's Skid-Row, hearing the blues blasting out of the local honky tonks. Pretending he was 18, he got work in a steel mill, and used his earnings to buy an electric guitar and amplifier.

He also used his money to get inside those honky tonks — where he constantly pestered the bluesmen to show him how to play their licks.

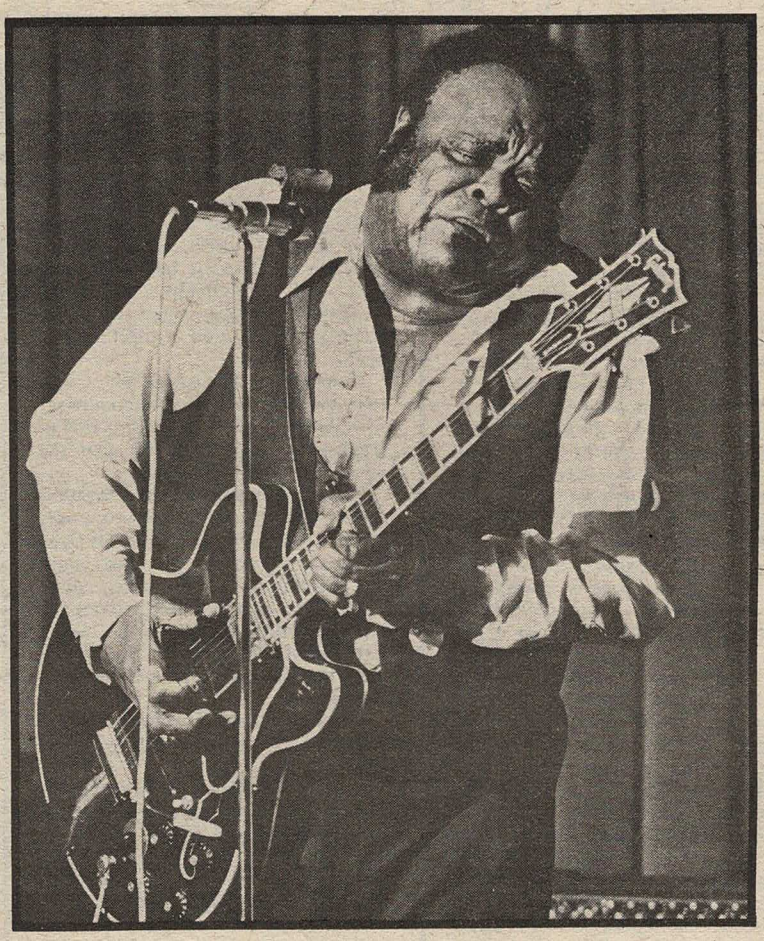
People wondered if he ever slept because Freddie seemed to be on the scene all of the time, watching, listening and learning.

Eddie Taylor, a long-standing member of Jimmy Reed's band, Jimmy Rogers, then with Muddy's band, and Robert Johnson's stepson, Robert Jr, Lockwood, were his three real teachers, and within a year he found himself onstage for the first time.

Freddie jammed with numerous bands including Muddy Waters'. Usually he worked with a guitar-bass-drums trio and because of this was forced to learn to play lead very quickly. Between 1952 and '55 he began to develop his own style.

He once told the late blues archivist Mike Leadbetter, "This is when I really got into playing lead, 'cause I didn't have a harmonica or anything to help me out. I had to just stand out in front and really keep everything covered up. And this is when I really learned to finger and bend and put stuff in there like I'm doing now. I didn't have no help."

King first recorded under his own name for the shortlived El-Bee label in 1956-7. The following year he quit his job at the steel mill and from that time on would earn his living solely from playing guitar. He developed a reputation for "cutting heads" — blowing opponents offstage in guitar battles — and picked up such a rep that other well-known players would split from the bandstand when the bulk that was Freddie King appeared.



A springboard for rock styles: FREDDIE KING — pic ALAN JOHNSON

In the late 50s he auditioned for Chess, the Chicago blues label. But while Chess used him as a sessionman they turned him down as a recording artist in his own right because they felt he sounded too much like B. B. King. However, he got the break he was looking for in 1960 when a friend introduced him to an A and R man for the Cincinnati-based King-Federal record label.

King's first session produced three R and B hits, "Have You Ever Loved A Woman", "See See Baby" and his best known number, "Hideaway", a brilliant instrumental dedicated to a Chicago blues lounge of the same name. Over six years, Federal released 77 titles by King via singles and albums, 30 of which were instrumentals.

In one year he had six top ten R and B hits and, to exploit his success, was sent out on a stream of one-nighters. Then, after 50 lengthy tours at 250 dollars a night, he packed his bags in 1963 and returned to Texas to buy himself a home and settle down.

The material he cut for Federal was heard by the growing number of white British blues afficianados and John Mayall's Blues Breakers recorded "Hideaway" in 1966 — an ideal vehicle for Eric Clapton's guitar virtuosity.

If Albert King inspired guitarists like Clapton to play really hard and aggressively with a lot of sustain, and B. B. showed them what the sweeter side of blues guitar was all about, Freddie gave them the nod to fluidity and speed, particularly on cuts like "Hideaway", a vigorous uptempo number which provided the model for any number of white blues instrumentals.

Peter Green later recorded two King numbers when he took over Mayall's guitar seat from Clapton — "The Stumble," another instrumental on the lines of "Hideaway", and "Someday After A While."

And in turn, Green's replacement, Mick Taylor cut King's "Driving Sideways", another exuberant instrumental, when he joined Mayall's band. Chicken Shack's Stan Webb was a fervent disciple and almost completely moulded his guitar style on King's.

King stayed with Federal until 1968, when he realised, as James Brown had done, that the label was dying. Switching to Atlantic, he was signed to one of the company's subsidiaries, Cotillion, where he cut two albums produced by the late great King Curtis. Both records were re-released in 1974 as part of an Atlantic "Blues Power" package, and the later recording, "My Feeling For The Blues" (cut in 1969), is worth getting you hands on if you want to know what Freddie King was all about; the Federal stuff is long deleted and therefore difficult to obtain.

"My Feeling For The Blues" features King backed by a band of ace Atlantic sessioners, including Curtis himself, and the horn arrangements **perfectly complement King's guitar** as he shows how it's done on a re-recording of "The Stumble" that demonstrates perfectly why so many white rock guitarists took to King's music.

Versions of blues and R and B standards like T. Bone Walker's "Stormy Monday" and Ray Charles's "What I'd Say" provide fine illustrations of his speed.

Putting King in a less orthodox (in terms of the blues) musical environment didn't endear him to the black audience who'd bought his earlier Federal records and in the early 70s Freddie found himself going through a period of near obscurity.

Then enter one Leon Russell — who in 1972 signed King to his newly formed Shelter label.

Under Russell's patronage King cut three albums for Shelter and toured extensively with Russell himself. The white audience to whom Russell introduced him took to King to such an extent that it wasn't unknown for the bluesman to blow Russell offstage.

In fact on a European tour, King went down so well in Amsterdam and Germany that Russell felt it would be best if King didn't appear on the Paris show.

That aside, Russell's involvement with King was musically advantageous to the latter in that it gave his music a new setting, often one that was dominated by Russell's exemplary piano playing. This sometimes encouraged King to open up even more on the guitar front, as on "Reconsider Baby" where he plays with unprecedented fluidity even if he does sacrifice some of his tonal hardness.

Recently King had recorded for RSO Records (ironically enough the label for which Eric Clapton records), working with producer Mike Vernon (producer of all the great mid and late 60s British blues albums) and a bunch of British musicians, usually in a British studio and with not altogether satisfactory results, King's music being set in an inappropriately plastic funk environment.

Clapton toured with King and the two appeared at last summer's Crystal Palace Garden Party — individually and in a final all-star jam that also featured Larry Coryell and Ron Wood. King's performance was solidly professional, perhaps a little-over-slick, though not to the extent of B. B. King's more recent lavish Las Vegas orientated act.

While Freddie King is the least well known and the least revered of the three Kings, rock's debt to him is not small and the blues world is considerably less well off without him. He died on December 28, apparently from heart trouble, after having been taken ill at a Christmas Day gig in Dallas, Texas. He was 42.

YOU'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOKO HADN'T YOU?

REMEMBER WHEN Yoko Ono was a "threat" to the Beatles? When you asked yourself what the hell John could see in that crazy Japanese woman?

Well, this week we found out at least one of Yoko's attractions, some eight years after she became Mrs. Lennon. It was John's rather plain middle-aged wife who finally settled the long-standing legal dispute between The Beatles and their former manager Allen Klein.

And judging fron Klein's comments, only Yoko could have achieved this settlement.

"An agreement would not have been possible without her tireless efforts and Kissinger-like brilliance," quoth the big K.

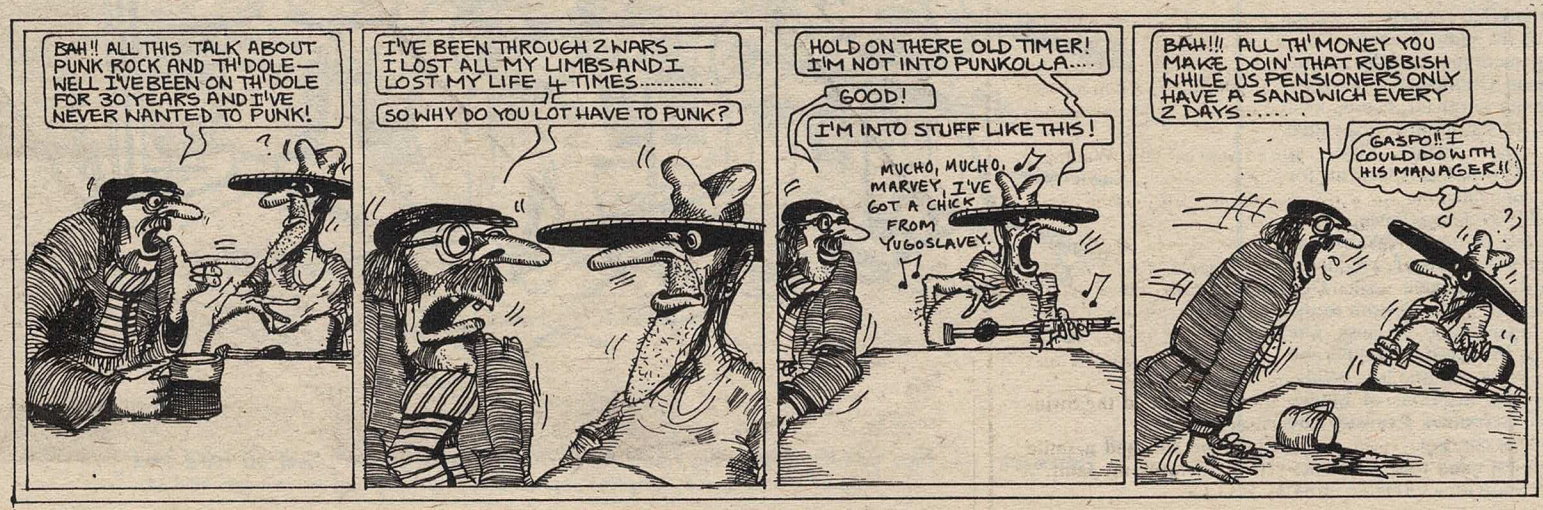
Coming from the man who once sent Christmas cards that read "Yea, though I walk through the shadow of the valley of death, I will fear no evil for I am the biggest bastard in the valley," that is praise indeed. Even Yoko, who negotiated the settlement with Klein for three days, was surprised. "That's the first time I ever got praise for anything," she said.

Under the agreement — signed in a suite at New York's Plaza Hotel after an all-night session — Klein's company ABKCO Industries will receive nearly three million pounds (five million dollars) from the Beatles' Apple company to settle "all outstanding disputes" between them. That may sound like a lot of mazoola but when you consider Klein was believed to have been asking for £20 million then it's clear that it was no small achievement for the little lady.

In addition, ABKCO will pay Apple £1½ million for costs and both sides will pay their own legal costs. On top of this it's interesting to note that some forty lawyers have been involved in the case for more than three years and they'll all be wanting payment. estimated at around £10 million.

□ JULIE EMBERTON

BENYON: The Lone Groover


BAH!! ALL THIS TALK ABOUT PUNK ROCK AND TH'DOLE— WELL I'VE BEEN ON TH'DOLE FOR 30 YEARS AND I'VE NEVER WANTED TO PUNK!
I'VE BEEN THROUGH 2 WARS — I LOST ALL MY LIMBS AND I LOST MY LIFE 4 TIMES.....
SO WHY DO YOU LOT HAVE TO PUNK?
HOLD ON THERE OLD TIMER! I'M NOT INTO PUNKOLLA....
GOOD!
I'M INTO STUFF LIKE THIS!
MUCHO, MUCHO, MARVEY, I'VE GOT A CHICK FROM YUGOSLAVEY.
BAH!!! ALL TH' MONEY YOU MAKE DOIN' THAT RUBBISH WHILE US PENSIONERS ONLY HAVE A SANDWICH EVERY 2 DAYS.....
GASPO!! I COULD DO WITH HIS MANAGER!!

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"When your tiny shadow fell on Gerrard Street, the whole street was darkened and you walked through the valley of the shadow of death."

Judge Michael Argyle (of OZ fame) digging into the Judicial Purple Prose Thesaurus for his summing up in the May Wong heroin trial. Can he be after a gig as a Hollywood screen play writer?

"Tam Paton and others gave mouth to mouth resuscitation" Pic: BOB GRUEN.

LET THEM SCREW DOGS

WELL I'LL BE . . . and I said it couldn't happen here.

When I saw the Bay City Rollers in Glasgow two years ago and witnessed the hordes of plaid-clad screamers, I thought *"Cute but in New York ??"*

Surely American teenagers are more sophisticated . . . into drugs and sex, followers of Led Zeppelin and Aerosmith . . . too 'hip' to be swayed by this cute (well, most of them are cute) Scottish quintet in their early twenties (well, most of them are in their early twenties) who wear toy outfits and sing cute little tunes.

But judging from the response the Rollers got at NY's Palladium last week, as well as reports I've received from around the country, the Bay City Rollers are here to stay. At least for awhile.

The Palladium filled up early, with girls aged nine (some even younger) to nineteen (those strange older teenage girls frightened of any real confrontation who still get turned on by this kinda stuff), all possessing strong vocal chords. Banners and signs were hung from the balcony and waved aloft; proclaiming 'Brooklyn Loves The Rollers, 'Sex Is Les', 'Welcome Pat', 'Pat's Where It's At', 'Les Is The Best', 'Our Hearts Belong To The Rollers' and so on.

And yes, they were dressed in plaid. Even other teenybopper groups, at the peak of popularity — like the Osmonds — have not prompted this kind of visual identification. "What could the girls do to identify with the Osmonds?," asked one prominent teen magazine editor. "Dress up like Mormons?"

The Palladium is usually a rock hall reserved for long guitar solos and the smell of marijuana. There was a marijuana smell (some said it came from the press section), but that was the only — and slightly jarring — note in an evening that was otherwise a flashback to those old Beatles movies. Yes, it *was* like that.

Girls screaming, fainting, being carried across the footlights, passed out in the back of the stage while Tam Paton and others gave mouth-to-mouth resuscitation . . . it was bizarre. Earlier in the dressing room while the screaming went on outside, anticipating the start of the concert, Tam Paton nervously gulped a variety of pills he carries in his briefcase for a variety of ailments. and talked incessantly and obsessively about his cholesterol intake.

"Yes, I suppose I have loosened up a bit," he said in response to speculation that The Image is no longer quite so rigid. "I mean at first I took the press very seriously, I was paranoid about it. Now, I think some of it *is* funny, it's humourous, isn't it? Also, I did a lot of talking for the boys at first, because I wasn't sure what to say . . ."

"You have to realize that there was a built-in market that we could capture, and we were trying to build something. Now, the music is maturing, and that's the important thing."

"As far as the *image* is concerned," he continued, "well, they can carry a dog around to screw if they like . . ."

Les McKeown — to me the most interesting, slightly sexy and articulate Roller — stayed alone in one dressing room while the others tuned up (Eric and Woody), changed clothes, and put on some makeup.

"I'm making the best of the situation," Les said, "I mean this can all get to you after awhile . . . psychologically it can be a real drag, all the travelling, never getting out of the hotel. But I think it'll mature eventually, and they'll just scream at the end of the numbers instead of all the way through. Slowly, we'll be able to change it. Yes, maybe the clothes too . . .

"When it's a good feeling onstage, well that's what I like. Of course I don't mind the screaming . . . because that's what they come for, isn't it?"

It would seem that way. More than thirty girls had to be carried out during the show; they seem to work themselves into that self-induced hysteria. Fainting, crying, grabbing . . . and Eric and Woody seemed to know exactly how far to step to the edge of the stage so that they'd get dragged into the audience.

"A *really* good show is when it has to be stopped," said *16* Editor Danny Fields, "and the more times it's stopped, the better it is."

Hundreds of plaid scarves were tossed onstage during the performance ("And none of them cashmere," noted lawyer Nat Weiss, who was watching closely), plus stuffed animals, and other gifts. The dressing room was also full of huge boxes of candy, cakes, toys, dolls, scarves . . . these kids must spend their entire allowances on the boys.

Incidentally, the Rollers' LPs "Bay City Rollers" and "Rock and Roll Love Letter" both went gold here, and their latest, "Dedication", sold 350,000 in four months. Les, who has aspirations of a solo singing, and acting a career, is making the best of the situation indeed.

□ LISA ROBINSON

Meanwhile . . .

DOGS STRIKE BACK

FOLLOWING Dog Shoots Man parts one and two (both recorded in Thrills), and the tale of a dog who set fire to a house, we would now like to present the story of a labradour bitch named Elly who recently bit off the right ear of her owner Robert Coyle.

The incident occurred at West Hill, Wantage, while Coyle was visiting relatives. Coyle was making up a fire when the "tormented" Elly attacked him.

At first Mr Coyle thought the dog had merely grazed his ear. He ran upstairs to survey the damage upstairs but seeing only blood on his long hair thought nothing seriously was wrong. Only on returning to the living room, having spotted a right ear on the floor, did he suss something was wrong.

"I was absolutely stunned" he told the Swindown Evening Advertiser."

Forty four stitches later he still had a smile and this comment: "It was entirely my fault."

□ JULIE EMBERTON

Supercharge

TOUR DATES

JANUARY

20 WARWICK UNIVERSITY, COVENTRY
21 LEEDS UNIVERSITY
22 LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
24 TOP OF THE WORLD, STAFFORD
25 KENT UNIVERSITY, CANTERBURY
26 YEOVIL COLLEGE
28 SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY
29 HITCHIN COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

NEW ALBUM
HORIZONTAL REFRESHMENT
AVAILABLE SOON ON VIRGIN RECORDS V2067

NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE SOON
Get up and dance VS170

FEBRUARY 27
Victoria Palace

Who Turns You on Musically?

DO THEIR NAMES APPEAR BELOW?

ACE VAN MORISON BRYAN FERRY FLEETWOOD MAC
SPARKS MOTT THE ALLMAN BROS GRAHAM PARKER
AVERAGE WHITE BAND BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
GALLAGHER AND LYLE JOAN ARMATRADING
PETER FRAMPTON NAZARETH BAD CO
RORY GALLAGHER MARIA MULDAUR RINGO STARR
BLUE JAYS FOXX THE BANK ART GARFUNKEL
STATUS QUO GENESIS HARRY NILSSON STEELEYE SPAN
JEFF BECK GRATEFUL DEAD STEELY DAN
BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST GEORGE HARRISON
STEPPEN WOLF BEE GEES MIKE OLDFIELD CAT STEVENS
DONOVAN SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND ORLEANS
AL STEWART ELVIN BISHOP RICHIE HAVENS
ROD STEWART BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS HAWKWIND
STEPHEN STILLS IAN HUNTER STRAWBS
COLIN BLUNSTONE JANIS IAN PINK FLOYD
SUPERTRAMP BREAD JETHRO TULL
SUTHERLAND BROS AND QUIVER BILLY SWAN
DAVID BOWIE ELTON JOHN JAMES TAYLOR
ERIC BURTON CAROLE KING PROCOL HARUM THIN LIZZY
RONNIE WOOD THE KINKS 10CC JACKSON BROWN
KISS QUEEN JIM CAPALDI LOU REED THREE DOG NIGHT
CAN KURSAAL FLYERS ALICE COOPER ROLLING STONES
URIAH HEEP CHICAGO RONNIE LANE ERIC CLAPTON
LED ZEPPELIN JOHN LENNON LINDA RONSTADT
JOE COCKER TODD RUNDGREN RICK WAKEMAN
STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL TOM RUSH
LEONARD COHEN LYNYRD SKYNYRD LEON RUSSELL
THE WHO MANFRED MANNS EARTH BAND
KEVIN COYNE SAILOR STEVE MARRIOTT
CROSBY AND NASH PETE WINGFIELD SANTANA
ROGER DALTREY JON LORD LEO SAYER CURVED AIR
GARY WRIGHT BOZ SCAGGS ROY WOODS WIZZARD
ARLO GUTHRIE BELLAMY BROS ROBERT WYATT WINGS
THE DOOBIE BROS JOHN SEBASTIAN DR FEELGOOD
NEIL SEDAKA DON McLEAN DR HOOK
MAX MERRITT AND THE METERS NEIL YOUNG
RALPH McTELL DR JOHN AMERICA FRANK ZAPPA
CARLY SIMON MEDICINE HEAD BOB DYLAN
PAUL SIMON ALVIN LEE PATTI SMITH FRANKIE MILLER
THE EAGLES ELO JONI MITCHELL JOHN MILES
YVONNE ELLIMAN

THEN YOU MUST SLIP INTO THE SYSTEM MORE

STUART HENRY'S SOUND SYSTEM
has now moved to an earlier time slot
RADIO LUXEMBOURG SATURDAY 208 11.00-1.00 a.m.

All the above artists appeared in his programme in 1976. Whatever is happening will appear in his programme in 1977

SELECTED TRACKS FROM THE LATEST ALBUMS
EVERY SATURDAY ON RADIO LUXEMBOURG
11.00 p.m. to 1.00 a.m. on 208

Stuart Henry's Sound System
The only system that completely satisfies

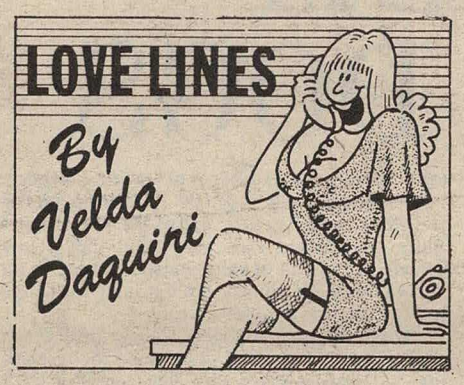
208

Barbara Dickson:– (l) Before (r) After

I UNDERSTAND from an *intimate* friend, my dears, that **Johnny Rotten,** the charming spikey haired, lead singer with punk rock combo, **The Sex Pistols,** is something of a hero. Unsung, at that, my angels.

Little over a week ago, Johnny spent a *pleasant* evening in a very jolly, gay, happy, club in Kensington known as *The Sombrero.*

At closing time, Johnny and his female companion **Linda,** made to leave. Seconds later, two men, who were in the club attempted (with the aid of a *gun* and *knife*), to *rob* the premises.



Linda and Johnny, by now outside the club, sensed something was wrong and while she rang the police, Johnny went to the aid of the management. Such a *plucky* act, don't you think?

Anyway, my lambie-pies, the wicked rascals were foiled in their attempts and when *the police* arrived, Linda and Johnny, together with the management from the club and the two raiders, accompanied them to Earls Court police station.

And once more, what does our unsung hero do? Does he puff his chest out and think of EMI?

Oh no, my darlings. Unimpeachable sources report that he *swore profusely* and *spat* on the floor of the police station.

And yet another tale of our *young hero* . . . You may *recall* towards the end of last year, Velda asked young **Freddie** (I've got credentials and by God you're going to see them) **Mercury,** his opinion of Johnny Rotten, to which Freddie replied *"Johnny who dear?"*

Well, I can now report, that while Freddie may not be acquainted with the spitting gent, his manager **John Reid** is.

The two were introduced only last week — just two days before the diminutive Mr Reid flew off to The States.

Mr Reid, relaxing in a club, spotted Rotten and asked a mutual friend to introduce them.

Johnny, in company on this occasion with

Johnny, on company on this occasion with young lady about town **Jordan** (who I am assured sometimes wears a *Piranha fish* as an earring), approached Mr Reid and *immediately* ingratiated himself to the wee Scot by saying "What do you have to say to me?"

Mr Reid was somewhat taken aback by this comment and said "I wish you all the luck . . ."

Mr Rotten: "Who do you manage?"

Mr Reid: **"Elton John** and of course **Queen** . . ."

Mr Rotten: "If you're the one who makes all that money then how about buying us a drink?"

Mr Reid, ever polite (I do so like *gentlemen,* such a *rarity* these days, my angels), obliged and bought both Johnny and Jordan a vodka and orange.

All of which leads very neatly into Velda's third (and *final)* Johnny Rotten story. This *particular* one happened some weeks ago when the Sex Pistols were appearing at Leeds.

An intimate friend of mine, named **James Johnson** (tall, talented, but *unfortunately* bagged), was sent by his paper *The Evening Standard* to meet the combo.

Finding himself in the bar, surrounded by various members of **The Clash** and The Sex Pistols, and being regaled from all quarters to *"buy us a drink"*, darling James *swiftly* realised that to buy a complete round would "cost *more* money than I was prepared to pay."

Acting (he *thought)* with generosity, he laid one green one on the top of a piano, which was *conveniently* situated near the bar, as his contribution towards the alcohol.

The green one was no sooner placed down, than Nick Logan lookalike Johnny Rotten snatched it up and *stuffed* it in his pocket.

James, *none* too amused, had a small argument with Mr Rotten. Mr Rotten eventually walked off and James never saw his pound note again.

"I've never had this problem with Mick or Rod" claimed Johnson afterwards.

Neither have I dear.

ALTHOUGH BEAUTIFUL, desirable, lovely **Britt Ekland,** 34, who has captured the *heart* (and the rest) of **Rod Stewart** would have *everyone* believe she is not the *least* bit jealous of **Susan** (now she really is beautiful and *she's not* putting on any weight) **George,** 25, Velda would like to reveal the fact that she *may* have cause for concern.

I am told by an *extremely* intimate friend, that some weeks ago while the Swedish beauty was away filming in Rhodesia, Rodnee was attending a party (in *his* honour, of course) at manager **Billy Gaff's** chic town house in Fulham.

Such a large party, the guests included a huge luminary in the form of **Gary Glitter** and of course, demure, delovely, dewonderful **Susan George.**

Anyway, my angels, I hardly know how to tell you, but Rodnee and young Susan *disappeared* for at least an hour.

My friend *assures me* the two of them went to the bathroom to shampoo each other's hair. Velda however has her *doubts — surely* they went to remove a speck of dust from Susan's eye?

Whatever the reason, *somehow* I don't think Britt will like it.

TEN YEARS AGO, **Al Kooper** was staff producer for CBS records in New York. And while all those around him wore suit and tie and sat behind a desk, he opted for a *kaftan* and a room that *resembled* a Moroccan tent — plenty of cushions and lots of incense.

Why, my angels, with such a comfortable love nest, I might *almost* have fancied him.

Today, sadly, I have to report his standards have dropped, for I *understand* he has the *ultimate* in bad taste at his mansion outside LA. Imagine if you can, my dears, an enormous sofa, decked out to resemble one lane of a bowling alley. Picture a large mirror above it. This is his new love nest, for he names it *"Balling Alley".*

Such subtlety.

I HAVE NEVER been *convinced* by tall, leggy, blondes with *huge* eyes and *bouncing* boobs who announce "As a child I was quite an ugly duckling."

Surely, my angels, *once* an ugly duckling, *always* an ugly duckling. Make up *may* hide a multitude of sins but it's *bones* that count.

This week, however, darling **J.D.** from London sent me a photo of lovely, young **Barbara Dickson** (looking *not* so lovely) at a time when she was starring in "John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert."

Note the lack of make up, the tinted glasses that cannot hide the bags under her eyes. And such an *unflattering* hairstyle and frock. Why, my dears, she is *positively* unrecognisable from the bubbling young lady we know today.

As J.D. so rightly points out: "It's *amazing* what a couple of years can do."

Yes, my lambie pie. It's also amazing what a contract with **Robert Stigwood** can do. Note the *skilfully* applied make up which makes *so* much of her eyes (her best feature). Gone are the glasses in favour of contact lenses — gone too is that *large* chin line (so ageing before)- And note the darker hair colour, which is far more flattering to her soft skin. Finally, note the dress — now *that* garment definitely didn't come from C&A.

The brilliant musician 'Rolling Stone' hailed as "the finest, most precise bottleneck guitarist alive" makes his first British appearances.

K54083

Ry Cooder & Chicken Skin Music On Tour:-

Special Guest Meal Ticket

January 22nd	Dublin, Stadium
January 23rd	Amsterdam, Concertgebouw
January 25th	Den Haag, Congresgebouw
January 26th	Hamburg, Markthalle
January 27th	MANCHESTER, FREE TRADE HALL
January 28th	BIRMINGHAM, ODEON
January 29th	LONDON, HAMMERSMITH ODEON
January 30th	LONDON, HAMMERSMITH ODEON
February 2nd	Oxford Polytechnic

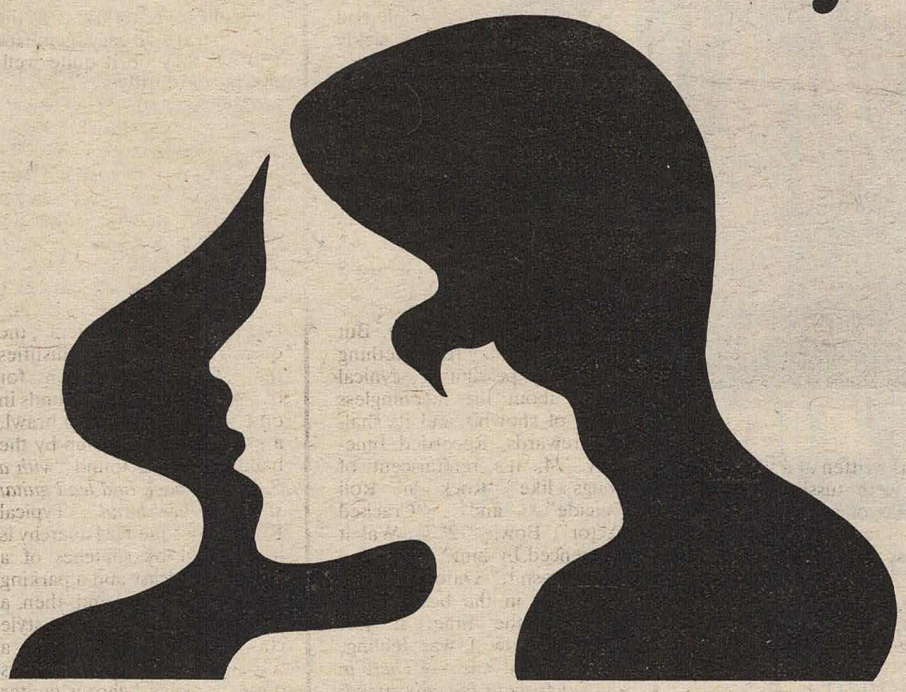
European Tour promoted by Paul Fenn for ASGARD. British concerts promoted by Straight Music.

Get on board Ry Cooder's Chicken Skin Bandwagon on from

NOW IN THE SINGLES CHARTS

The Song of the Year

'Isn't She Lovely'



by DAVID PARTON

7N 45663

PYE RECORDS

HALL'N'OATES

"IT ALL depends on how you relate to music. I'm moved *musically* by music, but other people are moved by the way people look, by what they're saying. But we try to move people through the aegis of music."

Daryl Hall knows he's good: I could count on one finger the bands I saw last year who came even near to moving people like he and John Oates did at London's New Victoria Theatre in May. The Who at Charlton, that's all — and they mixed their music with strong doses of power, magic, fear, confusion and charisma.

For me, Hall and Oates outgunned even them. Through the aegis of music.

It's got around. They're selling out concerts here, and they're coming back to London in February. By the time you read this they'll be halfway round the country, and if you've already missed them . . .

Well, you've still got the records. Frankly, they are dwarfed by the in-concert brilliance, which is pretty ridiculous because Hall and Oates have cut five precious vinyl albums — parts of them, anyway — which between them cover a wide enough range of styles for you never to have to buy any other records again if, say, you fell off a boat near a desert island or something.

As Hall and Oates are now picking up a wider audience we thought we'd run through their past recorded history — the acoustic beginnings in "Whole Oats", the premature mastery of their Philadelphia soul-rock idiom in "Abandoned Luncheonette", the desperate anarchosis of "War Babies", the commercial calculation of "Daryl Hall & John Oates", the refinement of the formula into "Bigger Than Both Of Us". Treading a line between artistic freedom and business acumen, plotting their path through a no-man's-land somewhere between East Coast psychedelia and Philly factory soul, with the sort of opulent narcissus image that kills Robert Palmer dead in so many folk's eyes before he even opens his mouth, Daryl Hall and John Oates have scattered a lot of traces for us to pick up over the last five years.

YOU MAY WELL know the duo's basic background, so we'll just let history repeat itself in two paragraphs.

The mid-'60s found Daryl Hall doing A&R and keyboard sessions at Gamble-Huff's Arctic Records: coming from the then happily integrated Philadelphia, both he and Oates were completely at home, they claim, with R&B, soul and gospel from short pants up.

When psychedelia came along he — and, later, Oates — joined the rock band Gulliver, which also boasted Tim Moore (one of those cult figures whose rep outweighs his achievements; his much lauded "Rock'n'Roll Love Letter" is actually knocked for six by the dynamite version by the Bay City Rollers).

After Gulliver H&O went duo around '70, moved on to California, and got themselves signed to Atlantic Records by Arif Mardin. They aimed off to New York to cut "Whole Oats" under his producership, released Stateside late '72 and finally here last year. End history. Go, Daryl.

"WHEN John and I got together it was mainly as a performing outlet, because we were both working in the studio and felt kinda sterile, and we wanted to get out and play live to people. So I asked John, let's get together and just play our songs as simply as possible."

"You do your act, I'll do my act, and we'll just do it anywhere we can. Let's not even have a band, let's just play our songs. A lot of people were doing that at the time, that was the start of the rise of the singer-song writer type . . .

"So that was the first album. We called it 'Whole Oats' because that was supposed to be the natural essence of the song, the whole bit."

Dominated, like most of their work, by Daryl Hall, if there was a recognisable style to "Whole Oats" (the name of the duo as well as of the record) it was fragile, romantic piano ballads. Thus "Georgie" and "They Needed Each Other" were twee, Ray Bradburyesque little tales, very truncated ("Compared to what I do now it was very elementary, very innocent, but it was the right idea"). "Waterwheel" was one of those soppy circularising sentimental things *("Gracing my child dreams on fantasy hill")* and "Lazyman" was the forerunner of Hall's most successful solo piano song, "Laughing Boy", but marred by its smugly vindictive, though possibly self-accusatory, lyrics.

Insubstantial though Hall's songs may have been, they were invariably elegant and perfectly sung, even if the orchestral embellishments already bore witness to the ostentation that is Hall & Oates' major weakness. And, as Hall says, "The essence of the melodic and chordal structures I was developing started then."

Oates' solo remnants were more mid-tempo styled, his guitar on "Southeast City Window" and his voice on "Thank You For . . ." both reminiscent of Paul Simon,

Sartorial sensitivity apart, this is a very long feature . . . a searching survey . . . the definitive HALL'N'OATES Hall of Fame . . . phastidiously researched by PHIL McNEILL

while "Window" and "All Our Love" have hints of C&W. All three are pleasant and restrained — and "All Our Love" contains one of the cleverest puns on any record. Bearing in mind that white wine and carnations are different colours, ponder the tricks in the tail of: *"One red carnation, the colour for April and apples and wine/I suppose it was white . . . but I needed the rhyme."*

"Goodnight And Goodmorning" and "I'm Sorry" were amiable pop tinged with soul savvy, while the attractive "Fall In Philadelphia", very characteristic of the title city, and the ambitiously arranged "Lilly" pointed at the future.

"Whole Oats" was sensitive but sensuous. It was the clearing out of a period away from R&B and the hassles and excitement of working with a band. Arif Mardin's production and John and Daryl's innate professionalism conspire to elevate it beyond the basic bland innocence of the material, and although they do not disown it they soon left it behind.

ARIF MARDIN must kick himself when he thinks of Hall and Oates. For their second album with him they ditched the "Whole Oats" band and gambled on going into the studio with the aristocrats of the New York session world. They produced a masterpiece which wouldn't sell, and Mardin let them move on to Todd Rundgren.

'Abandoned Luncheonette" was a monster that nobody noticed.

"We grew out of 'Whole Oats' very quickly," says John Oates. "We got bored with playing very quietly, because it just wasn't communicative at concerts. So with 'Abandoned Luncheonette' we began to return to the kind of things we had played before, some of the R&B, some of the rock that we'd done even before we got together."

With Hall and Oates hitting stride as two of the most meticulous, adept singers in rock and as writers of bold songs which mixed rock and soul with ease — almost the only people ever to achieve a natural blend of the two — how could the world have been so deaf?

Every hearing reveals something new. The shuddering dark cellos against Hall's ludicrously funky mandolin on "Lady Rain", with its yowling violin solo over what sounds like just bass, cymbal and acoustic guitar. John Oates' beautifully liquid, quicksilver "Had I Known You Better Then", acoustic guitar based yet orchestrated into the pop-soul mainstream, great vocals and exquisite phrasing: slight Beatles overtones — but the Fab Four never actually approached this suppleness.

"Las Vegas Turnaround" was smooth, MOR-ish — *"She needs a place where she can lounge and wear gowns"* — plush, with a tootling club horn break from Joe Farrell.

This was also their first Sara song, the other, more famous one, being "Sara Smile". Sara is Sara Allen, evidently Hall's wife or girlfriend, and over the last couple of albums she has co-written four songs (two of them as Sandy Allen).

"I had just started getting together with her," Hall explains, "and John wrote a song about that." Fascinating. "She was working as a stewardess on a Philadelphia charter airline."

"Daryl and Sara were in the house once and she had to leave," Oates goes on. "She was carrying a Jewish convention to Las Vegas, and the original line was *'Sara's off on a turnaround carrying gambling Jews to their holyland, Las Vegas,"* but we figured we couldn't use 'gambling Jews' so it became 'gambling fools'."

They both chuckle irrepressibly.

Oh, and "She's Gone" was on "Abandoned Luncheonette". That must be getting to be an albatross: last year it made the American Top Five, it must surely have been their biggest seller here, it's been a US hit for Tavares . . .

"At least it's a good song," grins Hall. "I really would hate to have to sing it if it was bad. It's our best known, but it's never really sold. Even now it's not a gold record, whereas the album's on its way to platinum.

"It carried us through a time when we weren't really selling records," he adds, like it's an old friend. And so it should be, because it's got the lot: great words, singing, melody, arrangement, phrasing, dynamics, playing . . .

Along with "Lady Rain", it's the only song on the LP written by both Hall and Oates. Of the rest, Oates' songs are most successful — "Had I Known Better Then", "Las Vegas Turnaround" and "I'm Just A Kid", a slinky song which has since mutated into something quite different, one of the several highpoints of the live act. Hall's songs on "Abandoned" tended to be more ambitious but also more diffuse — the title track, for example.

"That's a real Pennsylvanian song," Daryl claims. "Or small towns everywhere, all over the country. It's about people that just stay in one spot and don't move. We went through different time periods, and we tried to do it musically as well as lyrically. Each verse dealt with a different period.

"The first verse just opens with piano, bass and drums." *They sat in an abandoned luncheonette, sipping imaginary Cola,* just as H&O do on the

You mustn't take my picture till I've combed my hair

back cover, *drawing faces in the table top dust.* Hall, singing, describes an old man, and as the jaunty pop song mutates . . .

"Then we added a kind of Duke Ellington thing in the second verse, a kind of a flashback, doowop doowop stuff like 'Satin Doll'." The muted horns accompany his recollection of being the dish washer, *"young and randy"*, but then as the '20s jazz ripples, dreamlike, into the vaguely angstious beat ballad chorus Hall recounts the passing years, wasting away, time measured by peeling off paint on the luncheonette walls...

"And then the third verse we combined that almost with a sort of Marvin Gaye sound. The sax off 'What's Goin' On' winds sadly through the description of the diner's decrepitude."

Forgetting whether they win the game they've set themselves, it's a pretty good number.

"Everytime I Look At You", however, doesn't gell musically. It was a straight funk-rocker, but in the last minute or so it went completely berserk. The song is credited to Daryl Hall, but . . .

"To tell you the truth I don't like the last part of that song. That was Arif's idea. He said, 'Let's make it like a train going through the country, and different visions'll flash by . . ."

"But he didn't even do his idea the way he wanted," says Oates. "He wanted, as a sort of postscript to the album, to take all the elements in it — synthesizers, rock, country, everything — and have that flash by."

Put all that in one minute?

"Rather ambitious," Hall chuckles. "But, er, because of time and everything else it ended up as a banjo and fiddle!"

It's good to see that despite their obsessive perfectionism H&O can laugh at mistakes like that.

The album also contained Daryl Hall's current in-concert solo extravaganza, "Laughing Boy".

EXCELLENT THOUGH most of "Abandoned Luncheonette" was, it was mistimed. Slightly ahead of its time, and lacking the push a hit with "She's Gone" would have given it, it didn't sell — which must have been a massive blow to the group's confidence. They decided to try something completely different and, by now resident in New York, they knocked together plans for a desperate semi-concept album called "War Babies" and buried themselves in the studio with the wired-out whizzkid, Todd Rundgren.

"Our ambitiousness, that's what I liked most about that album," Hall says of "War Babies" now. "We really wanted to try and probe a side of us that hadn't been displayed yet, just see where it would take us. Like anything that's ambitious it's sometimes flawed, but I like that album. There's a lot of songs I think are really unusual."

Briefly, "War Babies" is Hall & Oates' harshest, rockiest record. It featured Rundgren's basic Utopia band, and was written at a time when H&O were tussling with the paranoias of a New York life situation and an on-the-road madness situation.

The line-up was Hall (vocals, keyboards) and Oates (vocals, guitar), with the Runt on lead guitar, Don York (since replaced by Roger Powell in Utopia) on keyboards, and John Siegler and John Wilcox on bass and drums (they both appeared on last year's Rundgren album, "Faithful", though Kasim Sulton has now replaced Siegler). So was "War Babies" heavily influenced by Todd?

"Well, more than we wanted," says Hall. "It wasn't his ideas, but just the fact that he was there: he mixed the album, he got the sounds because he engineered it, those things influenced it. We told him what to do, but the further I get away from it the more I see how it sounds like one of his records as far as overall sounds go. We didn't really want that — so that's one of the flaws."

Is "War Babies" deliberately two-sided? The first side isn't a million miles from mainstream H&O, but the second side is comparatively nightmarish.

"It just worked out that way. That was all done very fast: he called us up and asked us, 'What order do you want?' and we told him. But when he mastered 'em and played us it back we said, 'Jesus Christ!' The second side was so..."

"Heavy and depressing," Oates fills in. "I think 'Screaming Through December' is probably one of the most depressing songs ever written."

"I can hardly listen to it," laughs Hall. "I wrote that song as a joke! But it, er, didn't come out that way."

That song begins with a couple of slow verses, very desolate, bass and cymbals toppling through ripplingly strung out piano as Hall sings of some kind of "crew" crossing the state line on the way to Miami.

A sombre organ enters in the background, with screeches of a windswept synthesizer, and the tune dissolves into an escalating electronic wind. This crescendoes into a pulsed duet between guitar and synthesizer over a funky 3/4 4/4 3/4 riff, and a "You will never hear surf music again" type voice declaims some embarrassing stuff about one of the "crew" who's evidently, er, blown his mind.

The song collapses back into the opening slow verse, though really shredded, a very synthetic guitar crying in the background as Hall tells the dismal fates of the "crew".

"That song was written for Chris Bond," (the current producer who at that time was in the road band, right?), "as a joke," Hall explains. "Some people, when you go on the road, they just live on the edge. It was like projecting what would happen to Chris Bond if he stayed on the road."

"In our earlier road career," Oates goes on, "we were travelling round the country in a Pontiac GTO, driving ourselves, and just driving like eighty or ninety miles an hour all night long. Really just loose, no managers or nothing. And Chris's teeth were bleeding...

"His body was in really bad shape, he was a very sickly person."

"He just got into one of those things where people start running and they start running faster and faster until they're just gonna hit the wall.

The first side of the album kicks off musically on the upswing, however with "Can't Stop The Music", strongly R&B rooted like most John Oates songs, creamy vocals and a solid funk groove. But the words, they're something else: very pessimistic, cynical lyrics about the meaningless grind of showbiz and its shallow rewards. Recorded June-July '74, it's reminiscent of songs like "Rock 'n' Roll Suicide" and "Cracked Actor", Bowie '72/'73. Was it influenced by him?

"It wasn't," Oates protests. "I wasn't in the best mental state at the time; it just reflected how I was feeling. Like the last line — *'There in the wings waits his only friend, the record that he's prayed to over and over'* — we were just doing everything for this nebulous goal."

"We were both in a strange period then," Hall continues. "We'd both been working really hard and seen absolutely no results, especially from 'Abandoned Luncheonette', which we knew was a good record. We were very frustrated. We didn't know what direction to go in..."

"Can't Stop The Music" segues into the superb "Is It A Star", shuffling streetwise on a beautiful 12-beat drum riff like Edgar Winter uses on his great "Easy Street" on the underrated "Shock Treatment" set.

Oates' guitar rifles subtly through H&O's slick lead harmonies, while Rich Cerniglia, sitting in for the one song, lays some manic lead guitar on Don York's clever instrumental arrangement in the middle.

As with the best two songs on "Abandoned Luncheonette", this, the best track on "War Babies", was written by the two together (the whole of the rest, except "Can't Stop The Music" and "Johnny Gore", were written by Hall alone). "Is It A Star" was probably their best ever matching of Philly soul and heavy metal.

"Beanie G. And The Rose Tattoo" is flash funk, tricks in the delivery over a straight rhythm, warm and hot Rundgren guitar insinuating through the cracks, very good; "You're Much Too Soon" is major seventh sunshine soul, the grooving guitar intro very similar in feel to Todd's own fantastic "Love Of The Common Man", which actually dwarfs the Hall & Oates song until it doubles up into a four-to-the-bar with squiggling lead that almost sounds speeded up and thence to an adrenalined ending.

Last track on the first side takes us firmly into the doomy preoccupations of the second. "70's Scenario" is a brittle, daydreaming piece about — I think — small scale personal relationships freeing people from the imprisonment of being a mass media statistic.

Overleaf we kick off with sirens into the title track, "War Baby Son Of Zorro", an insistent recitation of the neurosis of the first atomic generation, among which Hall presumably numbers himself.

"I'm Watching You (A Mutant Romance)", is accompanied by a note: "In the summer of '73 surveillance monitors were installed in the Times Square area of New York". The song is a first person account of a surveillance monitor operator who's fallen in love with a whore whose perambulations he monitors every night.

Not only is he frustrated himself, feeling both lascivious and protective, but also imagines the frustrations of the men she picks up. As the piano chimes the chords, the synthesizer chatters subliminal electronic signals and a steely guitar picks out a melody. Eventually it cuts into a mechanical reiteration of the title line. It's an easy theme for a song; they do it quite well, maybe too bittily.

"Better Watch Your Back" is a good straightforward syncopated rocker about the tribulations of a woman whose husband's a little crazy. Rundgren jabbers into the break on slide like Zoot Horn Rollo.

And after "Screaming Through December", "Johnny Gore And The 'C' Eaters", the only track that really justifies the album's reputation for being *really heavy*. It pounds in on a verse about a club brawl, a girl getting picked up by the band and being found *"with a 'C' on her back and lead guitar strap in her hand"*. Typical Rundgrenesque HM anarchy is interrupted by snatches of a police broadcast and a parking lot conversation, and then a pouting, jagged Bowie-style chorus. The next verse is a follow-up brawl, and it roars out in a melee / chorus /guitar solo. Loud, tight, but no particularly brilliant.

But why Johnny Gore And The C Eaters?

John Oates smiles. "On that same tour that 'Screaming Through December' came out of, we were driving from Georgia to, er, Alabama."

Hall: "Birmingham."

"Through Alabama in the middle of the night, and I looked out the window and I saw this marquee, and it said: JOHNNY GORE AND THE C EATERS. Really. And I said, 'Unbelievable,' y'know, and I just started writing this chorus. Daryl and I got together and finished the song..."

"Actually the story was

■ *Continues over page*

Voted best acoustic guitarist, 1974, 1975, 1976 by "Guitar" magazine.

Voted best instrumentalist in 1975 and 1976 by "Performance." (The American musicians' magazine).

Biggest-selling solo guitarist in America.

Guitarists can come better recommended, but they rarely do.

Leo Kottke isn't another Segovia. For one thing, his material's quite different.

He is, however, a virtuoso 12-string guitarist, playing country rock/blues/Spanish-sounding music and even a little Rodrigo-like material.

Apart from superb technique, what marks Kottke out is his distinctive, banjo-style finger picking.

This is a legacy of his childhood, which was spent moving around many different States in America absorbing different influences.

As you can see from the notices above, Kottke's not exactly a prophet without honour in his own land.

His new album, 'Leo Kottke', is his first in Britain for Chrysalis. Arranged by Jack Nitzche, it took a year to make.

And if you've an ear for fine guitar playing, we think you'll enjoy it.

'LEO KOTTKE'. CHR 1106.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

Hear Leo Kottke in concert at the New Victoria, Feb. 6.

HALL 'N' OATES

■ *From previous page*

about a place where we used to play in Atlanta where that sort of thing happened all the time."

"A shooting out in the parking lot..."

"A real Southern club."

"And we fabricated the story of Johnny Gore and the C Eaters as this murderous group that travels the country ... and the following year we were on the road again, coming *back* from Birmingham, and on the other side of the marquee it said: Johnny Gore And The Cheaters... So it was just some sort of cosmic thing that the H was missing on the other side of the marquee..."

"War Babies" is a good album, neither as unlistenable nor as anarchic as Hall & Oates themselves like to think. There's only one real triumph, but they maintain a very high standard throughout, and I would have liked to hear further albums from their collaboration with Todd Rundgren; here it's slightly strained, Todd's contributions as a guitarist more consistent than his production, which often has an unfinished air which obscures the songs somewhat. Certainly Hall & Oates rarely take full command.

"WAR BABIES" equals End Of Part One. After that record Daryl Hall and John Oates (1) changed labels, from Atlantic to RCA; (2) put together the stage band which they still have today, with slight modifications; (3) streamlined their music; and (4) started selling records.

"We left Atlantic for RCA for business reasons," Hall explains. "We had run our course with Atlantic. They had done what they could do, which we didn't think was enough. We needed new enthusiasm.

"At that point we decided to evaluate everything that we had done. What is it we do that people like, that's commercial . . . and what is it we do that *we* like, that is artistically satisfying to us? And we tried to really put it together, a really concentrated sound that people could identify with and that we were happy with."

Recruiting the nucleus of their current live band almost simultaneously, John and Daryl headed for the studio with their systematically conceived blueprint for success.

Produced in Los Angeles by their old guitarist, Chris Bond, "Daryl Hall & John Oates" featured the small group of LA sessioners Bond insists on working with to the exclusion of H & O's own band; Hall and Clarence McDonald on keyboards, Oates and Bond on guitars, Jim Gordon and Ed Greene on drums, Leland Sklar and Scotty Edwards on bass, Gary Coleman on percussion and Bond also handling horn and string arrangements and synthesizers.

Of the three singles on the album, only one was a hit: "Camellia" missed when it was mistakenly issued here for their last tour, and the beautiful "Sara Smile", again deservedly, wound up as 11th best selling single in the States last year, though it never actually topped the chart.

"I look at that song as a postguard," Hall says — the song is of course, about Sara Allen. "Wish you were. Very simple: that's probably the reason for its success."

Riding on Oates *chk chk* soul rhythm guitar, it's one of the most elegant '70s candy-floss soul records, right up there with The Main Ingredient's "Just Don't Want To Be Lonely", The Delfonics' "Didn't I Blow Your Mind" and The Stylistics' "Betcha By Golly Wow". Bond's guitar trills sweetly over McDonald's vibes while Hall's vocal picks its way carefully through the falsetto refrain which provides another stand-out moment of their live gigs, the moment when Hall actually gets the whole audience singing hilarious, wonderful falsetto.

They may be unlikely bearers of the flame, but Philly's continuing soft-soul supremacy has lately ('75/'76, anyway) been due to Hall and Oates.

Personally I like "Camellia" just as much, a stone exhilarating explosive groove, the perfect start to the album — as it was to last year's gigs. As H & O themselves are aware, those first two tracks outshine the rest of the silver album: although they have a black soul act's record of singles-as-aces.

Yet, although outshone, the rest of the silver album would have been good without the Big Two. The rest of the first side was taken up by three solid funk songs: Oates' "Alone Too Long", somehow a bit shallow; Hall's neat "Out Of Me Out Of You", with great flurried guitar from Oates, slightly one-paced despite efforts to the contrary; and "Nothing At All", co-written by Sandy Allen, musical overtones of "She's Gone" but slightly too fidgetty, and good words.

"We spent last night like every night, sitting and starring/ I wish we could fight, at least that would be something/Time has a way of lessening love . ."

As their music has become more one-dimensional on purpose, so their words have become more personal of necessity. Refusing to write any more on-the-road songs ("No one relates to that except people that are on the road themselves") and coccooned in the studio-limo-gig-hotel-airport-limo world that stultifies so many writers who also want to be performers, their lyrics have drifted away from the observational pose of "Abandoned Luncheonette", through the rock'n'roll madness of "War Babies", to pretty much yer typical I-love-you-love-me-love first person relationships.

Not that the earlier songs were often fully successful, but at least they were never — as all but a few are now — sheer tunes. Then again, it's rare that the best rock *music* is actually enhanced by a less than trite lyric . . .

The exceptions to the personal love song rule on the silver album are all on the second side — if you don't count John Oates' "Camellia" ("he", not "I") and "Alone Too Long", which is about loneliness in general — though the solution is love — and, incidentally, is another "he" song; evidently an Oates trait.

"It Doesn't Matter Anymore" is lightweight, rhythmically related to "Out Of Me Out Of You", co-written again by Sandy (Sara) Allen, who also sings back-up, with Hari-esque slide from Bond.

But "Ennui On The Mountain" is the silver album's first real step outside of the trade marked rock-soul, musically a traditional R & B number (heavy up "Silhouettes On The Shade", for instance) with fuzzed guitar creating a big horn section feel. This is very rare for Hall & Oates, who are generally sufficiently *au fait* with the traditional forms they incorporate to feel no qualms about desecrating them.

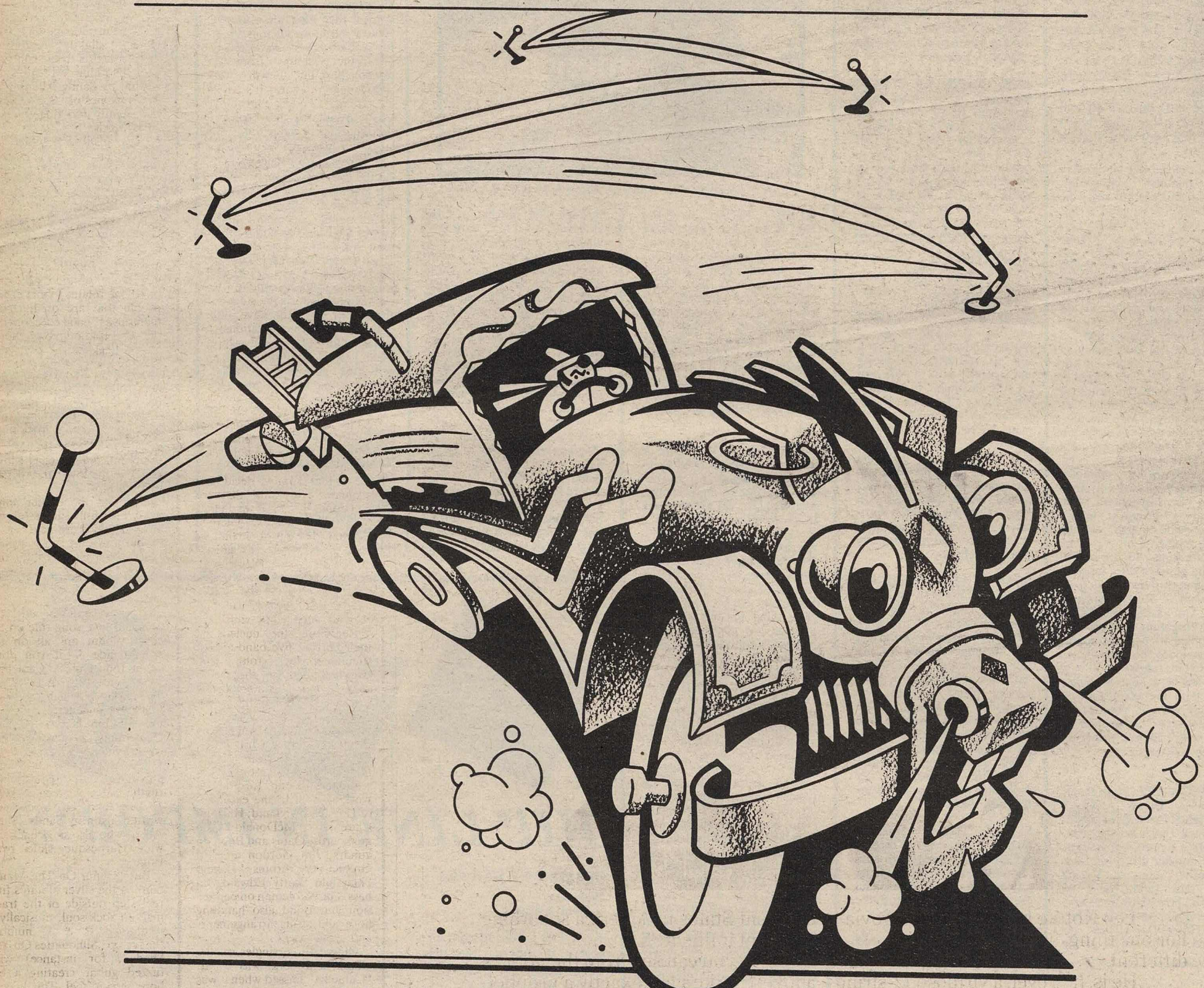
"But the words," protests Hall. "We never do anything pure, so we had to offset it with something."

The words, indeed, would never be found within a million miles of the doowoppers or New Orleans pianomen who might originally have used the music to "Ennui". "For an interesting or challenging lyric to be imposed on a familiar thing is a good combination," Oates opines, but I'm not so sure about these particular words, which strike me as a bunch of pretty meaningless puns.

Daryl Hall's "Grounds For Separation" is a bit of a late

■ *Continued page 36*

SLADE



NEW SINGLE

GYPSY ROAD HOG

BARN
Records Ltd
MARKETED BY POLYDOR LIMITED

SINGLES

Getting down with Brown

Reviewed By STEVE CLARKE

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
JAMES BROWN: Bodyheat (Polydor). For me, Otis, and not James Brown, will always be the "King Of Soul", no matter what colleagues Spencer and White (or even Arthur Conley) say to the contrary. When it comes to interpreting a song with feeling, Otis (and Sam Cooke too) has got Brown beat every time, but then I guess that isn't what Brown is about.

Aficionados tell me it's live where the man really shines, which it maybe, but when he makes records as good as this (not very often, since he's usually content to re-work his old licks *ad infinitum*) you can't help but come away with the feeling that no-one gets down like Brown and there isn't anyone whose records are better to dance to.

"Bodyheat (Parts 1 and 2)" (well I never) puts many of today's disco sounds in the shade, the latter lacking either the relentless infectiousness of this, or Brown's ability to sustain a simple idea throughout six minutes or so without it getting boring. There's a great sense of economy being exercised here, Brown continually tantalising the listener by introducing an instrument, then making it disappear before you've had enough. In the fading moments of Part 1 he instructs Jimmy to "hit on it", and the guitarist does just that coming up with chords so itchy you want to scratch all night long. And all the time Brown keeps on getting right down.

"Bodyheat" has been selling in crateloads on import, so now that it's released over here it should be a huge hit, especially with the added push of Brown's current gig. If you think Andrea Connection or their scurry ilk are where it's at, cop a listen to this.

RACING CARS: They Shoot Horses Don't They? (Chrysalis). Not a lot of singles this week (must be the post-Christmas slump), but an inordinate number are gems. This is another one. As Racing Cars' fans (and you'd be surprised how many there are) will no doubt be aware "They Shoot Horses Don't They" was inspired by the movie of the same name and captures the tired anguish of the 1930's marathon dance competitors who danced till they dropped. Although the track appears on the band's excellent debut album "Downtown Tonight", this version has been edited down and remixed. Could be too low key to make it onto the playlist. I hope not.

ACE: You're All I Need (Anchor). A cut from their new (and third) elpee, "No Strings", "You're All I Need" is essentially "How Long" all over again, except for a production which gives Ace an altogether more glossy sound while keeping blandness at bay. Written by "How Long" composer Paul Carrack, the chord progression is pretty much identical to that of Ace's sole hit, and after introducing the record with a riff not entirely dissimilar to Cream's "Sunshine Of Your Love" played on Carrack's electric piano, Ace settle into their inimitable and excellent groove. I don't care if it's the same song when the song and the sound are this good. A fine record, and a true single. Oh yeah, their new guitarist decorates the whole thing with extravagant and yet tasteful blues-rock licks.

JOAN ARMATRADING: Down To Zero (A and M). Another album cut and good as it is, a single it ain't. "Down To Zero" is a majestic ballad shot through with the ice and fire one expects from Joan, with her characteristic shimmering piano overlaid with acoustic strumming. The number has an attractive cool arrogance but isn't one of her most well formed songs in terms of melody. The flip, "Like Fire", illustrates her increasing prowess as an acoustic guitar picker.

SLADE: Gypsy Roadhog (Barn). A nondescript rocker, replete with lavish rhythm chording that completely lacks any finesse. Slade won't haul themselves back with stuff like this. Next.

MARC BOLAN AND

JAMES BROWN (Pts 1 and 2). Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

GLORIA JONES: To Know Him Is To Love Him (EMI). Marc and Gloria duet on this old Teddy Bears hit written by one Spector, Phil, and fairly innocuous it is too, Bolan resisting the temptation to emulate Spector's production. Instead things are kept very straight production / arrangement wise. Marc's vocals sound so nasal it could be someone sending him up. Otherwise it's entirely unoffensive. And talking of Spector . . .

DARLENE LOVE: Lord If You're A Woman (Phil Spector International). Great stuff this and interestingly enough recorded last year and not back in those affluent 60s, even if the record can't avoid sounding like it's tied to the 60s. Darlene doesn't quite have the earthy potency Tina Turner had on the classic "River Deep Mountain High", but it's a close thing and the treatment Spector has given her voice makes her sound like one giant of a woman. "Lord If You're A Woman" isn't much of a song, however (nobody would ever want to cover it), but it's still marvellous what Spector has done with it, encasing the not-particularly inventive riff (pumped out on an abrasive tenor) in a cavern of strings, rhythm instruments and his typically inventive use of backup vocals. There's a middle eight, after which Spector pays homage to himself by including the Ronettes' "Then He Kissed Me" riff before the original riff is re-introduced. Good as it is, I can't see it becoming a hit as long as we've all got two eye sockets in our heads; today's record buyers don't want records that sound like this. They'd much rather have ones that sound like this, especially in the States where I'd be surprised if . . .

. . . **STEPHEN BISHOP** doesn't have a hit with **"Save It For A Rainy Day" (ABC).** Produced by Joni Mitchell's producer, Henry Lewy, this one's tailormade for U.S. radio with its smooth, sunshiney sound. The song's built around the hook that is the chorus/title. Bishop sings in the higher register with a vocal reminiscent of McCartney on, say "I've Just Seen A Face"; and similarity to Fab Paul is greater on the B side, a little piece of whimsy called "Careless". I'd be interested to hear Bishop's album 'cause the guy obviously knows how to write a pretty tune.

LEO SAYER: When I Need You (Chrysalis). Paul Gambicini recently informed me through the media of the airwaves of his Saturday lunchtime programme that our Leo, arguably the world's most manipulated pop singer, has a number one hit in the States with his "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing". Over here Chrysalis have released "When I Need You" from his recent Richard Perry produced album, "Endless Flight". Unsurprisingly it sounds like too many other records with its polished-to-the-point-of-blandness sound, complete with what sounds like the ubiquitous sax of Bobby Keys. Sayer's voice is still pretty damn exceptional but this record lacks any real character. I've never been convinced of his ability as an album artist, but he's turned in some good singles. This isn't one of them.

TWO ENTIRELY WONDERFUL RE-RELEASES

RONNIE LANE: How Come / The Poacher / Tell Everyone (GM maxi-single). Ronnie Lane's talent should never be underestimated and as these three songs prove in their separate ways he's a songwriter of exceptional ability. Both "How Come" and "The Poacher" were moderate hits when first released and sound as good now as they ever did, "How Come" with its buoyant, good natured singalong ambience and "The Poacher" with a subtle melody and arrangement that's in perfect empathy with the rustic theme. "Tell Everyone" is a heartfelt, explicit love song without any hint of sentimentality, with a great King Curtis soundalike sax solo, possibly by Jimmy Jewell. You get all three for 70p.

DR JOHN: Right Place, Wrong Time (Atlantic). WEA have re-released this gem which should have been a huge hit the first time round because it's getting a lot of disco play. The former Night Tripper hasn't made an album that comes anywhere near the brilliant standard of the "In The Right Place" elpee from which this is taken. You can't fault this — it's brilliantly conceived and exceptionally well played; there's so much good music going down here, not least of which is Dr John's own spare piano playing. Superior Southern funk and hark at that snakey guitar solo. A hit this time. Must be.

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES: Las Vegas Turnaround (The Stewardess Song) (Atlantic). Another oldie that'll do you nothing but good. Released to cash in on their imminent British visit, the track is from their "Abandoned Luncheonette" album, considered by many aficiondos to be their finest hour. Written by Oates, the performance and production (by Arif Mardin) exceeds the quality of the song, which is by no means great. Sarah gets another name check (remember the more recent Hall and Oates number "Sarah Smile"?) as she takes care of those fools enough to lose their money in Vegas.

SAILOR: One Drink Too Many (Epic). More well produced gimmicky pseudo camp from Sailor, doing nothing to change my view that they possess no great talent as either songwriters or musicians. A minor hit.

And finally . . .
BOB DYLAN: Rita May (Columbia Import): "Rita May" is the B side in America, but CBS's London A and R department have wisely decided to go with this hitherto unreleased Dylan cut as the A side here. In the States "Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again" from the only average live "Hard Rain" album is the A side and anybody familiar with the album will know how ramshackle that is. "Rita May" is all right, though, if nothing special and obviously an outtake from "Desire", seeing as how it features the brazen fiddle of Scarlet Rivera and uncertain vocal of Emmylou Harris (doubtless it was the first time she's heard the song, so you can't blame her for not being totally in sync with what's going down). Actually "Rita May" with its prosaic lyric telling how Dylan wants a woman for her mind and not her body (or is he being sarcastic?) and song structure reminiscent of an old R and B shuffle, sounds as if it was written in the studio. Dylan freaks will be glad to know it's released over here in less than a fortnight.

HIP LINE IN IMPORTS

BERSERKLEY SIX PACK
(Beserkley — Various Artists)

AN ODD ONE. It's not an album, it's not a single. It's a six pack of Beserkely singles with picture sleeves retaining for four quid.

Last time round the Beserkley label carved itself a reasonable slice of publicity with their "Chartbusters" compilation; this one is headed for greater obscurity unless there are more off beat Americana collectors out in the wilds than has so far been the case. The idea is esoteric, eclectic and all them other words and it will probably spread like clap in a nunnery. The logistics of releasing such an obvious loss leader escape me but the set sure is nice to have.

As a taster for Dr. Matthew King Kaufman's child prodigies, the label has snitched the material for the six singles from available albums. The biggest scoop is making Jonathan Richman's "Roadrunner" a single, the third different version around and the best; the feeling, the power, and the modern world. Smart Jewish kid outdoing old Lou at his own game. Richman's alternative inclusion isn't up to that standard; New England" and "Here Come The Marian Martians" is a lousy 45 and tedious to boot.

Buddy Holly enthusiasts will appreciate Greg Kihn's straight copy of "Love's Made A Fool Of You" while his own number "Sorry" is a joy, a mixture of clever originality, well deciphered stealing (from Tommy James and the Shondells, one of the most misunderstood bands of all) and heartfelt pop sensibility.

The Rubinoos update Cordell and Gentry's "I Think We're Alone Now" — just. The vocalist can't carry if off on any level, and as unmemorable kitsch goes this is the pits. The flip though, "As Long As I'm With You", is an ace beach party buggy cruiser from its teen love harmonies to its sugar coated gooey treatment.

Son Of Pete's "Silent Knight" and "Disco Party — Pt 2" is stunning. I'd never heard of them before and don't think I will again, but it's the kind of record that grows on you on the second or third hearing. Getting your friends to guess who does what should expose them to all kinds of ridicule. Bullshit collectors have been known to commit suicide after pretending they have the first Son Of Pete album on Transylvanian import.

Creme de la creme comes from the house band, Earthquake, who crucify Mann and Weil's "Kicks". Earthquake are one of San Francisco's few hard rock acts still dragging across the club circuit. Of all Beserkley's acts they stand the best chance of a national breakout even if they aren't sure where their direction lies. The six minutes "Trainride" is a killer metal monster, a touch too English but just sit back and listen to Robbie Dunbar and Ex-Copperhead guitarist Gary Phillips put the signal across. Dynamite.

Beserkley freaks and anyone else who finds this sort of thing essential can score from Bizarre or the excellent Nigel at Virgin, New Oxford Street.

Max Bell

SONGWRITERS

The International Songwriters Association offers its members free advice on songwriting, free song examination, free song copyright, free demonstration recordings and promotion for selected lyric writers, plus many other excellent services.
The ISA magazine "The Songwriter" contains articles on song contests, recording and publishing contracts, royalties, current trends, plagiarism, getting a job in the music industry, starting your own publishing company etc., plus interviews with famous songwriters.
Our professional members include writers, music publishers and record company executives. Our non-professional membership includes recent signings by publishing and recording companies and very many song contest winners.
If you would like further details about the ISA plus a free copy of our magazine and an advisory leaflet for new writers, send your name and address without obligation to
INTERNATIONAL SONGWRITERS ASSOCIATION LTD
(Dept. NME2) Limerick City, Ireland

The 'Sensational Alex Harvey Band Without Alex' Story

By TONY PARSONS

CHRIS, ZAL, Ted and Hugh are four young Scottish musicians who have an album that rocks like a laid-back bitch on heat released this week.

The music on "Fourplay" is the end result of all the influences they've ever been exposed to, from the days of their youth in home town Glasgow when they were picking up on obscure American R & B and soul records they heard in the local clubs, down through the years to contemporary rock and what was once dubbed 'progressive' music, such as Mahavishnu John "Let Us Go Into The House Of The Lord, Man" McLaughlin.

Yeah, these boys certainly got diverse tastes. . .

And for the past five years they've been the Alex Harvey Band, as in Sensational. And as in electric street theatre with Stan Lee consciousness, rabble-rousing wild-eyed mutants bursting through solid brick walls and The Dogs Of War materializing through a dry ice mist shot with rainbow spotlights and the Sarge's Howlin' Commandos machine gun Nazis with their Les Pauls and little girls chiv-up kerb crawling perverts. . .

"Yeah, Alex is always looking for extremes. . ." the SAHBs bass player Chris Glen says with a smile. "Right at this moment he likes Gene Autrey and the Sex Pistols."

Right now me and the Sensational Alex Harvey Band without Alex are scattered around the front room of Chris's North London home as the four of them take a break from rehearsing in the soundproof garage out back in preparation for the 29-date tour they're doing without Alex, starting in Derby in January 26.

That's Chris on my right knocking back the Southern Comfort and listening to his son's demand for money for the pictures, while on my left is the crop haired lead axe, the unmasked (no make-up) Zal Cleminson. And those two sitting opposite are the duo who make the Piranha Brothers look like last year's thing. Yes, it's the McKenna Cousins, Hugh and Ted, keyboards/vocals and drums respectively.

The four of them were together for years in a band called Tear Gas before they first met up with Alex and had a couple of albums released on Decca in the days when that blue label had the Stones.

I eye the dog that's stomping on my Jimmy Olsen cassette recorder and ask the band what the difference is between Tear Gas and the SAHB's with no Alex.

"For a start we're a lot poorer now," Zal says. "And more ill. . . older. . . and wiser."

"We're the same people but we've learned a lot with Alex over the past five years," Hugh says as we all have a few more drinks and start managing to understand each others accents. They've all got *reeet broooad* pure Glasgae accents that have been translated here by the *NME* Ethnic Minority Department. And they reckoned *I* had a strange dialect. . .

If you buy the album or check out the tour thinking that your simply gonna get the Sensational Alex Harvey Band without Alex then you're way off target. This is something else again. . .

"They're songs that wouldn't be suited to Alex," Hugh says. "Some of the things we've had kicking around for quite a while. . . it's hard writing songs *for* Alex." "This is more laid-back; Alex likes everything to be right on the edge, not relaxed," Ted says.

"We were doing two numbers from the album — 'Smouldering' and 'Outer Boogie' — on the last European tour. That was Alex's idea, he wanted us to get a rapport with an audience. But we were still SAHB, dressed up as that. On the tour we won't be. . ."

MANY people don't realise that the album and tour without Alex would still be happening even if Alex hadn't collapsed on the European tour last October. It's been planned since the last British tour, summer '76. Also in the pipeline after the tour is the return of The Man to record the new SAHB album, "Vibrania", and then selected mammoth spectaculars at special venues in the summer.

Did the band find it difficult performing those two numbers over in Europe? "It was a bit strange at first," Chris tells me. "Because there wasn't that thing with just one person as the main focus. . ."

"And there hasn't been one of us in the rehearsals who looks like being a main focus of the live act," Hugh reckons — and he's the main vocalist on the album.

There's whole crowds of friends, family, children, road crew hanging around the house and as we all get more and more utterly wrecked people are constantly coming and going into the room to check out the interview, talk to the band about something else, get a drink or just to say hi. . . and Chris's wife Jennifer just got herself a great new haircut.

The band are smitten with touching nostalgia when I enquire when they first ran into Alex. On some Glasgow backstreet?

"No, it was down the Marquee," Hugh says. "We were on the same bill as him when we were Tear Gas. . ."

"We thought he was fucking awful. . ."

"And he probably thought the same about us. . ."

"We didn't talk to him that night. He was too dangerous looking. . ."

"Then we met him when he came back to Scotland. . ."

And now they've got this album and tour without Alex. It's all their own work, and if the punters assess it all on its own merits, with no preconception of what the SAHBs without Alex should be like, then they can't fail and they'll all be better for the experience and the combo *with* Alex will be stronger than it has ever been. . .

"On our tour there won't be that extravaganza emphasis...."

"All it's going to be down to us if people like *us* or not . . .

"If we're great or not...."

"Or if they say that we're rotten without Alex...."

Somebody sticks his head around the door and says that Alex Harvey just walked into the house and the band dissolve into drunken laughter.

With SuperScot sidelined, the rest of the chaps take to the road on their own. This feature has the Ring of Confidence.

Get out of that, Alex. Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

"Ahhhh, tell him we're busy," Chris says.

Alex Harvey walks into the room looking like a Cuban guerilla just down from the mountains; tangled black hair, thick black beard, jeans and green combat jacket. All he needs is a cigar in the side of his mouth and Che Guevara's got problems....

I tell him my feelings about the SAHBWA album as he fixes himself a drink and sits on the floor with his back leaning against the wall. He looks at me for a while as he chews it over and Chris, Ted, Zal and Hugh watch him in silence.

"It can't be the same," Alex says, and goes into a rap about the first time he saw them many years back and how he had realised their potential even then. The band accompany his obviously deeply-felt words with a pretty good imitation of a weepy violin orchestra. He shoots them the type of look that a football team manager gives his star player when he catches him smoking dope in the dressing room before an important match....

"It's up to them to show what I believe I saw in the very first instance. And if they can prove that....then all right. We're getting someplace. The very fact that you said you think the Sensational Alex Harvey Band Without Alex is absolutely different to the Sensational Alex Harvey Band *with* Alex is good because....how can it be a continuation? It can't. I'm 25 years older than *any* of them...."

See any problems facing 'em, Alex?

"The only problem that they're *probably* gonna have is, uh, people who are gonna come expecting Zoot suits and stuff. And I don't think that they need that, they don't need that at all. They only need to play....hey, ma favourite band got *sacked* the other day!" he says, digressing wildly from the subject in hand on one of those Harvey tangents.

Who's your favourite band, Alex?

"The Sex Pistols. Ahhh, I wish I had the bread to take 'em on....I liked 'em immediately, the Sex Pistols, I like the whole thing....I love "em and I'd like to see them do what *this* band have done on several occasions — that is, face eight thousand people throwing things at them....and in Chicago with the Mafia...."

Whatcha think of the single? All these bullshit rumours around about them not playing on it make me puke....

"I loved the record from the first time I heard it," Alex says. "I knew that it was one of the best rock 'n' roll records ever, that it rates with 'Be Bop A Lula', 'Heartbreak Hotel' and 'Tutti Fruiti'. The whole thing in that record is the spirit of *what it's about.* The problem is learning to play-the problem is, or seems to be, that once a band learns to play technically well they stop kicking ass...."

Surely the thing is to strike the balance between the raw energy, spirit and fantasy of rock and the ability to play well enough to communicate your emotions to other people....

"Yeah, that's true....I've worked on a lot of famous sessions with guys that are *great* musicians, earn a lotta bread, never play a wrong chord, never out of tune....and they are absolutely, utterly *boring.* And I like 'em as people — I say that although some of them are friends of mine."

His eyes get a far off wild look in them as he remembers something and he starts to grin. "I've got a band in mind. None of 'em can play at all. They're all in Borstal at the moment and they're called The Young Cumbie — the oldest is 14 and they're a rough buncha boys."

Where they from?

"The Corbals....there's 30 of them and I like to see them as one band....playing, acting as roadies, stewards, everthing-....they sing this great song." Alex says and breaks into a Celtic Glasgow tenement folk song — *"Down thru the glen came the fightin' hammer men, / With their bayonets and their cagies we will fight for Dusky Brady, / On the banks of the River Clyde, / Fuck the Pope, fuck King Billy, fuck 'em all, / Coz we are the fightin' hammer men!"*

Any of you out there who think that all this is a Harvey put-on just don't have any idea of where the man's head is coming from, what he's all about. I'd say that two things in life that he'd love to see happen right now are, for one — a young band of raw kids come along and simply take over the whole scene and, for two — the Sensational Alex Harvey Band Without Alex get out on the road and be great-....*without him.*

What do you think that the people should bear in mind when they come to see you without Alex, Hugh?

"I think that they should bear in mind that Uxbridge is a place that no human has ever set foot in before...."

And *why* should they come to see you, Hugh?

"Because we're all taller than Alex," Hugh says.

"Why?" Alex demands incredulously. "Because they're the best band around...."

"When the going gets to daddy." The last Depressio shadow of the swastika fa paranoid or do the runes patte

FASCISM U.K.

"We're anti-fascist, anti-violence, anti-racist. We're against ignorance." (Joe Strummer, The Clash)

RICHARD NIXON, WHO EVEN GOT TO BE PRESIDENT of the USA (so he ought to know) was fond of repeating the homily "When the going gets tough, the tough get going". "When the going gets tough, the dumb look for a daddy" is, unfortunately, far closer to the truth.

I guess there aren't too many of you who have to be told that the going has, quite definitely, gotten tough. ITV News confirms that, in living colour, at ten o'clock in the evening, Monday through Friday.

The worst thing about the current situation is quite often not the external problems. Unemployment and shortage of money are bad enough, but the worst thing of all in any kind of depression is the frustration that the individual can't do anything about it. You're not only in a bad situation, but there's not a damn thing you can do to change it.

One of the first responses to this kind of frustration it to get out and look for a daddy, a supposedly strong authoritarian figure who will come up with simple causes and equally simple and sweeping solutions to all our ills.

The trouble with these mass daddy-make-it-better father figures is that they have a rather bad track record for actually making it better. More often than not they set off a chain reaction of ignorance, prejudice, violence, bulk slaughter and economy-size dehumanisation of everyone within reach.

This is a rather high price to pay for getting the trains to run on time.

THE LAST DEPRESSION brought us Hitler, Mussolini, Josef Stalin, Roosevelt, and — to a lesser extent — Mao Tse Tung. You can mark them out of ten for yourselves according to personal taste.

The last depression also gave us Woody Guthrie and Busby Berkeley '(Again you can grade them to your own preferences.)

Like most of you reading this, rock-and-roll is facing depression for the very first time. If you place rock-and-roll's spawning some time in the early to mid-fifties, then all it has ever known has been affluence, from stop-go affluence to full-steam-ahead, no-quarter consumer mania.

It's interesting to watch how the child of TV-dinners-by-the-pool learns to cope with hard times.

At present, there are no really concrete signs of how exactly the music, those who make it, and those who respond to it will react. There are, however, a few pointers towards the way things might swing.

The first thing to go out of the window when the cold fiscal grip closed upon us was wide-eyed idealism. During the fat years it was fairly easy to cry things like "Don't follow leaders" or "All power to the people." In straitened circumstances it became a whole lot harder. Escapism rather than slogans was the order of the day.

David Bowie was one of the first to offer up a neat fantasy. He put forward the proposition that the holocaust would put a stop to the entire civilisation so we didn't have to worry, we were doomed anyway and we might as well enjoy the fantastic romance of it all.

You can call that the Diamond Dogs Syndrome.

Bowie, being a somewhat hybrid entertainer, has always presented very literary scenarios in his music. Other less lucid but equally sensitive opportunists simply managed to create a Weimar Republic air to their tunes.

Bowie went a stage further.

He even had, or appeared to have, a stab at the strong leader role. He didn't, as it turned out, get too many takers. The Bowie Youth didn't exactly overrun the country and the Thin White Duke wasn't swept to power on a wave of popular acclaim.

Just how serious Bowie was in this role is questionable. It has always been a matter of some speculation just how serious or realistic Bowie is about any of the parts in which he envelops himself.

Bowie's mercurial now-you-see-it-now-you-don't attitude to all the personalities he has adopted is probably his self-protection. He may have all the personality problems of a would-be strong leader, but he appears to skate lightly across them, rather than sink into the dangerous depths of that particular kind of psychosis.

AND LET'S MAKE no mistake about that, the would-be strong leader is often psychotic and usually dangerous.

Of course there are obvious exceptions, but in the usual run of thing, your average, aspiring national (or even global) father figure is just about the most unsuitable person (psycho-profilewise) to lead even a boy scout troop.

It's a sweeping generalisation but, as a rule, the guy who wants to tell everyone what to do is compensating for his own inadequacies, frustrations and the rest. Not being content with possibly being loved by the usual handful of friends, family etc., he seeks to be loved by everyone in sight and, taking an extension of this, to penalise and even eradicate those who refuse to love him.

He is another seeker after simple solutions to complex problems.

Confronted by a socio-economic briar patch and lacking the confidence of intellect slowly to prune it into an orderly garden, he looks for a way to level it at a single stroke. If this fails (and it usually does), he employs the normal operating methods of the fascist and looks for a scapegoat.

The most common scapegoat for the common or garden Twentieth Century Nazi has, up until now, been the nearest ethnic minority. If one of these wasn't immediately to hand, then the most easily identifiable political opponent would serve almost as well.

The would-be dictator's personality

MICK FARREN forecasts: one summer of hate heading our way . . .

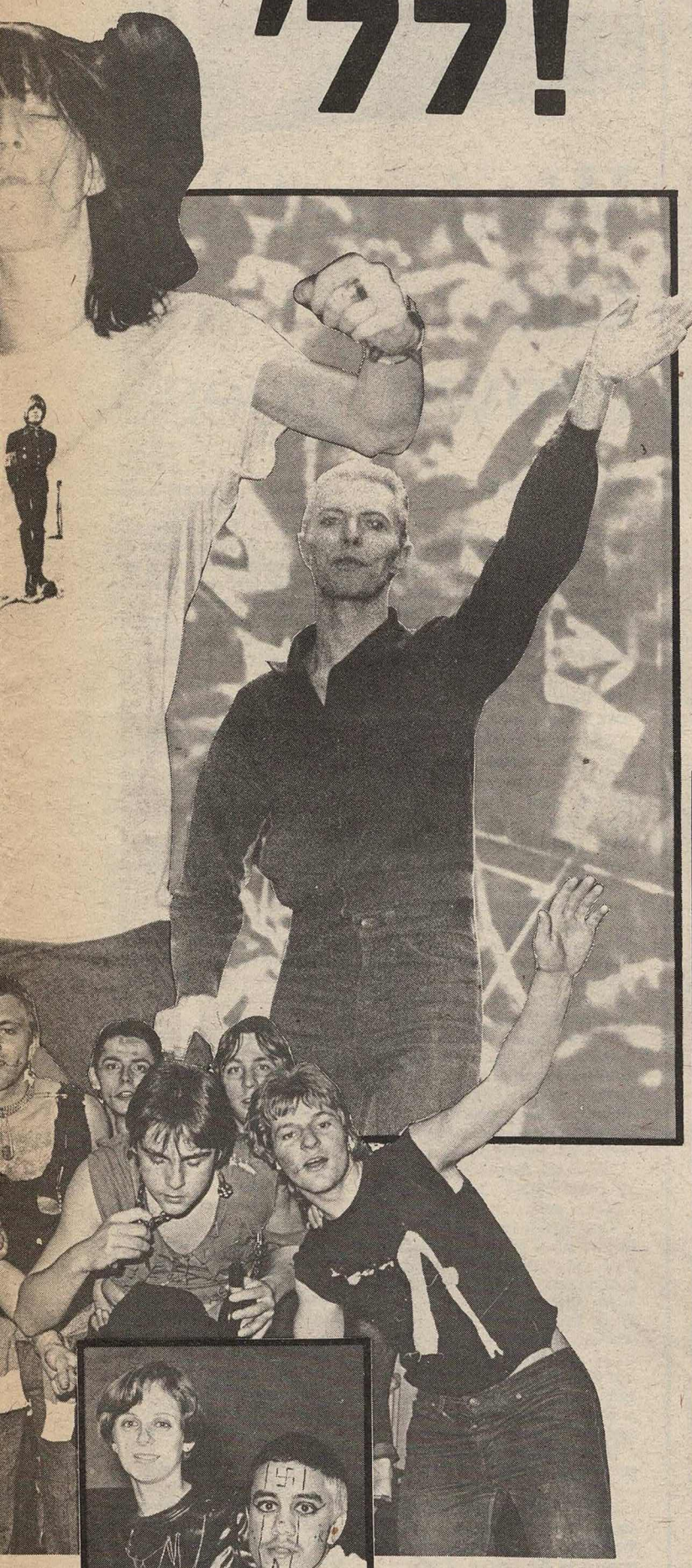
problems do, however, go even deeper. At root, he is someone who is very unsure about his basic humanity.

Again demonstrating his unwillingness to confront a complex problem, he doesn't look into his own consciousness to find the solution. Instead he attempts to dehumanise everyone around him.

On an individual level, this tactic shows itself as fetishism and mild S & M twists, the leather / rubber / bondage / pain that were so trendy during Weimar and are, once again, so trendy today.

ough, the dumb look for a on brought us Hitler. As the falls over Punkland, are we s form in a familiar, sinister ern . . . ?

M IN THE '77!



Now I ain't about to cast the first stone. I mean, mother of God, the house bricks could come back thick and fast.

If consenting adults want to chain each other to the three piece suite and otherwise reduce themselves to the level of objects so be it. I'll not say them nay.

When the same dehumanisation process extends to countries and continents, then you have a whole different ballgame.

THE NAZIS threw, without doubt, the greatest dehumanisation fest of all time.

This is what the uniforms, the parades, the marching and the banners were really all about. It was a contrived scheme to reduce people to the level of ciphers, pieces in a vast, lunatic jigsaw.

(Remember, if you make people into ciphers, life is a whole lot easier. Ciphers are easier to deal with than people.)

This dehumanisation process reached an all-time peak when certain sections of the population were actually reduced to the level of soap, fertiliser and lamp-shades.

I SUPPOSE this jive explanation of fascism (Wilhelm Reich explains it a lot better) is designed to try and put the image straight.

Over the last few years the romansicising of Nazism has gotten a little out of hand. The black-clad, inhuman SS super-Adonis has become such a part of pop imagery that many here among us are even tempted to dress up like one.

I guess there's nothing basically wrong in dressing up, just so long as it doesn't get out of hand. Once again it's a case of consenting adults.

Where the trouble starts is if we begin to confuse image and truth.

The cruel, handsome storm-trooper was a product of propaganda. The real face of Nazism was closer to the stunted little man in the dirty rain coat.

Check Heinrich Himmler for confirmation.

This confusion between Nazi image and Nazi regalia has, over the years, produced a good deal of misconceptions.

Every few years, the cycle goes round and a fad comes along for some section of western youth to start decking themselves out in all manner of Third Reich relics.

The most famous recent bunch of Nazi artifact enthusiasts were, of course, the Hell's Angels.

Although they regularly put out the story that they only wore the regalia in order to upset the solid citizens, it didn't stop every local neo-fascist homing in to check out whether the bike gangs could be moulded into the spearhead of a right-wing revolution.

The fascists — and, for that matter, The Rolling Stones and dozens of local police departments — found to their cost that the Angels were totally uncontrollable.

ONCE AGAIN, the Nazi badges and armbands are turning up in clubs and at rock concerts as an essential part of street couture. It appears that there's nothing like a set of SS eagles to set off perfectly your safety pins and black polythene garbage sack.

By all accounts, the other part of the cycle has also come round again.

Our own local fascists, the National Front, the British Nazi Party, Column 88 and what have you, have apparently been sniffing round in the hope that the punks might be suitable cannon fodder for a Seventies-style right-wing explosion.

The fascist thinking isn't quite so far-fetched as it might appear.

To the outside observer, the punk thing does present itself as an ideological void. It is only natural that anyone with a political axe to grind (and a set of personal inadequacies to try and feed) should attempt to steam in and fill it.

Again, from the viewpoint of the outside observer, it would seem that a fascist takeover of the punks isn't exactly probable. At present they seem altogether too militant in their directionlessness to fall for any kind of conventional political pitch, no matter how extreme.

"We're due for tyranny. You may laugh, but it's going to happen." (Jean-Jacques Burnel, The Stranglers)

THE QUESTION IS: how long this can last?

A nihilist void doesn't have much real chance of sustaining itself for any length of time. Already it looks as though the fringes of the punk scene are getting starved of ideas.

The safety-pin kid in the bar, telling a Status Quo fan only a couple of years older than him to "Get yer hair cut, or I'll gob on yer," is taking his attitudes straight out of the *Sunday People* rather than thinking them up for himself.

Ten years ago, we had dumb hippies who thought that dressing in bells and kaftans and sticking carnations behind their ears would change the world. These superficial beginnings did, however, develop into a scene that was sufficiently diverse to encompass everything from the Pink Floyd to Iggy Stooge.

Today we seem to have dumb punks who believe that a mean expression and clothes held together with pins will strike a blow for God-knows-what.

Although it's always risky to take parallels from out of the past, it seems fairly certain that the punks will not die away, and the movement will have to develop.

The danger lies in the way it might develop.

At present, the whole thing could swing either way.

The economic situation will obviously influence the direction, as will the political posturing of the leading bands.

In the final analysis, though, the kids themselves decide how it will progess and whether that progession will be positive or negative.

AT best, anarchy in the UK could be a loose, high-energy attack on conventional greyness that pushes back depression with partying and good times.

At worst it could become a destructive, free-form Nazism that could conceivably turn the summer of '77 into a full-blown, *Clockwork Orange*-style summer of hate.

Although the options may be firmly in the hands of the kids themselves, the one thing that could turn the punks sour and dangerous is some self-appointed leader who fancies making atrocity trendy and suppressing the robust individuality which is the only basic protection of the true anarchist.

It only needs some band, abetted by a shrewd and manipulative manager, to start pumping out a slew of half-digested Nietzschean philosophy, and a lot of damage could be done.

Far be it from me to hand out advice. I'm too old and my hair's too long. I'll just leave you with someone else's thought.

Don't follow leaders.

(Then again, he's even older and his hair's longer.)

PLATTERS

ACE
No Strings (Anchor)

DON'T KNOW about you, but I've always had a soft spot for Ace.

Something to do with their aura of mateyness and approachability, I suppose, coupled with a lingering respect for the sureness of touch which revealed itself in "How Long".

Any outfit which had shown itself capable of bolting together such a hauntingly compulsive single out of the most rudimentary of materials definitely had my vote.

But dutiful listening to their current release has just about ground my amicability away to nothing.

A year spent leisurely (if not idly) in the States seems to have snuffed out the life-spark and consigned Ace to that growing retinue of bands which goes about the business of making music as though working on a production line.

The impression I get is that every number on "No Strings" strolls along in the exact same key and near enough the same tempo. I've encountered greater variety in a packet of cornflakes.

Paul Carrack's style of singing, which I once found attractively mournful, now sets my teeth on edge through its stuck-in-a-groove monotony and his keyboard playing which used to add a touch of contrast to the proceedings has now been swallowed up in the general sound to such an extent that its presence can barely be detected at points.

Newcomer Jon Woodhead acquits himself well with a number of tastefully executed guitar breaks, but he seems to have had minimal impact on the direction the group is taking — a direction which, from where I sit, looks like leading the lot of them right back where they started.

If anyone's keeping score, one or two numbers do lift their heads above the rest to leave faint traces on the memory.

Example: "I'm Not Takin' It Out On You" which, despite some exceptionally feeble lyrics, has the glimmering of a good tune, and "Crazy World" (written not by Carrack but by rhythm guitarist Alan "Bam" King) which creates an impression somehow — largely, I suspect, because it is derived from Jagger and Richard's "Crazy Momma".

If there's a mitigating factor at work here to offset the narcoleptic influence of the music it must be Trevor Lawrence's clean-limbed production, in recognition of which he gets a bigger billing on the rear sleeve than any of the musicians.

Regrettably no amount of studio expertise can make up for the lethargy in the band's playing or the paucity of new ideas they have brought to this recording.

Jeff Morgan

SPIKE MILLIGAN LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
The Snow Goose(RCA)

THE SNOW GOOSE , as a story by Paul Gallico, is positively delightful. Camel's adaptation of it for a concept album a couple of years ago was reasonably appropriate musically, but for some reason Mr. Gallico was unwilling to put his seal of approval on that version. He did, however, give his blessing, shortly before he died, to this rather average adaptation.

For my personal taste, he chose the wrong one.

What we have is Spike Milligan — always less convincing when he's being serious — narrating short passages from the book, while Ed Welch, who scored the music, conducts the orchestra and a rock rhythm section through inoffensive musical wallpaper. The only notable feature is one Romeo Bertie playing a musical saw, most audible on "The Goose Walk" — everything else is about as colourful as air.

As an inveterate admirer of Spike Milligan, I find his involvement in this ill-conceived project rather sad.

John Tobler

BREAD
Lost Without Your Love (Elektra)

THIS IS not an inspired achievement. Indeed it sees what little edge there was left when the group disbanded in 1973 disappear completely.

As neither Gates' nor Griffin's solo efforts brought home the bacon, one is tempted to think that the main reason for reforming was financial. There is certainly no new musical ground being broken here.

David Gates' slow songs stick to the successful maudlin formula — all sentiment and no heart. The current chart single (formula for finance) is the best example. His uptempo songs bring some relief, having some semblance of attack. Sad, because he's wasting his gifts.

Griffin & Royer emerge with credit for an ace little song in "She's The Only One" and their medium pacers are quite palatable.

But their slow ones, oh dear, oh dear . . . *"Today's the first day of the rest of your life/It's up tp you to make the best of your life/For every night there's another day."* Quick nurse — the Chair of Philosophy!

If the songs are mediocre, the playing is good, especially the keyboard work, like the ending to "Change Of Heart". Too many strings overall, but there's the odd nice surprise like the guitar (Dean Parks?) on "She's The Only One".

Ultimately however there is little to enthuse about in this collection of spineless songs.

Ian Cranna

(Lyrics copyright Screen Gems Columbia 1976)

KRAZY KAT
China Seas (Mountain)

LIKELY AS not "China Seas" would pass for just another undistinguished debut from just another unremarkable band, save for some distinctly suspect pretensions in the lyric department.

The mantle assumed (and none too convincingly) is roughly that of the modishly cosmopolitan renegade consumed by ennui and wanderlust, the possibly wealthy (clothes by *Che Guevara?)* but certainly cool vogueperson who's been everywhere, seen everything and ended up profoundly, unspeakably bored by it all.

Nonetheless, hoping to pull down the verbal woollens, he deigns to throw a handful of specious references to exotic locales and supposedly enigmatic past partners in crime. Thus, in "Santa Fe" —

"Bad old days we spent in Spain before the war/But Benny and me got by/We were riding on the mainline, stealing our supply/John Dean spilled the beans/We ran to Japan in a plane, but the plan just failed/And Benny was jailed"

Oh really? I don't believe a word of it myself and can't even credit this sort of rough rider posing as a semi-plausible fantasy. Best, I think to leave the narrative dramatics to Dylan, chaps.

Still, in "China Seas", there's the extraordinary perspicacious couplet —

"When Santa Fe was finished we went looking for a lift/It's hard to look like Gable when you feel like Monty Clift"

Whaaat? It's all a put on, isn't it? *Isn't it?*

But evidently not satisfied with all this worldweary angst and stuff, Kat rip a page out of Ferry's slim file and try some laboured punning.

One song, "Thirty-Love", plays with the mixed metaphors of tennis scores and an incipient middle age with no prospect of a bedmate.

It fails dismally, too clever by two-thirds, and so does "No Smoke Without Fire", for much the same reasons.

"Dundee Calling", a song about Greenland whaling, is rather *poetic*, but at least conveys some sense of spirit and place. Along with "How They Crossed The Pole", it's the only thing here that doesn't tumble arse over tip lyrically.

But the music? Well, Kat are a five piece with a fondness for vocal harmonies and mildly hummable hooklines. They perform in a well-behaved, efficient, nondescript sort of way.

Serving up either slow ballads or fast intercity slickers, they come on like a highly Anglicised Eagles-/Doobie Bros. amalgam, with a lame sideline in latterday Roxy Music impersonations. Still finding their feet I guess.

Kat's two guitarists step out from time to time, and prove that stylewise they're not going to move any mountains.

There again, despite the occasional tricky manipulation of tempos, Kat's musical message is basically one of nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Angus MacKinnon

VARIOUS ARTISTS
20 Great Heartbreakers (K-Tel)

OH GOD, the pain, the sorrow, the heartrending anguish as 20 (count them) separate teenage romances crash in ruins on a single album.

It's guaranteed to bring a tear to every eye, a lump to every throat, and an even bigger lump to K-Tel's corporate wallet.

This album doesn't mess around. From the very first cut, the misery comes thick and fast. There's Paul Anka, hopelessly declaring he's a "Lonely Boy", Sandie Shaw stridently complaining that there is always something there to remind her, and The Platters bemoaning the lot of "The Great Pretender" in close harmony.

The grim reaper gets into the act by the sixth cut. Tommy is pulled, dying, from the twisted wreck of his hot rod on Ray Peterson's "Tell Laura I Love Her", while the anonymous love object gets squashed by a train in the penultimate verse of Mark Denning's "Teen Angel".

The first side is rounded off by two all time tear jerk masterpieces, Roy Orbison's "Only The Lonely" and the Teddy Bears' "To Know Him Is To Love Him" (probably the only record in history where the hook line was taken from a tombstone).

I have to admit that side two is a bit of a let-down. There's far too much stuff of the ilk of Lulu and The Tremeloes and not enough of Richie Valens and the Shangri-Las. (Yes, it's "Leader Of The Pack" yet again. It must be the song's fourth appearance on a compilation album this month).

Probably the greatest consolation of side two is knowing that you actually have a copy of "No Milk Today" by Herman's Hermits.

There's a record that can clear a room. Just play it once and people start to leave. The emotion gets too much for them.

But sincerely, my friends, there is so much heartrending emotion in this collection of tunes that you can't help choking up.

Tears blur your vision and . . . hell . . . it's just . . . (sob!) . . . too much to go on . . .

Mick Farren

SEALS AND CROFTS
Sudan Village (Warner Bros.)

AH, THERE you are No.2. What have you got there? A Seals and Crofts album? Surprised at you No.2 — always thought you were one of the lads. A live album? Wouldn't have thought there was much difference between them dead or live, eh? Laugh, No.2. That's better.

Saw 'em on tour with Yes in 1975, you know. Liked their "Summer Breeze" though.

Religious chappies, aren't they? Baha'i or something newfangled like that. Sincere and serene and all that, what? Yes I thought so — boring. Unfortunate, that. More the sort of stuff to give those hothouse plant Yankees, eh?

Other side looks interesting. Gad, a nine minute instrumental? Terminal boredom, I expect.

Funky? Come now No.2, let's not stretch the bounds of credulity. Oh well, if you insist. Is, ah, that fine coloured lady there again? Yes, Carolyn Willis, that's her. Does a lot for 'em, oh yes. Beefs them up, eh?

What are these last two? Fiddle tunes? Best of the lot? Brief but exhilarating? Really, No.2, have you been at the dictionary again?

What's the playing like? Bill Cuomo? Never heard of him. Good keyboards? Very well, No.2, make a note of his name.

Well, anything else? No? Carry on then, No.2.

Ian Cranna

Wait until the crowd goes

DAVID BOWIE
Low (RCA)

YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE GIRL with grey eyes and you never leave your room.

Now and then your big brother the rock critic bustles in with his friends — the big loud guy with the red beard and the Chairman Mao t-shirt, the hard-eyed silent ex-hippie with the coke spoon dangling from a chain around his throat, the disco couple from the ad agency with their art-school diplomas and their Forties threads.

They've been downtown at the inner-city record supermarket, they've got a stack of new releases, and they're in the middle of the rock-and-roll-will-save-the-world-true-or-false conversation — at least your brother and the Maoist are. The disco couple are boredly flicking through bondage pictorials in the latest fashion mag, whilst the ex-hippie smiles cynically at himself in the pocket mirror he carries for special purposes.

You think they're old, sold-out, and stupid. They think you're a punk.

They ignore you and, after they've filled in the necessary time, they leave to munch hamburgers and catch the latest disaster movie in the West End. You sit at the window, idly toying with the cheap swastika brooch and watching the legions of fascinated morons as they march up to the top of the hill and down again.

What in the world is there to get excited about?

AS WORLD WAR TWO enters its thirty-eighth year, the tide is incontrovertibly turning in the favour of West Germany and Japan — while, in China, the bureaucratic heirs of the Kuomintang are already adjusting history so as to prove that radicalism is impossible, that perpetual revolution was merely a metaphor.

We are entering the Age of Totalitarianism, the Age of the Masses, the age of faceless standardization, sayeth the bourgeois individualist.

Which way to turn? Which ideology to embrace? What to copy?

See the rock guitarist pose. Hear the rock producer clean up the sound with a single blow of his trusty Dolby. Go forth to your local rock supermarket and riffle through those miles of alluring shrink-wrap.

You are as much a consumer robot as the housewife you used to laugh at when you were preaching love and happiness from the Gate ten years ago. It seems that much can change in a decade, despite the media impression to the contrary.

AND SO TO a studio somewhere in post-war Europe.

Inside, two of the tiny band of white Anglo-Saxons *not* on remote control in today's middlebrow youth kulchur are earning their living.

David Bowie works in short bursts, as if even as disciplined a sensibility as his can't fend off for more than a few hours that instinctual relapse into standard ideas of order which so completely tranquillise 99% of his fellow travellers in the world of rock.

As soon as he senses his concentration faltering, he stops immediately and goes to the recreation room to wait for the biorhythmic cycle to complete itself. While he's away, his guest Brian Eno moves into the studio and begins work on the results so far obtained.

Not as impulsive and abrupt as Bowie, he is nevertheless equally as objective and unsentimental concerning his creative methods, his approach comprising a unique combination of painstaking repetition and controlled self-disorientation.

At this stage, the album under construction is to be called "New Music Night And Day". Later, David will alter it to "Low".

Everything on it, with the exception of a piece called "Wailing Wall", has been put together on the spot in the studio. "Wailing Wall" is from Bowie's soundtrack to "The Man Who Fell To Earth", unused because of contractual difficulties at the time of the film's release.

The composer's frustration at the blank reception accorded his film score by its distributors was alleviated by hearing Eno's work of the last year ("Another Green World", "Discreet Music", "Evening Star", and the privately released "Music For Films"). The collaboration is solving problems for both of them, not the least being the mutual recognition of solitary spirits. *("Sometimes you feel so lonely.")*

Within weeks of completing "Low" they're together again

PLATTERS

IAN MacDONALD *and* CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY *each produce a thumb-nail sketch of the "Low" profile.*

in Berlin for the pleasure of each other's company.

A FEW YEARS AGO, the American psychologist-turned-best-selling-novelist Luke Rhinehart won the collective hearts of the thoroughly sophisticated, if terminally alienated, Western literary community by confirming a general suspicion that it was naive and dangerous to base your sanity on the assumption that you were one person. Destroy your illusion of oneness by randomizing your life, advised The Diceman.

Not that the notion of the ever-shifting self was new in the egocentric West. Gurdjieff, courtesy of the Remarkable Men who taught him, had gained notoriety and a large following by making this assertion the key to his system of spiritual improvement some fifty years earlier.

David Bowie's whole career in rock has been based on the same idea. Using the sequential aspect of rock's marketing schedules — Neil Young's "hook-and-ladder dream" — he employed the approximately annual cycle of record-release-promote to *disrupt* the apparent continuity of his career where a less enlightened colleague might feel inclined to maintain and develop it (in order, no doubt, to keep that steady and lucrative contact with an audience nervous of challenging change).

Ever-anxious to free himself from the encumbering thoughts of other people — and simultaneously to promote similar activity in his fellows by example — Bowie has run through an increasingly bewildering succession of public images, excaping successively from categorisation by personality, local community, sexuality, nationality, and politics (not to mention more creative idioms than the average artist could even name).

His efforts of the last couple of years have been devoted to transcending the largest category most people can imagine — that being the *culture* of which they are personally, communally, sexually, nationally, and politically a tiny constituent part. ("I've lived all over the world/I've left everyplace.")

On this album David Bowie achieves the ultimate image-illusion available to an individual working within the existing cultural forms of the West.

He vanishes.

THE FIRST IMPRESSION "Low" imparts to the listener is that he is somehow hearing it *sideways.*

The curtain rises with a short sequence of electronic jerks upon the supermarket minimalism of "Speed Of Life", the first of a brace of what the accompanying RCA handout nicely terms "compelling instrumentals" which frame the five quasi-conventional songs of Side One.

The open-tuned electro-synthetic sound — which will be standard until the album is flipped — is mass-production epitomized. For the marching morons of TVC15 this is Music While You Work, the blank-eyed soundtrack to the Decline of the West.

Conceptually, we're picking up where "Station To Station" left off: the Western world's enslavement to time and consequent devaluation of place. Speed as a cultural aberration — mechanical, intellectual, pharmaceutical.

Producer Visconti pumps the bass up to act on the autonomic nervous system — rock music as the drug that it certainly is — and Eno's treated snare-drum sound ticks like a monumental pneumatic clock . . . as it will continue to do for the rest of the side, measuring time in the central nervous system with an explosive regularity simultaneously chilling and ominously exhilarating.

The first of the songs, "Breaking Glass", doesn't make much sense until you've played the record through. By then you will find the following lines illuminated by a rather sinister glow: "I've been breaking glass in your room again/Listen/Don't look at the carpet/I drew something awful on it/See."

Having shattered yet another personal image (and allowed himself for the first time the luxury of laughing at the poor disorientated listener), Bowie relents and offers a clue: "You're such a wonderful *person*/But you got problems". And fade . . . after one minute forty seconds.

And so on — through "What In The World", "Sound And Vision", "Always Crashing In The Same Car", "Be My Wife" — to another instrumental (byebye) "A New Career In A New Town": bleak sterile romance as the hero drives away at the end of the movie in search of a new persona.

"Every chance that I take/I take it on the road . . ."

YOU SEE, your trouble is you're living in a materialistic society, babe. That means you're committed to imperfection, your perfect soul on a compulsive search for the utopia it deserves, endlessly selling itself short to temporal authority and the power of other humans, always crashing in the same car.

Temporal power is money and the science of temporal power is economics, politely called politics. And there is *no political solution.* Communist totalitarianism or national socialist totalitarianism — they're both fascist systems.

Materialism is an insoluble problem.

Am I going too fast for you? . . .

SIDE TWO of "Low" (sorry, got bored describing Side One) presents the David Bowie fan with an unprecedented treat. *Two* personae in one record.

The difficulty with words is, amongst other things, that they demand a focus of listening attention which automatically devalues other sound phenomena occurring in their vicinity.

Bowie now disposes of words, indulging first in fake Polish on "Warszawa" (Warsaw) — Ashes and Diamond Dogs in post-war Europe — and last in elegant gibberish on "Subterraneans" — the *sound* of Sinatra reproduced by Martian computers with no access to the English language.

"Art Decade" (Decode?) offers rhythm generator and a forlorn whistling theme accompanied by a noise like electronic water dribbling down a drain — the baby and the bathwater.

"Weeping Wall" — an endless random shift of the rootnote and a one-two-buckle-my-shoe folksong theme ("Scarborough Fair") like a lobotomised lament for a lost civilisation.

It's a pity that a society infatuated with ugliness is only able to identify new forms of beauty by proving to itself that they are somehow "true". Side Two of "Low" is no more or less true than anything else David Bowie's ever recorded — but it's certainly stunningly beautiful if you can get past taking it as some kind of personal insult (do you want the five-minute argument or the full half-hour?).

LOW PROFILE, low definition, low voice.

Lying low. Feeling low.

The cover of the record is authentic mass-production — another still from "The Man Who Fell To Earth", a film in which Bowie performs a striptease that doesn't stop where you might expect it to.

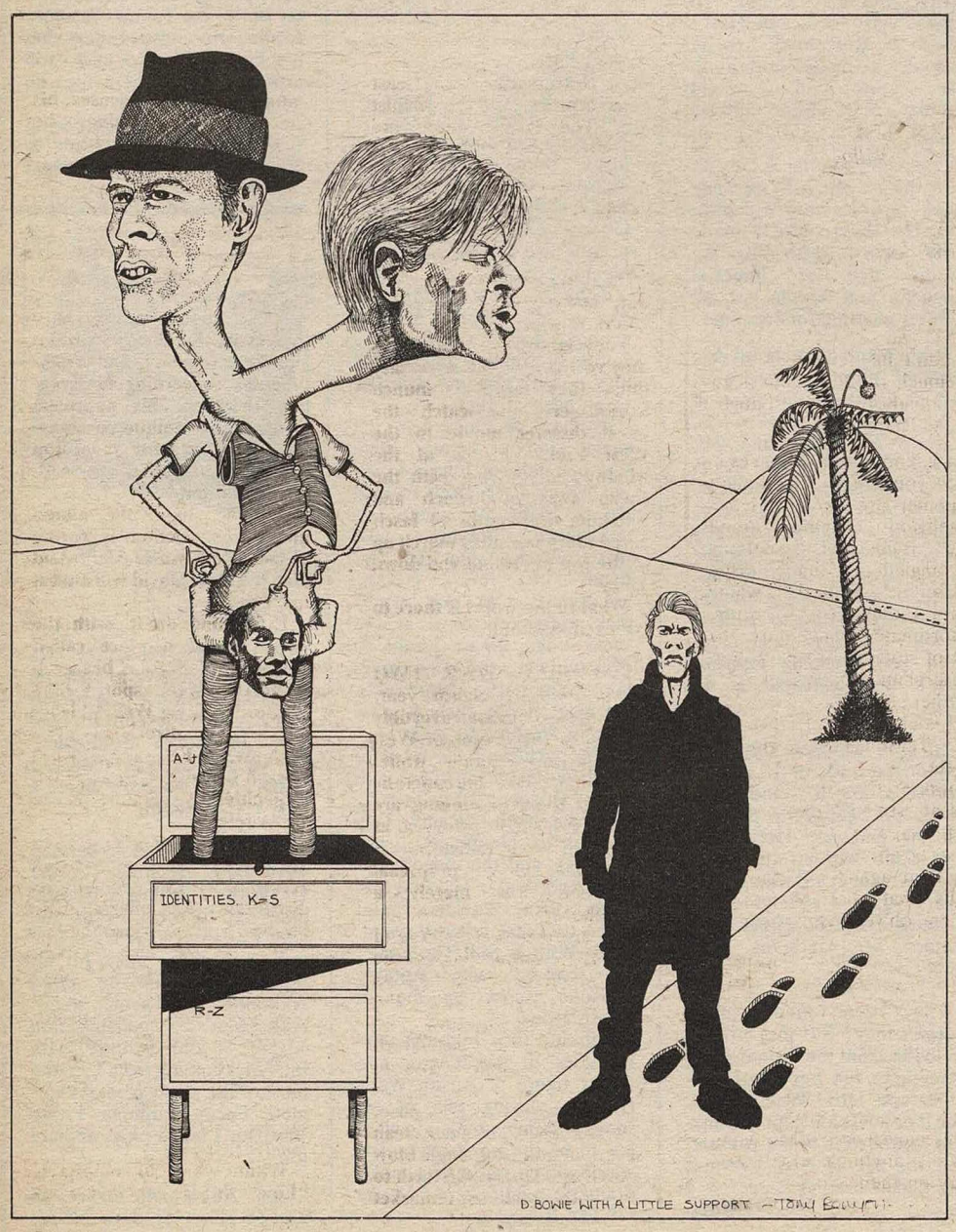
You might remark the cultural irony of employing Black soul musicians to achieve the ultimate futurist punk sound. You could catch snatches of seemingly random strangeness — "She Loves You", "For Your Love", "Groovin' With Mr Bloe", Mantovani . . .

Art shadows blind social evolution, proferring a crooked mirror and whispering of the future. Rock-and-roll won't save anybody's world, but it can be useful inasmuch as it reflects the society which requires it. "Low" is the ONLY contemporary rock album.

Blue, blue, electric blue.

David Bowie was last seen giving his country the fascist salute in Victoria Station.

Ian MacDonald



Homage to Catalonia

AND YOU'RE profile to profile with *The Man Who Fell To Bits.*

Against an incandescent orange background, the cover of David Bowie's new album reprises the Thomas Jerome Newton persona of *The Man Who Fell To Earth* by using the same still as the one on which the cover painting of the paperback edition of the novel: Low/profile.

A broad hint indeed to the thematic content and operational method of the recorded music within.

Five years after "Five Years", Bowie's mirror no longer shows us a mask — or even a face.

GRADUALLY, one by one, the stars wink out without even leaving the darkness behind. Transition/transmission gives way to shutdown/demolition; an album so negative that it doesn't even contain emptiness or the void.

It doesn't even sound like anything; "Low" is the sound of nothing, and even the nothing is elusive.

The chameleon lies down in front of the void, assumes its colouration and curls up in a foetal position to wait for nothing to come and get him.

Or not. It doesn't really matter. Its pointlessness is the point — or would be if it had one.

Cases: the shift from "Young Americans" to "Station To Station" was the transition from soul to paranoid disco *motorik.*

The successive shift from "Station To Station" to side one of "Low" takes us to disco noise more *motorik* than ever washed over with music and sounds so synthetic and depersonalised as to imply that the instruments did the playing after the band had gone home.

It doesn't even sound like backing tracks so much as a bunch of intros that fade out while you're still waiting for something to happen.

When it doesn't, you either do something desultory or else you shut it off.

"Low" is glamour-of-psychosis music of a different sort to the aggressive psychosis exemplified by the Doors' "The End"; it's a totally passive psychosis, a scenario and sound track for complete withdrawal. A major proportion of the lyrical content (such as there is) refers to staying in one room.

"Blue, blue, electric blue, that's the colour of the room where I will live . . . pale blinds drawn all day, nothing to read, nothing to say . . . sit right down waiting for the gift of sound and vision" carol Bowie and Brian Eno — who seems to be Bowie's for a newer and more hopeless age — in "Sound And Vision," which also features a few doo-doo-doos from Mary Visconti (the former Mary Hopkin, wife of co-producer Tony Visconti).

In "What In The World", Bowie and Iggy Pop sing, *"Deep in your room, you never leave your room/something deep inside of me talking through the gloom/what in the world can you do . . . I'm just a little bit afraid of you." "You're a wonderful person but you've got problems . . . I've been breaking glass in your room again,"* goes "Breaking Glass".

On "Be My Wife", he actually gets positive enough to ask for help and comfort and affection, but his tone is so off-hand that, as he offers nothing in return, it would seem that he doesn't actually want help.

"Always Crashing In The Same Car" speaks for itself, and "A New Career In A New Town" — naturally — has no lyrics at all.

ON THE SECOND side the coldly violent rhythm section and guitars have disappeared and we're left with the sounds of a radio stuck between stations (make what you will of that) playing to an empty house, the sound inside your head when you're not at home — or anywhere else.

"Subterraneans" features a "wordless vocal", except that the sounds Bowie makes sound enough like words to make the listener strain to decipher them.

It evokes a state wherein *all* speech sounds like that: meaningless mouthings which don't relate emptiness.

"Low" is just that: less an album than state of mind, a state of mind beyond desperation, a state where you're so far down that you have to reach up to touch bottom except that you can't even be bothered to reach up.

The kind of identity loss that seeks to undermine the entire concept of identity, the kind of ego loss that is in actuality the purest complacency. Futility and death wish glorified, an elaborate embalming job for a suicide's grave.

OKAY: WHO needs this shit?

Bowie very plainly isn't himself in a state of catatonic withdrawal otherwise he wouldn't be making albums.

If he's been through it and is now out the other side, why build this elaborate labyrinth around it without marking the exit door?

This album doesn't exorcise psychotic withdrawal by externalisation and catharsis; it induces such a state, reinforces it, beckons to the lemmings.

It's an act of purest hatred and destructiveness. It comes to us in a bad time and it doesn't help at all.

Words like "psychosis", "nihilism" and "anarchy" are fashionable these days, but "Low" is an infinity away from the nihilism of the Pistols, which is at least active, outward-looking and ultimately healing.

This is passive, inward-looking and — despite its ostentatious depersonalisation — profoundly selfish and egotistical, encouraging each individual to lay on his ass and listen to his wounds fester rather than go out to help and be helped.

It's decadent in the sense that it glamourises and glorifies passive decay and I don't give a shit about how clever it may or may not be — David never makes minor errors, only fundamental ones — it stinks of artfully counterfeited spiritual defeat and futility and emptiness.

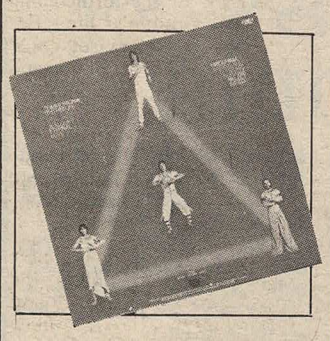
We're low enough already, David.

Give us a high or else just swap tapes with Eno by post and leave those of us who'd rather search for solutions than lie down and be counted to try and find ourselves instead of lose ourselves.

You're a wonderful person but you've got problems.

Charles Shaar Murray

Rundgren reveals secret of keeping sandwiches fresh



UTOPIA
Ra (Bearsville).

ALL THE visuals and verbals gathered here in honour of Ra, the sun god of Ancient Egypt — they had me profoundly flustered. Their abtruse bias suggested only one thing, — that Todd Rundgren had finally, fatally OD'd on his own brand of macro-mysticism.

Best to approach "Ra" with caution, I thought as I checked the artwork once more.

(The sun loomed vast and low in a blood red sky, the deity's name was prominent in heiroglyphic print. The four Utopians were splayed around the extremities of a triangle, looking slightly unsettled in their thoroughly authentic Egyptian garb. Rundgren himself stood in the ascendant at the upper apex, clutching Pharoah's rod of rule.)

But why all this ominous signification, Todd? I gulped wearily.

(There was a cut-out pyramid within, its four sides adorned by monochrome Seeff mugshots of the band. Anxiously I perused some guff about how pyramids concentrate energy fields, some suggestions about storing food under the assembled article and reporting the results back to Utopia Central. I was assured the food would stay forever fresh.)

By the oiled beard of Set, I half-expected the platter within this Sphinx of a package to hover several inches above the deck and phosphoresce quietly to itself.

All this biofeedback aside, I should have known better. Passing fads for the religions of the East, the occult and similar topics have been the aesthetic death of enough rockers already. But Todd, bless him, he doesn't like to take himself *too* seriously.

It's Rundgren's distaste for dogmatic absolutes that persists in pulling him back from the brink. He's crossed and re-crossed (on "Utopia", "Initiation" and some of "Another Live") most of the minefields of higher New Age consciousness any self-respecting polymath is these days obliged to negotiate. What's more, he's emerged from the experience virtually unscathed.

Self-respecting? I take that back since it's Rundgren's near-total lack of same 'quality' that makes his output so approachable. Even when he's considering more socio-political(?) areas — like, in "Heavy Metal Kids", Living In Amerika Today.

Unlike Paul Kantner of Jefferson Starship extraction and all those other smugly sanctimonious so-called anti-establishmentarians of the rock hierarchy, Rundgren doesn't waste precious time in offering final solutions so much as let it be known — through songs like "Fair Warning", for instance — that yes, he's inclined to give matters careful thought but can only, quite rightly conclude that it's all up or down to ourselves.

Todd's an activist in his way, but a cheerleader ("Sons Of 1984", "Just One Victory" and other anthems), not a bloody demagogue.

So he blathers on about LOVE. Well, there's nothing new under that particular sun. No matter, the point being that Rundgren's single greatest attribute could well be the manner in which he presents himself (as on "A Wizard, A True Star", "Todd" and the toon side of "Faithful") — with his guard right down, open to suggestion and candid.

Rundgren's wide-eyed vulnerability and scarcely credible naivety flare like starshells over the glib gloom zone pre-apocalyptic cynicism we've crumpled into after realising too late that the Great Acid Dream wasn't much more than spasmodically jerking off.

The man is energy personified, sometimes introverted on disc, but reliably extrovert on stage. Gooferies, lapses of taste or whatever, they're perpetrated with the best of intentions. Rundgren's song persona insists on the premise that he's no different from his audience — screwed up, confused, looking for a way: a reality that should've been slammed into most other rock magnates a long while back.

Like Steve Hillage, Rundgren's an incurable optimist and despite all the mystical raps an incorrigibly compassionate humanist. Good luck to him, we still need every one of his kind we can get.

"Ra" is the first delivery from the newlook democratic Utopia. Everybody writes, sings and smiles. Rundgren plays even for him unusually fierce and starbright guitar, Roger Powell an abundance of keyboards, new recruit and not just a pretty boy Kasim Sulton bass and John Wilcox drums.

We'll take it from the top. Utopia storm through "Overture", a grandiose fillip of cinematic bombast composed by the late, great Bernard Herrmann of *Psycho* score fame, before Todd lends us his lowdown on Ra in "Communion With The Sun".

"Ra, holy synthesiser . . ." — ahem, but the music's fine: mantric rhythms and the whorling vortex of Powell's moogs. Ra gets his namechecks in the chorus and Rundgren takes a dazzlingly lucid solo. The song's twice as long as it should be with such a static quota of melody. Discipline, Todd, discipline.

There's more of the Egyptian metaphysic in "Sunburst Finish", a thunderous thing with chunky chord changes not that different from those of "The Seven Rays". Powell waves some more of his frilly moog lingerie before everything cranks into patent Rundgren "Ikon" speedwriting under vocal harmonies. Note the Rundgren/Hillage overlap in the guitar parts.

But "Hiroshima" is the song. Incredibly potent, it's a compelling requiem to those killed and maimed by the 1945 A-bombs. The sense of place is reinforced by a poignant Eastern-flavoured intro with Todd playing clipped koto-style guitar. The song ascends on massive, modal chords.

"Hiroshima, Nagasaki, don't you ever fucking forget" — lest we forget indeed. The point needs making as only last summer the guy who commanded the B-29 that hit Hiroshima actually had the godforsaken nerve to stage an action replay for a select audience of zombies in the Californian desert. Creepsville, eh? The Japanese were understandably freaked.

Back to "Ra". "Jealousy" is also hot. Wilcox sings, stealing some of Todd's inflections. Lyrically it's just badass macho, but riffwise it's spicier than even "Kids", like a ball crusher lamming through a demolition site wall. A potential single, methinks.

Sulton doesn't fair so well on "Eternal Love". He handles the misty-eyed ballad with tenderness but his high-ranged larynx is still too close to Eric Carmen's for comfort. Rundgren collaborates with Sulton in "Magic Dragon Theatre", a whimsical little Chinese cameo. Another innocuous Gilbert & Sullivan pastiche, it could have been whipped straight off "Something / Anything".

Which leaves "Singring And The Glass Guitar: An Electrified Fairy Tale", an 18-minute slice of fabling — with a moral. An unqualified success, it illustrates the point I was struggling to make earlier about Rundgren's guilelessness. Coming from anybody else, this parable about questing and aspiring would probably consign itself straight into the realms of sub-Tolkien tweedom.

As it is, even the narration's eminently bearable, gently taking the piss out of primly standard kiddies' fare and also downright weird as the voice part's treated to mimic some sort of emasculated pixie who although American claims Glaswegian descent.

The songs amongst all these and other labyrinthine studio effects regain and combine the neat, sparkling concision of "Somthing / Anything" and the sublime fullness of the ballads on "Todd". Four solo spots are organically embedded into the piece; Sulton steals the show with a humdinger of a slow, futuristic bass break.

But whatever else "Singring" manages, its songs show — along with the rest of "Ra" — how well integrated a band this Utopia is (already). The four-way equality trip doesn't toll in the least falsely.

I haven't dwelt much on Rundgren's consummate understanding of the production process (e.g. his mini-recreation of "Itchycoo Park" phrasery in the middle eight of "Jealousy"), but then it's as if he's rounded up all the diverse musicality of his past recordings and reset it in strong concentrate.

Wonder what Ra would've made of it all. And Todd, I've had a hunk of none too healthy cheese under the pyramid for five days now and it shows no signs of impending molecular destabilisation. I'll keep you informed.

Angus MacKinnon

"This next number prevents cheese from goin' rotten"

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
Isn't It Romantic (Transatlantic)

F. SCOTT Fitzgerald wrote the Jazz Age into existence. Without him we would have no public memory of the '20s world of hip flasks, astrakhan coats and bright young things screwing in the rumble seat.

The soundtrack to the Cafe Society movie has been written in more recent times by such bands as The Temperance Seven and the early Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, but none have provided such a loving Xerox of the past as the Pasadena Roof Orchestra.

'Singing In The Rain", Irving Berlin's "Cheek To Cheek", Rodgers and Hart's "Isn't It Romantic" are all carefully re-made, faithful to the score like Todd Rundgren's "Faithful" album.

The originals pale in comparison, coming as they do from the pre-magnetic tape age when records were dreadful, scratchy things which made male vocalists sound like the chorus line of Imperial Eunuchs and which lost all subtlety of strings or bass lines.

It is a recurring trend to wax nostalgic about a period after first deodorizing and cleaning it up — witness *I Claudius*, *Upstairs Downstairs* and *The Forsyte Saga*. And the '20s is the perfect period for present-day Britain to latch onto, providing a nostalgic catharsis for people who want to escape from a period of high unemployment and creeping fascism by lovingly relating to another period — of high unemployment and creeping fascism. That's what catharsis is all about.

So here we have the past, deodorized, in hi-fi stereo, nicely arranged, uncomplicated and beautifully played. It's the Biltmore Hotel and Yale Club without the Wall Street Crash. It's Berlin nights over again without the unpleasantness of Hitler. No wonder the Germans love them.

They were pretty tunes weren't they? But they are all melodies from the distant past. Sometimes fun but dangerous to escape into. Whether we like it or not, bionic funk, punk and synthi-rock is the present and the age of Noel Coward and Cole Porter is dead.

Miles

WAYLON JENNINGS
Waylon Live (RCA)

"I HEAR people in Austin think that when they die they'll all go to Willie's (Nelson) house."

Roar!

"It ain't true."

This is Waylon Jennings, born in Texas, educated in Nashville and now returned to head, along with Willie Nelson, the dope-smoking, long.haired, Austin, Texas, Outlaw Country movement, playing live and very much on his home turf.

I think I've said before that above all others, Waylon Jennings has to be the living future of country music. This album don't give me no cause to go back on that.

Waylon Jennings has the same kind of strong clean baritone voice as Johnny Cash, but where Cash tends to lend his to flights of macho self indulgence, Waylon's just floats out clear and free. The band of four guitars, harmonica, bass and drums pick exquisitely and, at the same time, aren't afraid to rock out when the spirit moves them. The entire thing makes for what is obviously a good time in Austin that night.

The portion of the set here preserved in plastic opens with Jimmy Rogers' "T For Texas", goes on with "Rainy Day Women" (Jennings', not Dylan's), and the magnificent "Me And Paul". The first side closes with Waylon's great hymn to Texas country swing, "Bob Wills Is Still The King" — received with suitable patriotic frenzy by the all Texan crowd.

On side two, Jennings pays his dues to the mentor and father figure of Austin Willie Nelson, playing two of his songs and then going into what has to be the worst cut on the whole album, an overly melodramatic rendition of "House Of The Rising Sun".

He fares better on "Me And Bobby McGee", managing not to fall feet first into the bottomless sucking ooze of the tune's unlimited tear-jerk potential. The final cut. "This Time", doesn't, however, manage to find its way out of the country pitfall of gluey sentimentality.

I'm aware that Waylon Jennings (and, for that matter, country music in general) is not on everybody's list of favourite things. The likes of Waylon do, however, deserve all the encouragement they can get. They are, after all, lifting country out of the Tammy Wynette comic strip consciousness that it's been in for so long, and attempting to turn it into an adult form of music.

Mick Farren

("Waylon Live" is released by RCA next Friday, January 28th.)

KAZ LUX AND JAN AKKERMAN
Eli (Atlantic)

WHO IS this Eli fellow? He crops up regularly in rock on everything from Eli And His Zig Zag Jive Flutes to Eli And The Thirteenth Confession. He usually denotes class and that's what we have here: a very classy album.

Kaz Lux and Jan Akkerman were both originally in the Dutch band Brainbox. Akkerman left to form Focus and later Lux went solo. When Lux was working up ideas for his third solo album he asked Akkerman for some songs. Akkerman's collaboration became a joint venture, with the lyrics coming from Lux and most of the music from Akkerman. Focus drummer Pierre Van Der Linden plays on here too.

Jan Akkerman makes no special effort to show off his.

extraordinary technical ability but the fact that he practises ten hours a day is evident. He can play subtle and complex melodies without the guitar rattling or buzzing and without fumbling for notes. The influence of Julian Bream shows most when he plays the lute, but this is not featured in the way it was on his previous album.

Akkerman can also swing — it was Akkerman who put the pop into Focus. His solo on the "Tranquilizer" track is a joy.

Kaz Lux's voice is a cross between David Clayton-Thomas and Jimi Hendrix — which is to say he has an immense range and an ability to sing a note rather than shout for an approximation of it — coupled with a phrasing ability to find the innate rhythm in the syllables of a line and to emphasise it — sometimes repeating them in a different way: "Per*fec*tion, *Per*fection . . ." worrying them like a dog.

This is a concept album, lasting almost 40 minutes, but though it's a simple story it would be hard to follow without the enclosed libretto because the tracks are not in strict story sequence; in fact they are not all there — the lyric sheet includes a section which does not appear on the record.

The album introduces Eli, an honest hardworking woodcutter, and then deals with his dream life — a convenient and useful structure to build a record round.

Akkerman's classical oriented playing fuses successfully with Lux's essentially present-day lyrics and makes this album a remarkable advance over Akkerman's previous album, "Tabernakel," which was very uneven and poorly produced. Oddly enough, that was made in New York whereas "Eli" is a Dutch product. They must feel happier at home.

"Eli" doesn't have an immediate appeal but a few playings soon enable one to relax into the pacing and dynamics of it. Then the beauty of the more luminous guitar passages and the neat little twists of Lux's phrasing start to emerge.

Miles

DOCTORS OF MADNESS
Figments Of Emancipation (Polydor)

THERE'S AN unfortunately crass hype machine at work in the Doctors' vicinity, and they compound its machinations with their own rolling-eyes and dyed-hair posing.

But in the flesh both person-to-person and onstage, they are, at least, likeable — and, at most, unusual, inspired and intensely committed to their obscurantist, neurotic/horrific, desperately humanist view of inner city inner space.

Behind all the limp-wristed glamour-of-lunacy crap there's a raw-nerved romantic struggling to emerge.

You may laugh, but it's definitely there: the question is, will the Doctors ever be able to free themselves of their naive decadence fixation, or will they just ponce themselves into oblivion?

Their first album, "Late Night Movies, All Night Brainstorms", was very harsh, musically coloured black and white and mostly grey, with darkside words that, while easy to sneer at as cliched, were at least ambitious.

This new record was cut under the supervision of Be Bop Deluxe's producer, John Leckie, and, while refusing to sacrifice *all* its jagged edges, is, inevitably smoother than "Brainstorms".

On the whole the added depth is probably an asset, but in at least one place it's a complete disaster . . . yet even as I write that, the bit I'm talking about comes out the speakers — the Docs' razoring melodrama suddenly confronted, on "Suicide City", with a garishly polished chorus straight out of Bowie — and goddam if it don't sound great.

In other words, I'm hooked.

They can do almost no wrong for me. Horribly uncool, I know, but I just think they're a gas . . . so tacky, so overblown, so bold . . .

They play very well. As I've said before, their corporate understanding transcends structures. They can play both slow and fast, and neither sounds mechanical.

Stoner is a stupendous bassist — he solos against the band on the album's best number, the scream of non-communication in "Marie And Joe" — and Urban Blitz, principally a violinist, is a dab hand at creating tensions and textures on his various whining instruments. Apart from them there's only Peter DiLemma, the Mo Tucker of the group, and Kid Strange, whose instrumental prowess is minimal (how chic).

No real guitarist . . . in fact, almost no solos. It's hardly music but it's not terribly ugly and they've got feeling.

Kid lisps his weird tales like a weirdo, but I can take that because . . . I dunno, maybe it's just if you don't first prance around self-consciously in your new cap when you try it on, then you'll never know whether one day you might really wear it well.

Phil McNeill

IMPORTS
The Nipponese Connection

"THE BIGGEST kick I get in my job," says Louis Raynor, "is when a customer comes up and tells me just found a record, in my shop, that he's been seeking for years."

Raynor's shop is Fly-Over Records, of 15 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith (right opposite the famed Odeon gig-spot) — and it's rapidly acquiring something of a reputation in the import trade because of its Nipponese connection. At this present moment, it probably contains more "Made In Tokyo" items than those that landed on Pearl Harbour, December 7, 1941.

"We've even got a couple of Japanese ECM Specials that Virgin (who distribute ECM here) haven't heard about," claims Raynor. "One features alternate takes of items like Chick Corea's 'Captain Marvel'."

Others he lists include Abbey Lincoln's "Live In Misty"; Miles Davis' "In Tokyo — 1964" and "Pangaea"; Santana's "Lotus" ("It still sells because the Japanese pressing and packaging is so much superior to the version that CBS released here"); Nancy Wilson's "With The New Herd — Live 1974", Chicago's "Live in Japan '72" and two volumes of "The Complete Anthony Braxton."

His Jap listings are impressive and he says that he intends adding to these as fast as the Yamaha ma mama, who does his translating, can sort out those inscrutable catalogues for him.

But Fly-Over wares are not all Sake dipped — the shop also imports American and Continental offerings, the walls of the store being decorated by the many decorative sleeves that house the French L'Age D'Or Des Rolling Stones series.

ANTHONY BRAXTON: Two volumes from Japan

Newies abound — I located Taj Mahal's "Music Fuh Ya" (Warner); Rabbitt's "Boys Will Be Boys" (Capricorn); Arthur Prysock's "All My Life" (Old Town); ZZ Top's "Teejas" (London); Bobby Rydell's "Born With A Smile" (Pip); and John Hammond's "Solo" (Vanguard) amid the "Just In" rack.

However, Fly-Over also stock a huge range of slightly older items, these including Phil Ochs' "In Concert" (Elektra); Johnny Guitar Watson's "I Don't Want To Be A Lone Stranger" (Fantasy); Love's "Out Here" (Blue Thumb); Black Sabbath's "Attention Vol. 1" (Eurodisc); and the James Gang's "Thirds", the latter being a fairly hard-to-get Walsh item.

The whole of RCA's "British Blues Archives" series can also be located in the Hammersmith bins right now, this quartet of discs including tracks by Cyril Davies, Santa Barbera Machine Head (Jon Lord, Ronnie Wood, Twink and Kim Gardener) Jimmy Page, Eric Clapton, Rod Stewart, Tony McPhee, Jeremy Spencer and John Mayall — while the marvellous Woody Guthrie "Library Of Congress" (Elektra) set in also on display.

In view of the forthcoming film of Guthrie's life, this three-album boxed set could become a really in-demand item, featuring, as it does, over three hours of the legendary Okie's spiels on such subjects as the dust Bowl, Pretty Boy Floyd, Jimmie Rodgers and Hoboing, all ably illustrated by no less than 29 songs.

But of course, if you prefer, you can always obtain the soundtrack album to "Bound For Glory" (UA), which features David Carradine as Guthrie. The choice, if you regard as such, is yours.

Okay then, you can safely add the name of Fly-Over to your import check-out list. But any queries, don't contact me — just dial 01-748-1595 and ask for Louis Raynor . . . I'm still up to my neck, trying to check through the results of our "Imports Most Deserving A British Release" competition. I'll let you know the results in a week or two.

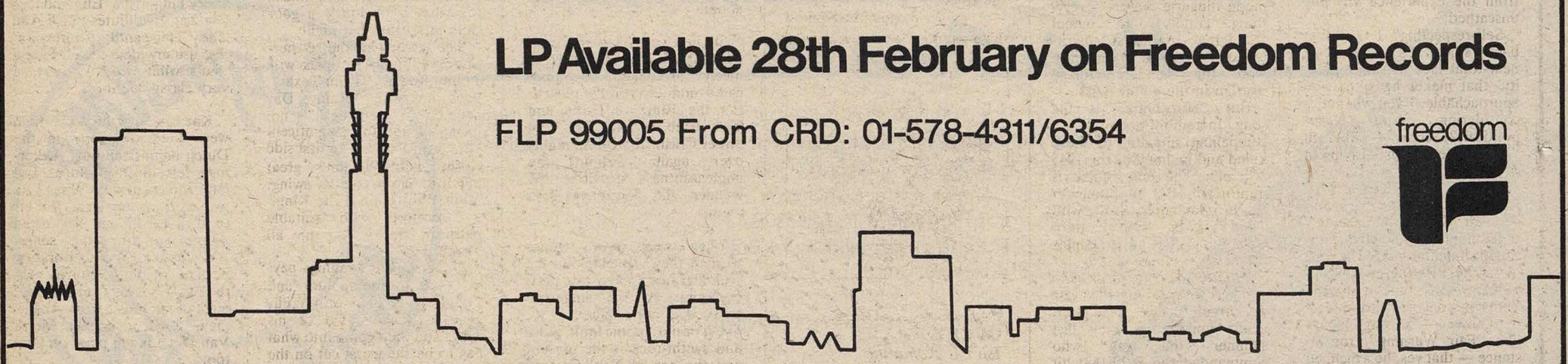
Bizarre Records phones to say that they've now brought in 450 copies of the Berserkley six-packs recently mentioned in this column. Bizarre — based at 33 Praed Street, London W2, also state that they've also received fresh supplies of Iggy and The Stooges "Metallic KO" (Skydog) album, while further stocks of French import singles by The Damned and the Gorillas plus Dutch releases by the Tyla Gang, Roogalator and Nick Lowe are due in.

Fred Dellar

Richard Newman & Dave Beal

"The Songs of The City"

IN CONCERT SOON



LP Available 28th February on Freedom Records

FLP 99005 From CRD: 01-578-4311/6354

freedom

ALBANY MUSIC MANAGEMENT LIMITED. DIRECTORS: GERRY MATTHEWS LES GORTON PETER GORTON

The NME/Virgin Record Stores RocksOffer

KNOW THE RULES? Thought you did. But for any new-comers, we'll repeat them nevertheless. The first 30 albums listed are our selection of interesting, exciting, if not dynamic, new releases, all of which can be obtained from Virgin record shops throughout the UK at a discount of 70p

The second list of 20 — based around some of the personalities in NME this week, and some or the more important releases of recent weeks — can all be similarly obtained at a 70p discount, but only if you take with you the special voucher in the bottom left-hand corner of the page.

70p Off

Top 30 NME New Releases

THE ALPHA BAND
The Alpha Band
THE BABYS
The Babys
GINGER BAKER & FRIENDS
Eleven Sides Of Baker
ELVIN BISHOP
Hometown Boy Makes Good
THE BLACKBYRDS
Unfinished Business
BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND
A-A-Ah The Name Is Bootsy
DAVID BOWIE
Low
CHARLIE
No Second Chance
NORMAN CONNORS
You Are My Starship
NEIL DIAMOND
September Song
FOGHAT
Night Shift
LEON HAYWOOD
Intimate
THE JACKSON 5
Anthology
L.A. EXPRESS
Shadow Play
JOHN LE MESURIER
What Is Going To Become Of Us All?
TAJ MAHAL
Music Fuh Ya
MASS PRODUCTION
Welcome To Our World
NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND
Dirt, Silver and Gold
PHIL OCHS
Chords Of Fame
OREGON, with GLYN JONES
Together
RENAISSANCE
Illusion
SILVER
Bandit
PHOEBE SNOW
It Looks Like Snow
STREETWALKERS
Vicious But Fair
TAVARES
Check It Out
IRMA THOMAS
Live
RICK WAKEMAN
White Rock (original soundtrack)
JNR WALKER
Wopper, Bopper, Show Stopper
BOBBY WOMACK& BROTHERHOOD
Home Is Where The Heart Is
GARY WRIGHT
The Light Of Smiles

This week's Special RocksOffer, only available to NME readers.

HALL & PATES
Whole Oates
Abandoned Luncheonette
War Babies
Hall & Oates
This Thing's Bigger Than Both Of Us
SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND
SAHB Stories
The Penthouse Tapes
Live
The Impossible Dream
DAVID BOWIE
Station To Station
Young Americans
David Live
BOSTON
Boston
EMMYLOU HARRIS
Luxury Liner
ACE
No Strings
UTOPIA
Ra
AVERAGE WHITE BAND
Person To Person
GENESIS
Wind And Wuthering
GALLAGHER & LYLE
Love On The Airwaves
UNDISPUTED TRUTH
Method To The Madness

You can only find these bargains at Virgin Records.
The company that put music back into record stores.

Virgin/NME RocksOffer
Take this voucher to any Virgin Record store to get
70p OFF
the recommended price of any album in this weeks Special RocksOffer.
Hurry, this voucher is only valid until
26th January 1977
One album per voucher
One voucher per album

Virgin Stores at

London:9,Marble Arch,W1. 108,New Oxford St.WC1., under the shadow of Centrepoint. 130,Notting Hill Gate,W11. Nottingham:7,King St. Plymouth:131,Cornwall St. Sheffield:137,The Moor. Leeds:20,Queen Victoria St. Liverpool:169,Market Way,St.John's Centre. Manchester:9,Lever St. Newcastle:10&12,High Friars,Eldon Sq. Glasgow:308-11,Argyle St. Hull:5&6,Mill St.,Prospect Centre. Birmingham:74,Bull St. Bradford:37,Arndale Mall,Kirkgate. Coventry:11,City Arcade. Edinburgh:18a,Frederick St. Southampton:16 Bargate St. Swansea:34,Union St. Brighton:126,North St. Bristol:2a,The Haymarket.

Virgin NME RocksOffer

SIDESWIPE

EXPLOITATION CINEMA (PART 97)

There was this giant gorilla, see — and he gobbed on me . . .

CARRIE

Directed by Brian De Palma

BRIAN DE PALMA'S latest crosses the bankabilities of *American Grafitti* with *The Exorcist*, and the resultant mutant is — as ve say back in ze Old Country — one unholy mess.

Even up the memorably preposterous end of the scale, *Carrie* can't hold a guttering candle to that masterpiece of misalliance, *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*, which featured a rebellious, misunderstood teenie in fangs and a Little League jacket, jugular punctures conveniently identified by the Transylvanian broomster who tends the police precinct house. Oh, it's summer, drive-in pine stakes every night . . .

They coulda used that weathered schlepper around Carrie's classroom, like — as the adverts say — "if only they knew she had the power."

Nicely played by the fey, gingerish Sissy Spacek, Carrie is the butt of rotterish japes. The credit sequences establish her weediness at games and — in a schoolgirl shower number that lends pith and moment to this Year of The Beaver — her touching ignorance of menstruation. Her classmates pelt her with sanitary towels — in both kinds, one is tempted to say, as the film meretriciously connects blood and the sacrament throughout. After that, it's downhill all the way.

What they don't know — PTA alarmingly on the blink here — is that Carrie's background is about as regular as Romulus and Remus's.

Her mother, the rosy Piper Laurie in an unplayable part, is a flesh-denying religious maniac who keeps Carrie in a cupboard furnished sparsely with candles and one of the more baleful Christs. Tough on the knees, but the regime bestows gifts upon her that trump adolescent lessons from lower joints.

Carrie can slam distant doors, crack mirrors, move objects by telekinesis. Overpowering her mother with psychic forces, she hops the hutch and makes for the Senior Prom. Gone are the Ironboy Amish smocks and Widow Twankie boots: Carrie whirls in the arms of the dishy Tommy Ross, at last the butterfly belle of the ball.

But . . . meanwhile . . . The Sneakiest Girl In The Remove plots an Awful Humiliation, beneath the bandstand.

As starry-eyed Carrie is crowned Queen of the Hop, down comes a bucket of pig's blood, which is worse than the threshold of womanhood and then some. Plastered in gore, she wills up a storm of retribution, featuring split screen, red filter and a firehouse apocalypse.

Having fixed the school and, as it were, sidestepped her problems in relating, Carrie goes home and fixes Mom. Breadknives, apple-corers, cleavers are summoned to all points of the compass until Mom is a ringer for The Naz in the cupboard. Neat, huh?

Flames break out all over, and the house goes down with what's left of the cast inside and the director's reputation.

De Palma has been compared to Hitchcock. On the evidence of this, Pearl & Dean have the prior claim.

Unerringly, he shoots wide of the mark, pretty when he should be pungent, flashy when a simple shot would nail it. Even the surefire juxtaposition of the pinkly palpable in the bathtub and the lurker with the dagger, goes for nothing.

Scene after scene fails to advance either action or character or thesis.

The trying-on of the tuxedos seems to have strayed in from the cutting room floor or some tricksy Sixties Dick Lester; the crosscutting between detention gym and Carrie in the library adds up to the idle whim of a mind snipping paper dolls from the funnies.

Even the set piece at the Senior Prom — the raison d'etre in this type of Cash 'n' Carrie exercise — explodes its tension in slow-motion, then attempts to cap Armageddon with the killing of Mom, and finally claps onto the groaning and overloaded shambles, a dream sequence of yawning grave.

Yawning grave, you are not alone.

Thank God Carrie hadn't got at the cinema exit.

Brian De Case

F FOR FAKE

Directed by Orson Welles

ORSON WELLES, having covered the entire celluloid spectrum of activity — from the magnificent *Citizen Kane* to gross sherry commercials — reveals himself once again to be the greatest egocentric trickster in the business.

F For Fake is a documentary-style feature about faking and illusion on all levels.

On the simplest level it's a film about two of the greatest forgers of our time. One is Elmer de Hory, art-forger extraordinary, a man who can produce an authentic Picasso or Matisse on the spot and who claims to have sold them to museums and art-dealers the world over.

One of the many strange coincidences that the film reveals is that de Hory lives on Ibiza where he met the American who was later to become his biographer. This man's name was Clifford Irving, our second forger.

Irving it was who took de Hory's paintings to Paris and discovered that even the most prestigious dealers could not tell the real from the fake. And it was then, or so Welles leads us to believe, that Irving began hatching the idea for his own fake, a biography of the most secretive American that ever lived, one Howard Hughes.

Irving claimed to have met Hughes at a deserted Mayan temple where Hughes gave him the lowdown on his life. Irving almost got away with it as H.H. refused to disown the book in public, thus adding verisimilitude to Irving's absurdities. Eventually of course Irving was jailed but, as the film was made more than three years ago, his final demise is not recorded.

Welles intermingles the story of these three men with tales of his own career, includes his seminal radio broadcast *The War of The Worlds* and the lowdown on *Citizen Kane* which he claims, was originally based on Hughes before Welles decided to play safe and use William Randolph Hearst instead.

"Fake" also contains some stunning newsreel footage of Hughes at the controls of the Spruce Goose, the world's largest wooden plane, a giant six-engined flying boat which he built at enormous cost and which flew only once for six minutes.

The ideas, the style, the pace of this film are a light year ahead of the pack. *Kane* fans will be well pleased.

Dick Tracy

ROGER CORMAN: Fastest Lens in the West

A SIDESWIPE CINE-PROFILE

ROGER CORMAN IS a one-man film industry — and if you doubt that just dig the statistics.

Over the last 20 years he has produced more than 110 low-budget pictures and directed more than 50, churning out, at his peak, as many as eight new films a year. Evey single one has made money.

Born in Detroit in 1926, Corman began by studying to be an engineer but, after three years in the Navy, junked it and began work as a messenger-boy for 20th Century Fox. He soon became disenchanted with the big studios and came to England where he studied English Literature at Oxford University. On his return to Hollywood he began peddling scripts and in 1953 sold one to Allied Artists. They retitled it *Highway Dragnet*, and gave Corman the job of producer / director on the movie.

Once Corman had got his teeth into moviemaking there was no stopping him.

Within a year he had formed a production company and, with 12,000 dollar profit from *Highway D* and loans from friends, he produced a cheapo black-and-white SF movie *The Monster From The Ocean Floor*. The $110,000 profit from this was in turn ploughed back into *The Fast And The Furious* and his directional debut *Five Guns West*.

By this time he had joined forces with American International Pictures (AIP), the States' premier exploitation movie studio. Corman cared not a monkey's, and over the next ten years proceeded to refine the cheapo movie to a fine art.

At his peak, his scripts were written in less than four weeks and legends abounded about movies like *Bucket of Blood* which took five days and *Little Shop of Horrors*, the tale of a plant fed on blood, which was racked up in just 2½ days.

It featured Jack Nicholson as a masochist who enjoyed going to the dentist. During one scene, which involved a tussle in the dental chair, the chair broke and fell over. When Corman was told it would take half an hour to fix, rather than reshoot, he left the accident in.

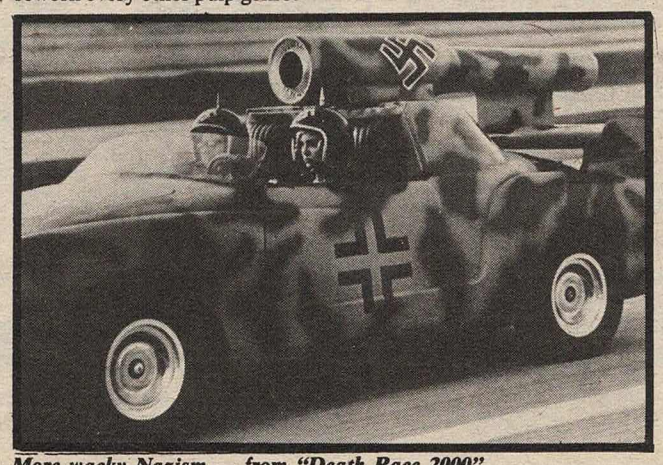
His first critical success came with a cycle of films based on the stories of Edgar Allen Poe.

Given slightly higher budgets of around 40-60,000 dollars per picture — which allowed him, in his own words, "the luxury of 15 days shooting" — he began with *The Fall Of The House of Usher* starring Vincent Price. Its success led to the making of four or five others including *The Pit And The Pendulum* and *The Masque of The Red Death*.

"Poe writes the first or last reel. Roger does the rest," quipped AIP's president James H. Nicholson happily — his mirth considerably bolstered by the two million dollars every one of the Poe films grossed.

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY made his mark on the horror film, Corman proceeded to rework every other pulp genre.

Bike movies were represented by *The Wild Angels* starring Peter Fonda, gangsters bled ferociously in *Machine Gun Kelly* (with Charles Bronson) and *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre*, and the drug culture in *The Trip*, a movie which came about after Corman had dropped acid with Fonda. He admitted later he had such a nice time that he had to invent the bad trip sequences just to get the film through.



More wacky Nazism — from "Death Race 2000"

Nor did Corman miss out on *sex*ploitation — females are well used throughout his oeuvre from the woman sheriff in *Gunslinger* through the women in prison movies (*The Hot Box, Caged Heat*), the nurse films, the Vandalettes (a girl gang in *Teenage Doll*) to the ugly heroine of *The Wasp Woman*.

When violence was in, Corman made violent movies.

When the first sputnik went up Corman had *War Of The Satellites* showing in three weeks. Whatever the massed drive-in of youth of America wanted to see Corman provided it.

In the course of all this Corman also gained the reputation of giving young directors, actors and screenwriters a chance to show their worth and learn their craft.

Coppola, Bogdanovitch, Hellmann and Martin Scousese all started here and Fonda, Nicholson and many other actors got their basic grounding in his films.

A few years back Corman, disillusioned with AIP, set up his own company New World Pictures which not only produces hits like *Death Race 2000* but also distributed such off-the-wall stuff as Fellini and Bergman movies, introducing the art film to a new and wide commercial audience.

As always, he's making money — 3 million dollars profit in the first year alone.

UNFORTUNATELY Roger-Corman, for long regarded as nothing more than a garbage-peddler, gradually edged into the cult-hero slot and is now being feted by the intelligentsia as a "meaningful" director of great significance.

Virtually singlehanded, he grabbed the American subcinema by the neck and gave it life and energy. Like the best pulp magazines, the best TV series, Corman's films show what can be done with small money, small crews, and a lot of wacky ideas.

His movies aren't respectable and shouldn't be made to appear that way. They reflect the dark side of Amerika — and a much-needed antidote to the supercleen Hollywood dreamscape.

(The tail-end of Electric Cinema season of Corman movies continues until Saturday 22 with two of the Poe films, plus *The Man with the X-Ray Eyes* and other goodies, while at the NFT a season of Corman's proteges' films like *Five Easy Pieces* and *Godfather 2* continues until 5 Feb. Also on that date is a midnight session of bike movies with *Wild Angels, Hell's Angels '69, Race With The Devil* and *Electra Glide In Blue*.)

Dick Tracy

HIGHLIGHTS

IT'S GETTING back to normal on the gig circuit now, after the protracted holiday break, and this week sees the opening of several major winter tours. Taking them in order of starting date, they are as follows:

● BE-BOP DELUXE embark on a lengthy headlining tour at Sheffield on Thursday, followed by Manchester (Friday), Lancaster (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Wolverhampton (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday). They have no new record product to promote on this occasion, but they will be featuring excerpts from their last album "Modern Music" in their stage act. And as a bonus, the support act is the fast-rising Steve Gibbons Band, whose second LP "Rollin' On" comes out in two weeks.

● CLIMAX BLUES BAND are another bill-topping act without a brand new elpee to coincide with their gigs — but, in their case, highlights from their current "Gold Plated" set will be heavily showcased. Initial dates are at Liverpool (Friday), Salford (Saturday), Hemel Hempstead (Sunday), Hanley (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Coventry (Wednesday).

● CHIGAGO are omitted from our picture spread on the right (well, there wasn't room for everyone), but they won't shed any tears over that, because their gigs are all sold out. Which isn't suprising after their long chart-topping success with the single "If You Leave Me Now" and the massive sales of their "Chicago X" album. They are in Birmingham (Saturday and Sunday) and London (Tuesday and Wednesday), with Manchester gigs to follow next week.

● GALLAGHER & LYLE succeeded in establishing themselves last year as one of our top box-office attractions, and they are consolidating that status by way of an extensive tour opening at Blackpool (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Dundee (Wednesday). And they follow the predictable pattern of having a new album "Love On The Airwaves" to coincide with the tour.

● TODD RUNDGREN flies in early next week, accompanied by his ever-faithful band Utopia, for a seven-concert British tour commencing at Oxford (Tuesday) and Exeter (Wednesday). With his new album "Ra" just out, Todd will be continuing his efforts to break out of the cult category and into the mass market.

● SAHB WITHOUT ALEX commence what should be an intriguing tour in Derby on Wednesday. They are featured elsewhere in this issue, hence their minimal coverage in this column.

● DAVID BEDFORD'S album work "The Odyssey" has its first concert performance at London Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, complete with a battery of ten keyboard players — including himself, Jon Lord, Mike Ratledge and Neil Ardley. And for good measure, there's Mike Oldfield on guitar.

GRAHAM LYLE of Gallagher & Lyle

PETER HAYCOCK of Climax Blues Band

BILL NELSON of Be-Bop Deluxe

NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Arts Centre: McCALMANS
AYLESBURY Britannia: ARDAZELL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
BRISTOL Reeves Club: CISSY STONE BAND
BRISTOL Tiffany's: SLIK
CHESTER Rascals Club MUSCLES
CHORLEY Royal Oak: BERNARD WRIGLEY
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: DRUID
COLERAINE New Ulster University: CAJUN MOON
CROYDON Red Deer: STRANGLERS
DERBY Cleopatra's: JENNY HAAN'S LION
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
FALKIRK Callender Park College: SILLY WIZARD
FARNBOROUGH Leisure Centre: MEDICINE HEAD
GALASHEILS Kingsway Centre: JOE'S DINER
HASTINGS Queen's Hotel: PLUMMET AIRLINES
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: GENERATION X
HUDDERSFIELD Oaks W.M.C.: BEANO
INVERNESS Ice Rink: KRAKATOA
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES/ANDY DESMOND
LINCOLN Drill Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
LIVERPOOL Annabelle's: TIGER
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON BRIXTON Loughborough Hotel: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HINKLEY'S HEROES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND/WOLF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SQUEEZE/ZIPS
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: POODLES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: VIBRATORS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GORILLAS
LONDON Marquee Club: BABE RUTH
LONDON N11 Orange Tree: CADILLAC
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: NOEL MURPHY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RIO
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imerial Hotel: PELICAN
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Vernon: GIGGLES
POYNTON Folk Centre: JUNE TABOR
ROMFORD White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
SALFORD Condren Club: HELLRAISERS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BE BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: GENESIS
STAINES Pathfinder Folk Club: FIVE HAND REEL
STOKE King's Hall: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: ROCK ISLAND LINE
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: NORMAN CASTLE & JILL

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN University: KRAKATOA
BANGOR University: HOOKER
BATH University: U-BOAT / ROOGALATOR / POODLES
BIGGLESWADE Shuttleworth College: BRANDY
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: MEDICINE HEAD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Westhill College: A.F.T.
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES/ANDY DESMOND
BRIGHTON Dome: RORY GALLAGHER
BRISTOL Clifton Hill House: DAI THE ROCK
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BROMLEY Saxon Tavern: FLYING ACES
BURTON 76 Club: TIGER
CARLOPS Allan Ramsey Hotel: IGNATZ
COLCHESTER Institute of Higher Education: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
CRAWLEY Technical College: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BACHELORS
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
GOOLE Baths Hall: HELLRAISERS
HATFIELD Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: DEREK BRIMSTONE
HIGH WYCOMBE College: CADILLAC
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: AMAZORBLADES
HINCKLEY Barwell Constitutional Club: CISSY STONE BAND
HULL Piper Club: BEANO
KENILWORTH Virgin & Castle: PETE & CHRIS COE
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: STAGE FRIGHT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GENESIS
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: MASQUE
LINCOLN Swinderby Hall: TENDER TOUCH
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: SILLY WIZARD
LIVERPOOL University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
LONDON BRIXTON Loughborough Hotel: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON CALEDONIAN RD. Prince of Wales: LIMOSINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BEES MAKE HONEY/90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON City University: VIBRATORS/MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TROGGS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point Leisure Centre: MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WOLF
LONDON Marquee Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON Royal College of Art: STRANGLERS
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: MOON/WARREN HARRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON STRAND King's College: NUTZ/OCEAN
LONDON STREATHAM Philippa Fawcett College: S.A.L.T.
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: MATCHBOX
LUMPHINNANS The C.K. Lounge: THE HEROES
MAIDSTONE College of Art: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
MATLOCK College of Education: PETE QUIN
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: JOHN MILES-/KRAZY KAT
OLDHAM Bailey's: SHOWADDYWADDY
PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Drake: GIGGLES
READING St. George's Hall: UNICORN
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: JUNE TABOR
STOCKTON Pharaoh's Club: MUSCLES
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: ALKATRAZ
SWINDON The Greyhound: BOB DAVENPORT
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: SPARROW

SATURDAY

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: BRANDY
BARNSLEY Dodworth Central Club: TENDER TOUCH
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CHICAGO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE 'Q' BAND
BLACKPOOL Opera House: GALLAGHER & LYLE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College of Education: ARBRE
BRISTOL Granary: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
BUDE Headland Club: GIGGLES
CANTERBURY Kent University: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
COVENTRY College of Education: SUN SESSION
CHATHAM Central Hall: SLIK
DONCASTER Yarborough Club: BREAKER
DORCHESTER The Tavern: CISSY STONE BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: SPARROW
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: ERIC BOGLE
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: HINKLEY'S HEROES
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CASPIAN
HAVERFORDWEST R.A.F. Bawdy: SHAKIN' STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS
HULL Bailey's: SHOWADDYWADDY
HULL Cherokee Club: MATCHBOX
JACKSDALE Gray Topper: MEDICINE HEAD
LANCASTER University: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GENESIS
LEICESTER University: DRUID
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: TRAX
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TIGER / KITES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SALT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOPAZ
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MOON
LONDON Marquee Club: BEARDED LADY
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON School of Economics: KEVIN COYNE / BERT JANSCH/JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRUTTERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W1 Intercontinental Hotel: MIKE BARRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
LOUGHBOROUGH University: THE VIBRATORS
LUTON Technical College: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER University: ALKATRAZ
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: HEARTBREAKERS/GENERATION X
NOTTINGHAM IMperial Hotel: GREAT EASTERN
NOTTINGHAM University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
OLDHAM College of Technology: A.F.T.
OXFORD Polytechnic: PLUMMET AIRLINES
PAIGNTON Penelope's: THE CHANTS
SALFORD University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
SALTBURN Philmore Disco: MUSCLES
SLOUGH College of Education: U—BOAT
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: RIOT ROCKERS
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: JENNY HAAN'S LION/HERON
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: SCAFFOLD
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid Herts College: GRYPHON/SCARLET STRANGE

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY John Hampden: CLUMSY
BELFAST Queens University: CAJUN MOON
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CHICAGO
BIRMINGHAM Repertory Theatre: BANDY LEGS/FREE SPIRIT/MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Arts Centre: MUSCLES
BRIGHTON Top Rank: MOON
BRISTOL Hippodrome: GENESIS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
DONCASTER Tollbar Central Club: TENDER TOUCH
DUNDEE Samantha's: KRAKATOA
EAST KILBRIDE Torrance Hotel: NEW CELESTE
FRAMLINGHAM Youth Club: AFTER THE FIRE
GLASGOW Gallion Hotel: McCALMANS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
HULL Cavalier Club: MATCHBOX
LEEDS Grand Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
LIVERPOOL Empire: BE—BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: BILL CADDICK/MAGIC LANTERN
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: BUDGIE / STRAY / NUTZ
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES / ANDY DESMOND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: SUN SESSION
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON N.6 Jackson Lane Community Centre: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: CADO BELLE
NEWCASTLE Centre Hotel: HARVEY ANDREWS
NUNEATON Arts Centre: ROARING JELLY
POYNTON Folk Centre: SHEP WOOLLEY
PRESTON Guildhall: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: PARIS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SOUTHAMPTON Totton Station Hotel: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
ST. ALBAN'S Goat Inn: DAVE BURLAND
STOCKTON Portrack Social Club: BREAKER

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Folk Club at the Copper Kettle: JOHNNY SILVO
BRISTOL Colston Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
CHESTER Quointways: NUTZ
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: SADDLETRAMPS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE 'O' BAND
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: KRAKATOA
EPSOM Toby Jug: STRANGLERS
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
EXETER University: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HANLEY Victoria Hall: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES/ANDY DESMOND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON Marquee Club: MUSCLES
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: STRIKE A LIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND

TODD RUNDGREN

RADIO TV

IF YOU CAN'T make up your mind which day to go to a gig or the pictures, take my advice and choose any day except Saturday and Tuesday. Because they are far and away the best two night for watching the box.

Take Saturday for a start. Main event is the third "Sight And Sound In Concert", the joint stereo venture between BBC-2 and Radio 1. And this week's edition devotes an entire hour to the music of **Santana,** in a programme they filmed during their brief December visit to this country.

Same day, also on BBC-2, there's the opening of the three-part **"The Friendly Invasion",** a short documentary series delving into the many past influences on today's pop and rock. Admittedly it's a repeat, but none the less welcome for that.

BBC-1 on Saturday has **Showaddywaddy** in "Jim'll Fix It" plus "Mike Yarwood In Persons" in the evening, and **Osibisa** guesting in the morning "Swap Shop".

ITV has started repeating the tedious "Rich Man Poor Man" on Saturday evenings, which is another indication of why their weekend ratings are dropping compared with BBC-TV's. But at least they do have "Supersonic" in the morning, with a line-up featuring **Ace, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Slik** and **Liverpool Express.** And don't forget the **Muppets** at teatime (most regions).

And to complete the Saturday picture, Radio 1 continues its **Stevie Wonder** saga at lunchtime, while **Alexis Korner** hosts another blues and soul show at teatime. And for Radio Luxembourg listeners, **Stuart Henry's** popular "Sounds System" show is moved to the new earlier time slot of 11pm.

Turning to Tuesday, folk-blues singer **Leon Redbone** appears in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" — along with the **Alex Harvey Band without Alex,** on the eve of their British tour. Earlier the same evening, same channel, **Gladys Knight and the Pips** are the principal guests in the "Musical Time Machine". And on BBC-1 there's another **"Goodies"** repeat.

Rest of the week is pretty dismal, but try to catch BBC-1's "Omnibus" on Friday. It includes a feature on American busker **Charlie Sayles,** who makes his living singing the blues in Times Square.

All that remains is **Noel Edmonds** with "Top Of The Pops" (BBC-1 Thursday), another **Spinners** repeat (BBC-2 Friday), **Catherine Howe** in "That's Life" (BBC-1 Sunday) and **Max By****es** looking at the music of the 1970's (BBC-2 Monday).

A treat for country enthusiasts tonight (Thursday) in Radio 2's "Country Club", when veteran U.S. singer **Bobby Bare** is featured. It's followed by "Folkweave" with **Greg Stevens** and the **Original Callity Band.**

GUIDE

LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: MONTANA RED
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
STAFFORD Top of the World: SUPERCHARGE
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
WORCESTER College of Education: SCAFFOLD/WARREN HARRY
WORKINGTON The Rendezvous: SPARROW

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE 'O' BAND
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: HOIPOLLOI
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKBURN Golden Palms: A.F.T
BRIGHTON Top Rank: WARREN HARRY
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: RORY GALLAGHER
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
FORRES Brig Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: GREEN MACHINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CADO BELLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MAJOR SURGERY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: BUZZCOCKS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: KRAKATOA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CHICAGO
LONDON HORNSEY Stapleton: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: CADILLAC
LONDON Marquee Club: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: DAVID BEDFORD'S "THE ODYSSEY" with MIKE OLDFIELD/JON LORD/MIKE RATLEDGE/NEIL ARDLEY etc.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EDWIN CHARLES BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OXFORD Polytechnic: TODD RUNDGREN
ROMFORD Golden Lion: DAVE BURLAND
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: MOON
SHEFFIELD University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
STIRLING Folk Club: McCALMANS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES/ANDY DESMOND

WEDNESDAY

ABERYSTWYTH University: RORY GALLAGHER
ALDERMINSTER Ettinton Park Manor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BATLEY Town Hall: THE 'O' BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BRISTOL Art Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CARDIFF Top Rank: SLIK
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
DERBY King's Hall: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX
DONCASTER The Clayton: TONY CAPSTICK
DONCASTER Woolpack Hotel: HARLOW
DUNDEE Caird Hall: GALLAGHER & LLYLE
DUNFERMLINE Belleville Hotel: SIERRA BONDE
EDINBURGH Clouds: CASPIAN
EDINBURGH NAPIER College: IGNATZ
EXETER University: TODD RUNDGREN
FALKIRK Metropolitan Hotel: McCALMANS
GUILDFORD Surrey University: HARVEY ANDREWS
LEEDS Polytechnic: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LEEDS Trinity College: A.F.T.
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KOSSAGA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: IAN'S RADIO / LAMPLIGHT
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CHICAGO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: STRIKE A LIGHT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: MR. BIG
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: SUN SESSION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BIFFO
LONDON University College: BOB DAVENPORT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ZIP NOLAN
MARGATE West Coast: ZIB BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: TRAX
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES / ANDY DESMOND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PLUMMET AIRLINES
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
PRESTON Grasshoppers Rugby Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
RHYL St. Asaph Talardy Hotel: J.A.L.N. BAND
SALISBURY New Sarum: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
SUTTON Scamps: HELLRAISERS
SWINDON The Affair: ROCKIN' RICKY & THE VELVET COLLARS
TIVERTON East Devon Technical College: BETHNAL
WICK Mercury Motor Inn: MARTIN SIMPSON
YORK Oval Ball: DAVE BURLAND
YORK University: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT

RESIDENCIES

BEDFORD Nite Spot: A TRIBUTE TO ELVIS
Tuesday (25) for five days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: ROCKIN' BERRIES
Week from Monday
BLACKBURN Cavendish: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
Thursday for three days
COVENTRY Chesford Grange: CHAMPAGNE
Wednesday (26) for four days
DERBY Bailey's: BUDDY & THE DIMES
Thursday for three days
HEXHAM Tito's Club: BREAKER
Week from Monday
HULL Bailey's: DOOLEY FAMILY
Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: BIG JOHN'S ROCK'N' ROLL CIRCUS
Week from Monday
LUTON Cesar's: WILMA READING
Week from Sunday
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: DOOLEY FAMILY
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: SILVER CLOUD
Thursday for three days

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Uh, whatcha like at makin tea, kid?

I AM interested in becoming a recording engineer and I wonder if I'll need any specific qualifications. Also, could you supply a list of studios, so that I can make enquiries about the availability of such a position? — **PHILLIP GIBBS, Downley, High Wycombe, Bucks.**

● **Steve Brown, who together with Steve Lillywhite, engineers for such acts as Thin Lizzy, Status Quo, Roy Wood, Twiggy and Golden Earring, at Phonogram Studios, says:**

"The initial move is to obtain a job as a tape operator. You need no qualifications for this position, most candidates being chosen purely on the personality displayed at interviews. Some basic knowledge of recording would be useful, of course — the correct placing of microphones etc. — but the people who take degrees in record engineering at Surrey University are usually the boffins who want to get into classical music. Most of the engineers in rock and popular music initially don't know too much about electronics, learning the trade through pure experience. And once they've become efficient engineers, they often choose to become producers or get involved in other sides of the industry."

Brown, who worked on his first session at the age of 19, reckons that 17 to 19 is the ideal age to start a probationary period as a tape op. Such positions are sometimes advertised in publications like *Music Week* and *Studio Sound,* though it's worth writing to the various studios and chancing your luck.

There are far too many studios to list them all in this column but most of the addresses can be found in copies of the *Music Week Yearbook,* the locations of all the London studios being listed in the *London Yellow Pages,* copies of which are kept at most major post offices.

I'VE JUST SEEN the film *Woodstock* for the second time. Can you now tell me some basic facts about the festival — like when did it take place and how many people were there? — **DAVID BRISTOW, Lewes, East Sussex.**

WHICH WAS the world's biggest rock festival — was it Woodstock or was it the 1970 Isle of Wight shindig? — **J. E. MANNING, Wokingham, Berkshire.**

● **The so-called Woodstock Festival took place in August, 1969, the crowd being well in excess of 400,000. Originally planned for the town of Woodstock, New York, the event actually came to life on a farm belonging to Max Yasgur, some 55 miles from the town — the site being moved due to restrictions imposed by the authorities. Yasgur, whose name was later afforded chart status by the Mountain recording of "On Yasgur's Farm", died at the age of 53, in February, 1973.**

The *Guinness Book Of Records,* rated the Summer Jam, held at Watkins Glen, New York, during July, 1973, as the greatest claimed attendance, listing the crowd as being in the region of 600,000 — though only 150,000 actually paid. The greatest crowd in Britain was that which attended the third Isle of Wight Festival in August, 1970, when 400,000 heads (British Rail claimed to have ferried 600,000 to the island during the festival period) homed in on Freshwater to hear The Who, ELP, Doors, Hendrix, Sly, Chicago etc.

Incidentally, Mick Farren helped organise Phun City at Worthing that same year — presenting the MC5, Pretty Things and all manner of goodies — and he hasn't been able to look his bank manager in the face since. But that's another story.

PLEASE COULD you list all the John Fahey albums currently available? — P. THACKRAY, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

● **Despite the difficulty in communicating with Fahey ("You can't get into his house because of all that turtle shit" — Leo Kottke, 1975) I've established that the following discs are still around:**

***British releases:* American (Sonet SNTF628), After The Ball (Reprise K44146), Blind Joe Death (Sonet SNTF607), Death Chants (Sonet SNTF608), Fare Forward Voyagers (Sonet SNTF656), Requia (Vanguard SVRL 19055), Yellow Princess (Vanguard SVRL 19033), Of Rivers And Religion (Reprise K44214), Old Fashioned Love (Sonet SNTF688).**

***U.S. releases on Takoma:* Dance Of Death (C1004), The Great San Bernardino Birthday Party (C1008), Days Have Gone By (C1014), The Transfiguration Of Blind Joe Death (R9015), Voice Of The Turtle (C1019), The New Possibility (C1020), Christmas With John Fahey (C1045).**

***Other U.S. releases:* The Essential John Fahey (Vanguard 2-Van 55/56).**

The only other item I can think of that contains "puzzling, puckish and puissant pullulations" (Takoma's description) by the eccentric Fahey is Leo Kottke/Peter Lang/John Fahey" on British Sonet SNTF 675. Most of the American issues can be found in good import shops but if you have any problems then contact The Record House, POB 6102, Sunny Slope Station, Kansas City, Missouri 64110, U.S.A., who deal with the more ethnic American record releases.

HAVE YOU any information on a Runaways Fan Club? — **ANDREW SKEOCH, Woodcote, Berkshire.**

● **Down, boy, down! Phonogram — who distribute The Runaways discs in this fair land and should know about such things — tell me that no such desirable organisation exists. So there'll be no tasty, exclusive-to-members, pix of Cherie in the nixy, nor even a supply of fully-autographed, Joan Jett souvenir suspender belts.**

Life jes' gets more and more depressin' don' it?

DOES ANYBODY know what has happened to the six members of Decameron, who reportedly split in July? They folk-rocked their way around the Midlands for quite a time and it would be nice to hear what has finally happened to a group who provided me, personally, with a hell of a lot of enjoyment. — **FRANK HOPKINSON, Malvern Link, Worcs.**

● **Dave Bell and Johnny Coppin, the songwriting team who originally comprised Decameron, are still working and writing together and I hear that it won't be too long before they're back in a recording studio once more. The talented Dik Cadbury (assorted vocals and miscellaneous instruments played while you wait) has now joined Cajun Moon and is writing and rehearsing with Brian Golbey and Jon Gillaspie; while guitarist Al Fenn is currently providing back-ups to folk-singer Brenda Wootton. Of the remaining ex-Decameronites, drummer Bob Critchley recently formed part of Dransfield (though I understand even that band has split) while Geoff March has left the music scene completely, opting to become a tree surgeon. Which is sad news for music but okay if you're an ailing Dutch Elm.**

"Heh heh . . . so this schmuck says he wants to join our fan club."* RUNAWAYS *(from left) Sandy and Joan.

RECORD, CASSETTE & CARTRIDGE DEALERS

TANDY'S
THE EXPERT EXPORTERS
ATTENTION! ALL OVERSEAS READERS
(U.K. readers should go quietly FRANTIC!)

If you live in NORWAY, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., why pay £4 and over for your LPs when you can buy high quality new and unplayed LPs from the expert personal exporters for half that price.

Write today for full details including the new TANDY's catalogue plus list of new releases.

Trade enquiries welcome

TANDY'S RECORDS

TANDY'S RECORDS LTD.
(DEPT. NX)
Anderson Road
Warley
B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2
Telex: TANDORDS 338024

HAVE YOU GONE FRANTIC YET?

If you don't mind paying £3.50 for your LP's FRANTIC is not for you, but FRANTIC customers save up to 85p off the price of top selling LP's and £1.50 off double albums. Of course, they also enjoy the FRANTIC 48-hour service given by the experts of mail order.

Write today for the new FRANTIC catalogue which contains 1,000 amazing bargains.

FRANTIC

MAIL ORDER COMPANY
WARLEY
WEST MIDLANDS B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2

SHOPS, RECORD COLLECTORS/ DISC JOCKEYS READ THIS

For six years we have been the leading mail order for soul music oldies and disco music. We issue every forthnight a booklet containing thousands of oldies, new soul, rock and pop imports and releases, special offers and reviews. To get our book at each forthnightly 95p for one year or 60p for six months, wholesale and overseas orders welcome.

BELOW IS A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN OUR BOOKLET

SECTION ONE
OLDIES 'N' IMPORTS 78p each
KISS — Rock n Roll All Nite
KISS — Beth
EDISON LIGHTHOUSE — Love Grows Where My Rosemary Goes
TOMMY EDWARDS — It's All In The Game
PERCY FAITH — Theme From A Summer Place
ROLLING STONES Mother's Little Helper
THE FORTUNES — You've Got Your Troubles
ARETHA FRANKLIN — I Say A Little Prayer
MARVIN GAYE — I Heard It Through The Grapevine
MARVIN GAYE — Too Busy Thinking About My Baby
BOBBY GOLDSBORO — Honey
DON GIBSON — Oh Lonesome Me/Blue Blue Day
ALBERT HAMMOND — It Never Rains In Southern California
LOU REED — Walk On the Wild Side
GEORGE HARRISON — What Is Life
HOLLIES — He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother
JIMI HENDRIX — Foxy Lady/Purple Haze
JIMI HENDRIX — All Along The Watchtower
BAY CITY ROLLERS — Yesterday's Hero
BAY CITY ROLLERS — Rock N Roll Love Letter
BEATLES — Ob La Di, Ob La Da/Julia
BLACK SABBATH — Paranoid
BIG BOPPER — Chantilly Lace
DAVE BRUBECK — Take Five
CARAVELLES — You Don't Have To Be A Baby To Cry
SAM COOKE — Only Sixteen
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL — Up Around The Bend
DANNY AND THE JUNIORS — At The Hop
DEEP PURPLE — Smoke On The Water
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA — Show-down/Roll Over Beethoven
FOUR TOPS — Bernadette
GEORGIE FAME — Ballad Of Bonnie And Clyde
FREE — All Right Now/Stealer
FOUNDATIONS — Baby, Now That I've Found You
BOBBY LEWIS — Tossin and Turnin
PROCOL HARUM — A Whiter Shade Of Pale

SECTION TWO
OLDIES 70p each
HAWKWIND — Kings Of Speed
HAWKWIND — Silver Machine
BOB DYLAN — Knockin On Heavens Door
BOB DYLAN — Lay, Lady, Lay
WINGS — Band On The Run
WINGS — Jet
GARY GLITTER — Rock 'n' Roll
COCKNEY REBEL — Make Me Smile
GEORGE HARRISON — My Sweet Lord
HOLLIES — The Air That I Breathe
BEGINNING OF THE END — Funky Nassau
ROY C — Shotgun Wedding
LONNIE DONEGAN — Battle Of New Orleans
DOBIE GRAY — Drift Away
TERRY JACKS — Season In The Sun
MARCELS — Blue Moon
STATUS QUO — Caroline
YES — And You And I
JOHN LEYTON — Johnny Remember Me
PINK FLOYD — Time/Us And Them

SECTION THREE
LED ZEPPELIN SINGLES 78p each
Trampled Under Foot
Candy Store Rock
Rock and Roll
Black Dog
Whole Lotta Love
Immigrant Song

POST/PACKING 1 to 5 Records 10p. Over 5 25p
OVERSEAS 10p per single, LP's £1.00. ALL ORDERS SENT BY RETURN
WE DON'T KEEP YOU WAITING FOR WEEKS
SEND YOUR P.O. OR CHEQUES TODAY FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE OR OUR BOOKLET

RECORD CORNER
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM
SW12 9EX : 01-673 6130

COB RECORDS
N-120 PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES, UK
Tel: (0766) 2170 3185 (10 lines) Mon.-Fri.

★ ★ ★ *THE MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS* ★ ★ ★

DISCOUNTS TO ALL COUNTRIES

ANY available LPs/Tapes supplied at Discount Prices to U.K. and Overseas customers. Up to 50p discount per LP on U.K. orders and up to 70p discount per LP on Export orders. FREE POSTAGE on all U.K. orders and on most Export orders over £12.00; incredibly low postal charges on smaller Export orders. All items are brand new, factory fresh and are fully guaranteed by us for quality and against loss or damage in transit. Speedy delivery in strong purpose cartons. Substantial extra discounts on orders over £25 (U.K.) and £30 (Export). Please write or phone for our FREE COB CATALOGUE listing over 2,000 Top Selling LPs at our usual discount plus many other Brand New LPs on Special Offer of up to £1.25 off full retail price.

ADDITIONAL SERVICES (U.K.) ONLY
RECORD EXCHANGE SERVICE. If you have any unwanted LPs in good condition, we will buy or part exchange them for ANY brand new LPs — up to £1.20 cash paid or up to £1.70 allowed in part exchange. Please send s.a.e. or 'phone for details FIRST. (U.K. ONLY).
QUALITY GUARANTEED SECOND HAND LPs. Over 10,000 always in stock; send for FREE catalogue. All second hand LPs are checked for quality before being accepted into stock and are fully guaranteed. These stocks are completely separate from stocks of Brand New LPs. (UK ONLY).

SAVE £'s AT COB

RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE
LPs, sassettes & cartridges of every kind bought, sold and exchanged.
40b NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11
90 GOLDHAWK RD, SHEPHERDS BUSH, W12
67 GOLBORNE RD, N. KENSINGTON, W10
Telephone 01-749 2930

RECORDS & CASSETTES DIRECT FROM ENGLAND
Vidt Repertoare, over 1000 titler, alle kjennte navn • Lave Priser, post inkludert igjennom velorganisert post-ordre service • Spesielt Tilbud, for enda bedre verdi • Send Idag For GRATIS 48-siders Katalog
JO-JO'S RECORDS, Dept. N2, 60 Adams Street, Birmingham, B7 4AG, England

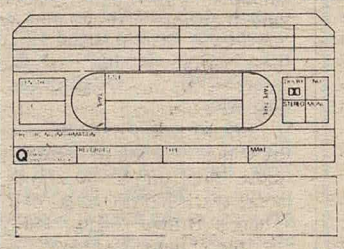
GOLDEN OLDIES The following are 65p each
Esther + Abi Ofram — Cinderella Rockafella
Eric Clapton — I Shot The Sheriff
Thin Lizzy — Whisky In The Jar
Ten Years After — Love Like A Man
Arthur Brown — Fire
Freddie & The Dreamers — You were Made For Me
Peter Starstedt — Where Do You Go To
Area Code 615 — Old Grey Whistle Test Theme
Jeff Birkin — Hi Ho Silver Lining
Jane Birkin — Je t'aime
Stones — Satisfaction
Black Sabbath — Paranoid
Beatles — Get Back
David Bowie — John I'm Only Dancing
T. Rex — Solid Gold Easy Action
Troggs — Wild Thing
Roberta Fleck — Killing Me Softly
Sonny & Cher I Got You Babe
Fleetwood Mac — Albatross
Billy J Kramer — Little Children
Carpenters — Close To You
Focus — Sylvia
Mind Benders — Groovie Kind Of Love
Chris Andrews — Yesterday Man
Matthews Southern Comfort — Woodstock
Bryan Ferry — Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Bee Gees — First Of May
Judy Collins — Send In The Clowns
Hawkwind — Silver Machine
Bread — Guitar Man
David Bowie — Sorrow
Moody Blues — Nights In White Satin
Monkies — Day Dream Believer
McCoys — Hang On Sloopy
Procol Harum — A Whiter Shade Of Pale
Cream — Pressed Rat/Anyone For Tennis
Queen — Bohemian Rhapsody
These are just a sample of 1000's we have in stock, priced from 30p. 16 page Catalogue 10p. Please enclose 25p P + P
ROX LTD 255 Liscard Road, Wallasey, Merseyside.

MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND? GET IT FROM THE DEALER WITH ALL THE CLASSICS.
All the singles listed below are **ONLY 50p** each and are but a small selection from over 2,000 titles listed at incredible prices. **SEND S.A.E. FOR LIST**

BEGINNING OF THE END Funky Nassau
KIKI DEE BAND I've got the music in me
DAVID ESSEX Rock on
MARVIN GAYE & TAMMI TERRELL The onion song
HOLLIES The air that I breathe
HOT CHOCOLATE Emma
ISLEY BROTHERS Live it up
K.C. & SUNSHINE BAND Sound your funky horn
MAIN INGREDIENT Just don't want to be lonely
PAUL McCARTNEY Jet
HAROLD MELVIN The love I lost
MUD Rocket
COZY POWELL Na na na
ELVIS PRESLEY Don't cry Daddy
LINDA RONSTADT It doesn't matter anymore
RUFUS Once you get started
SHOWADDYWADDY Rock and roll lady
STATUS QUO Rain
ROD STEWART It's all over now
SUPREMES Up the ladder to the roof
TEN C.C. I'm Mandy, fly me
TIMMY THOMAS Why can't we live together
FRANKIE VALLI Fallen Angel
WHO Won't get fooled again
WIZZARD Are you ready to rock
ROBERT WYATT I'm a believer

Postage & Packing 25p EXTRA ANY NUMBER OF RECORDS
ALSO A BARGAIN
100 DIFFERENT REGGAE SINGLES — £6
(PLUS £2 IF OVERSEAS)
OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPT N
6/12 Stafford Street, St Geroges
TELFORD, TF2 9JQ, SHROPSHIRE

DON'T GUESS! CATALOGUE YOUR OWN CASSETTES WITH PEELABLE SELF-ADHESIVE INDEX/TITLE LABELS



Fits all standard cassettes. Just PEEL OFF and RENEW as you record

150 for £2·00 (inc. VAT & P&P)
SEND YOUR CASH, CHEQUE/PO To:-

For larger quantities, trade, own label, multi-colour etc., details from:—

Q-DALE PRODUCTS LTD
EMPRESS STREET
MANCHESTER M16 9FP

20% OFF ALBUMS TAPES AND SINGLES
Any U.K. Released full price LP/Tape and Single at 20% OFF R.R.P. Budget and TV 10% OFF. Send 30p for catalogue over 1300 titles also New Releases on L.P. or Tape state choice. Plus the Latest New Singles.
OVERSEAS ENQUIRIES WELCOMED
R & T DISCOUNTS (MUSIC) LTD
(NME3) Grainger Rd Industrial Estate, Southend on Sea, Essex SS2 5DD

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS
L.P. Polythene (200 G) 25 £1.00, 50 £1.75, 100 £2.50, 250 £5.40
L.P. Polythene (400 G) 25 £1.50, 50 £2.50, 100 £3.80, 250 £8.50
L.P. Paper Polylined (Inners) 30 £2.75
L.P.P.V.C. (Heavy Duty) 25 £3.00, 50 £5.75, 100 £11.00
Singles Card Polylined 30 £2.50
Singles Paper 100 £1.95
Singles P.V.C. (Heavy Duty) 25 £2.50, 50 £4.75
P.V.C. Double L.P. 1 30p, 10 £3.00
Prices include P & P in U.K. and Eire only.
Overseas customers write for list.
Cheque or P.O. with order please, or shoppers welcome to save postage at:—
WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS,
169 Chiswick High Road, London W.4. Dept: NME.

TO ADVERTISE
RING ANDY MacDUFF
ON 01-261 6172
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

FLASHES

STRIDER. NOW that's a name that used to strike fear into the heart of many a strong man. However, this latest incarnation is far and away the best yet. Playing Kingston Poly, with three quarters of old local band National Flag now members, the bang-your-head up-against-a-brick-wall numbers have been replaced with more musical stuff, including some great steel guitar. A few more self-penned numbers would not go amiss, and the results of a few more weeks practice should prove interesting.

Chalkie Davies

THE SURPRISE SISTERS played the Rock Garden on Saturday night in conditions of total sauna. Crowds were turned away and it was so hot that drinks evaporated before reaching their intended victims.

The Sisters are into heavy glamour in its original Denmark Street sense: the ¼" steel Ann Shelton bra, all the winks and lickings of the tongue (Susan is very good at that) and slinky hands-on-hips Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe Va-Va-Voom that makes the stage shake as these four ladies flounce and shimmy in front of an oh-so tight rhythm section.

They really are sisters, and you'd better not cuss in front of them because they are true ladies. They wear lipstick and rouge and can fan stretch a mean set of digits. In the tradition of The Pointer Sisters and Bette Midler, not forgetting Busby Berkeley, The Tiller Girls and Liza Minelli, they wriggle and bop their way through '30s and '40s standards combining '50s glamour and '60s beat.

Despite the slightly tongue-in-cheek Bonzo Dog-esque treatment of the material they still take care to sing on the right note and to get the harmonies right. It's great stuff — it'll put a grin right there on your face.

Miles

James Brown
HAMMERSMITH

WELL HE DON'T come on stage sideways on one foot at fifteen miles an hour if that's what you're wondering. At forty three years of age do you really expect him to?

Well....yes. At least the James Brown myth expects and demands that he does — and that is the crux of the problem. It was almost the Stones at Earl's Court all over again — an expectation count so high it seems to actually form a vibes barrier which even the colossi on stage cannot pierce with all their fearsome artistry. Yes, James Brown at Hammersmith was a great gig, and yes, I was disappointed. It could hardly be otherwise.

But then that was just one of the matrix of contradictions that was spun round what was only the fourth UK appearance of the Hardest Working Man In Showbusiness, Mr. Dynamite, Mr. Please Please himself, the Godfather of soul-....well, you think up your own superlatives. Not even the air of expectancy, though, could account for the curiously muted reaction of the packed second house to what is still one of the greatest roadshows on the planet at this time.

British soul audiences are a strange affair at the best of times, a peculiar blend of interests that bears little semblance to the swaggering freewheeling US black crowds. This one had a refreshing spectrum of punters, from disco weenies to grizzled soul veterans to young black hustlers to elder black intelligentsia to the just plain curious. They were slow to develop a collective attitude to the undiluted all-American soul drama that was going down on stage, and I could only fantasise the yelps and hollers of "git down", "That's right bro' ", "you got a witness" and the whole participatory chorus that is the lifeblood and *raison d'etre* of the American soul show.

Instead, everyone seemed to be gripping their seat arms, held in snakelike trance by the slightly surreal quality of JB's circus of gladiatorial funk.

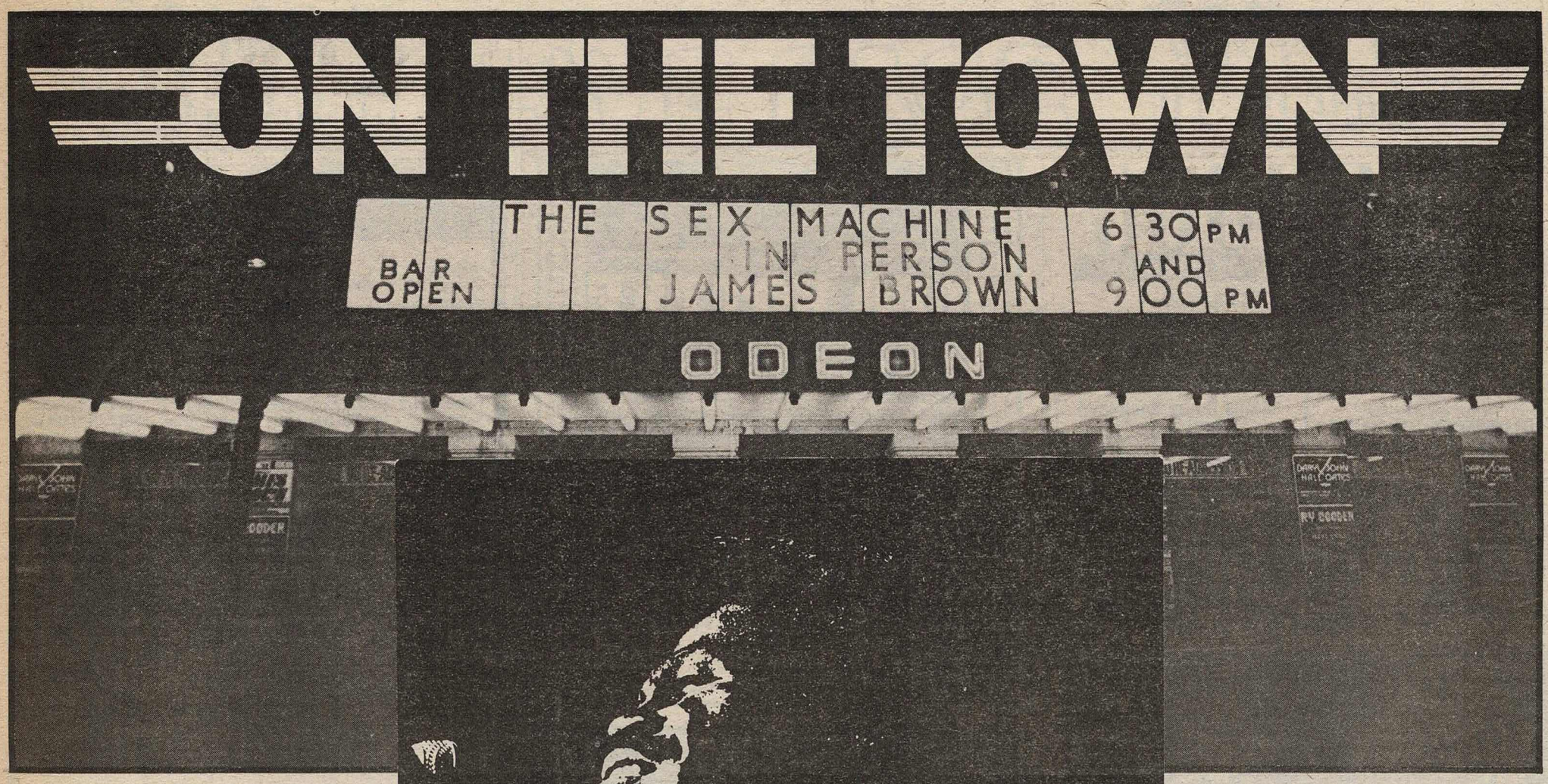
Things started easily enough with the JBs blowing a driving opening blast of razor honed funk. The days of James Brown bands of thirty and fifty pieces — dollar fine for a bum note or an undone top button — are in the past. These days he carries a modest eleven-piece outfit including two drummers and a five-piece horn section, that's excluding the three-piece dancing troupe, lady singer and MC who we'll come to later. It's also excluding the entire back-stage crew, personal entourage and the two or three hairdressers that JB's probably got tucked away in the dressing room.

The days when the JBs included venerated sidemen like Fred Wesley and his funky 'bone and Maceo Parker on his fluid tenor horn are also sadly in the past. Not that this present crew is anything but sheer polished brilliance, including a *baad* bass player and two white guys on the horns. I'm particularly intrigued by the white horn player who looks like he should be in Supertramp — crinkly long hair, beard and granny goggles — and who seems, well, *weird* in the kinky little blue uniform with the JBs motif and the hideous Flash Gordon flared shoulders.

Each of the horns gets to play a short sizzling solo and are cooking nicely when the band leader — the only man on stage with a hat — lopes across from his keyboards — *a big han fer the JBs laydeez'n'gen-nulmun the JBs the JBs* — and starts into a hands-together let-me-hear-you-a-little-bit-louder routine, before slowing things down with a mid-tempo ballad about him taking his chick out tonight and how he's gonna show his baby *a real good time,* he's gonna give her some *real good loving* — all clean thigh between the legs come-on — and how he's gonna, he's gonna....*give her some head tonight!* Yes sir, some of that *pretty lil ol head....*

The audience gulps. At this point back home the theatre would be in *shreds* man, an uproar of who's got the best come-back crack. But at the Hammersmith Odeon it's a few lonely jokers shouting back and a bundle of teehees. "Why is he telling us these things?" I find myself wondering.

Not for long though, because suddenly, like a pantomime character from a trapdoor, the MC appears in a flash of oily black monkey suit and hair and crackling white teeth and shirt. The MC is not of imposing stature. Some would be so insensitive as to label him puny. I will just remark that whenever he grabs the mike stand he slides the top section way way down *as far as*



THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

hit town on Friday, as the Godfather of Soul did his supernatural performance — a black punk on funk.

PENNIE SMITH (top, left and right) and CHALKIE DAVIES (above) took the pictures, and NEIL SPENCER didn't take notes. So let's hear it for the. . .

GEORGIA GIANT

it goes. Gnatty Dread! It's hard to associate him with the booming assured rap that's leaping out of the speaker stacks....*A big han ladeez 'n' gennulem for the JBs the JBs the JBs the JBs! And now put your hans together for a very talented young lady the fabulous Martha Hi, Martha Hi laydeez 'n' gennulem give her a big welcome....*

I'm another inch out of the seat, Christ who's this? It's Martha Hi laydeez 'n' gennulmen, a strapping lass in a black glossy floor length gown and a pair of upper arms and shoulders that wouldn't disgrace a Bulgarian lady discus thrower. It's maybe unfortunate then that her gown is low necked and sleeveless. Martha launches into a weedy rendition of "Respect". Frankly, she's chronic. The audience wilts, like hey what exactly is going on *down* here bro'?

The ol sensory confusion is further compounded by the dramatic appearance of the *James Brown Dance Troupe laydeez 'n' gennulmen, the James Brown Dance Troupe!* And there stage right are three jerking freaking silver grey electric marionettes; two diminutive curvy foxes clad in semi-futuristic satin and a floppy jumpsuited close-cropped lanky dude who looks like he might have ambitions to become the John Curry of American soul dancing. The freakishness of the whole spectacle is becoming quite disturbing.

NO TIME TO ponder though, because Shazam! Gnatty dreadee is back, down with the mike stand and *a big hand for Marva High laydeez 'n' gennulmen, Marva High-*....And suddenly he's saying it, just like on the record: *I have only one thing to say at this time laydeez 'n' gennulmen, and that is ARE YOU READY FOR STAR TIME?* This is it! Gnatty chants the litany: *Hardest Working Man In Showbusiness Godfather of Soul*

....*'Try Me' cos I'm a 'Sex Machine', very latest hit 'Body Heat', laydeez 'n' gennulmen JAMES BROWN!*

A flash of shadow and JB *walks* into the spotlight. It's him! It's really him! Right there out front on the stage apron, dressed in a two tone gingham/solid blue suit, corrugated haircut and pencil moustache. He looks in good shape. And just to assure you that it really *is* him, JB spends the first two minutes on stage screaming "I'M BACK".

Then, a dynamic sudden flurry of ankles and feet and he's done a double turn, taken two short steps, gone into a perfect splits, is back on his feet and has stopped the band with a throwaway shrug of one shoulder. Then he's up and slugging into "Get Up Offa That Thing" for the next ten minutes. He still has the power, an almost contemptuous authority and presence, and for a short time it seems that time has taken little of his magic. The show just explodes around him: a lunging horn section to the left, throwing riffs and chants back at Brown's declamations, a riveting rhythm section pumping away behind his head, and the three dancers on the right shimmying and kicking and twisting in almost random abandon.

As the number wears on, though, it's clear that the advancing years have finally begun to take their toll on the man. As he bursts into "Soul Power" and "Sex Machine" and starts sparring with the mike stand, bouncing it off his arms, shoulders and chest, whipping it back with the flex and catching it from behind — the precision timing starts to slip, the tricks don't look so flip, until finally he even drops the mike mid-stride. You begin to see that the dancers are there to lure away concentration from Brown, rather than focus it in the way that his vocal trio The Famous Flames did in the old days.

Brown himself is a squat muscular man. He isn't carrying so much weight as on his last trip but he does seem to have stiffened up in his movements, even though his footwork — all rubber knees and ankles — is still dazzling. And whereas at his peak he'd throw away his energy carelessly, driving himself to the sweaty frenzied limits and then some, nowadays he seems to concentrate as much on energy preservation. You can't be the hardest working man in showbiz for ever, but Brown seems intent on having a damn good try. And hey, *he's* no rich hermit freak munching obsessive cheeseburgers through the dark cholesterol night, and he's no addle-brained prematurely aged junkie hiding in his cocaine mansion. Jagger and Townshend might do as well in ten years time, but how many others?

The jacket's off and the biceps flex as the band crunch into his latest smash, "Body-heat", an arresting slinky stroll stamped with true JB class, and then into a disappionting version of "The Payback", his best number of the past few years which doesn't get insidious synchronised dual guitar treatment it demands because he's one axe short. There's more hits, more superfunk, some sweat but not rivers of it. There's Brown singing Philly — the Ojays "Money" — homage to the almighty dollar. Then Brown is into "Try Me", a slow sweet ballad from the really early years, and one on which Brown proves that, contrary to legend, he can sing deep enough when he's in the mood.

Then, after an unclassifiable amount of time (I never *looked* at a watch bro', you kiddin?), he's into the long rapping intro to "Man's Man's Man's Man's World". He's hamming it up with the audience, taunting them, and, wait a minute, he's calling over Martha Hi who's been standing lost at the back of the stage, occasionally pretending to sing along on something. She's swaying over to Brown, giving him competition in the muscle stakes. "Are you a woman?" he demands of her. "I am a w-o-oman," Martha affirms. The crowd clap in relief.

Then he's calling over one of the dancers. "Are you a woman?" he demands. There ain't much doubt about this one. "I am a woman," she lisps out, cue for the crowd to howl. Then he's down howling himself;....*Man made money*....you should know JB....

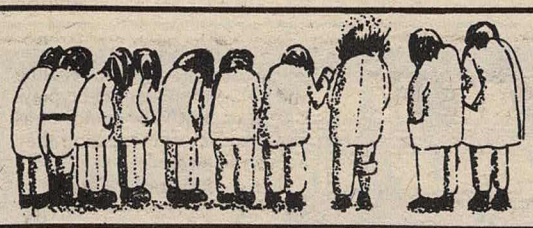
After that, all hell seems to break loose for the last twenty minutes of the show. There's a lightning medley of old hits — unlike British audiences, black US audiences don't give a damn about nostalgia, they just wanna hear the new *hot* stuff — and into a climax where Brown is hustling and bumping with the diminutive dancer who's managed to get herself off for a costume change, and the JBs are blowing, and even Martha Hi seems to be making some kind of effort.

And then just as Brown climaxes on "Please Please Please" Gnatty is back, throwing the gold and red satin cape over Brown's shoulders as he scrumples up, and leading him off. The cape's tossed aside, just like you knew it was gonna be, and Brown's back pleading for an instant before the *next* cape — a silver one — and he's finally off stage.

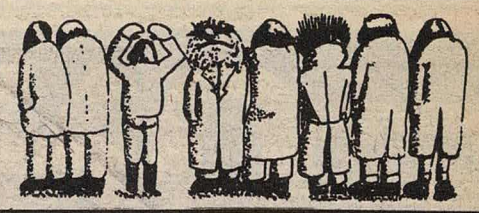
There's a few curtain calls, Brown reappears for another ten minutes of "Body Heat" and suddenly everone's up and dancing like they should have been all along. There's kids throwing themselves onstage — one actually scores an autograph (a nice touch) and someone who looks like a black Moose Malloy is there grabbing hold of Brown as a cluster of hands reach to tug him offstage.

Then he's gone for good. Hope I live to see him again, he's still quite unique.

Neil Spencer.



LIVE PAGE



marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 | 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 20th Jan (Adm 85p)
BABE RUTH
Wasps & Ian Fleming

Fri 21st Jan (Adm 60p)
PLUMMET AIRLINES
Gloria Mundi & Ian Fleming

Sat 22nd Jan (Adm 70p)
Free admission with this ad before 8 pm
BEARDED LADY
The Jam & Ian Fleming

Sun 23rd Jan (Adm 60)
Free admission with this ad before 8 pm
S.A.L.T.
Dave Paul & D.J. Dec

Mon 24th Jan (Adm 60p)
Free admission with this ad before 8 pm
MUSCLES
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Tues 25th Jan (Adm 70p)
Remus Down Boulevard
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Wed 26th Jan (Adm 70p)
MR. BIG
The Street Band & Jerry Floyd

Thurs 27th Jan (Adm 60p)
NASTY POP
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri 28th Jan (Adm 85p)
MOTOR HEAD
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday January 21st Free
WOLF

Saturday January 22nd Free
TOPAZ

Sunday January 23rd 50p
BUSHWHACKERS

Thursday January 20th 50p
THE VIBRATORS

Wednesday January 26th Free
WARREN HARRY

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday January 20th Free
THE GORILLAS

Friday January 21st Free
KITES
(Ex Starry Eyed & Groundhogs)
+ Last Exit

Saturday January 22nd £1.00
MOON

Sunday January 23rd 75p
Continuing their successful residence
ROOGALATOR

Monday January 24th Free
BEES MAKE HONEY

Tuesday January 25th 75p
CLOVER

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

LSE ENTS

OLD THEATRE
HOUGHTON ST
ALDWYCH WC2
HOLBORN/TEMPLE

"RELEASE" LEGALIZATION OF CANNABIS BENEFIT WITH

KEVIN COYNE
BERT JANSCH
JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
+ LAST EXIT & SPECIAL SURPRISES
SAT. 22nd JAN 7.30 TILL LATE

ADVANCE TICKETS ONLY £1.00 FROM LSE UNION SHOP, £1.20 ON THE DOOR
JAN 29th — ALKATRAZ. 90p

THE COURT BALLROOM, Tunbridge Wells, Kent
Thursdays, January 20th & 27th

THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS

Admission 60p Doors open 8 p.m.

NEW VICTORIA

WILTON RD, S.W.1

SUNDAY 6th FEBRUARY at 7·30

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

LEO KOTTKE

WITH GUEST

LEON REDBONE

TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

WINDSOR CASTLE

309 HARROW RD., LONDON W.9.

Wednesday 19th January	EDWIN CHARLES
Thursday 20th January	JOKER
Friday 21st January	UPROAR
Saturday 22nd January	SCARECROW
Sunday 23rd January	PHIL RAMM BAND
Monday 24th January	ROCKET
Tuesday 25th January	MANIACS

Striptease 7 days a week

BEGGARS BANQUET PROMOTIONS PRESENT AT THE

Rainbow THEATRE

Finsbury Park N4
(nr Station)

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER WITH

CLIMAX BLUES BAND

with very special guests **THE STRANGLERS**

on SUNDAY, 30th JAN 7.30 pm

Tickets £2.50, £2.00, £1.50, from Theatre Box Office 263 3140/8/9. Also Premier Box Office, Beggars Banquet Record Shops (373298) and all usual agents
★ Nr Tube/BR Finsbury Park

HATFIELD POLYTECHNIC S.U.
Friday January 21st, 8 pm — late
IN THE MAIN HALL

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
+ THE DODGERS

Disco Bar

Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.50 on door available from S.U. Office. Rag Records Hatfield, Harlequin Welwyn Garden City and Cloud 7 St Albans.

ROUNDHOUSE

CHALK FARM N.W.1

SUNDAY 23rd JANUARY at 5·30

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BUDGIE
STRAY
NUTZ

FOSTER BROS. BAND

ADM £1·90 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564 or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1 439-3371 or AT DOOR

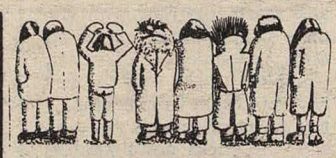
SPEAKEASY

01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

THURS 20th JAN
John Otway
FRI 21st JAN
The Only Ones
SAT 22nd JAN
Carol Grimes
and the London Boogie Band
MON 24th JAN
Foxy Lady
TUES 25th JAN
Reggie & Friends
WED 26th JAN
The Red Shadows
SAT 29th JAN
Mabel
(from Denmark)

Speakeasy
50 Margaret St.
Oxford Circus, W.1.
Reservations 01-580 8810



TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS

AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

January 23	BUDGIE
January 25	MIKE OLDFIELD
January 27	CHICAGO
January 27	LYNYRD SKYNYRD
January 28	MELANIE
January 30	RY COODER
January 30	CLIMAX BLUES BAND
February 1/2	TODD RUNDGREN
February 3	HAROLD MELVIN
February 6	FARON YOUNG
February 6	LEO KOTTKE
February 7/9	BRYAN FERRY
February 9	MANHATTANS
February 11	GREENSLADE
February 12	STEVE HARLEY
February 13	AL JARREAU
February 13	JETHRO TULL
February 14	GALLAGHER & LYLE
February 15	HALL & OATES
February 16/17	FRANK ZAPPA
February 18/19	BE BOP DELUXE
February 18/19	KATE & ANNA McGARRAGLE
February 19	EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
February 20	JOHN MARTYN
February 20	VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
February 21	GALLAGHER & LYLE
February 22	JOHN GALWAY
February 23/24	MANHATTEN TRANSFER
February 25	KATE & ANNA McGARRAGLE
February 25	MIKE OLDFIELD
February 26	PROCOL HARUM
February 26	JERRY LEE LEWIS
February 27	GENE PITNEY
February 28	CHIEFTAINS
February 28	FOXX
March 6	URIAH HEEP
March 10/12	OSCAR PETERSON & JOE PASS
March 13	ROY HARPER
March 13	GRAHAM PARKER
March 14	BLACK SABBATH
March 18	MARC BOLAN
March 19	PAT TRAVERS
March 22	STYLISTICS
April 1	PAICE, ASHTON, LORD
April 5/6	GLEN CAMPBELL
April 8/10	FLEETWOOD MAC
April 11/23	JACK JONES
April 18/21	JAMES LAST
April 24/30	ELLA FITZGERALD
May 9/15	JOHNNY MATHIS

For more information send s.a.e. to:

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1. Tel. 01-439 3371

BRUNEL UNIV. S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx
Saturday January 22nd
in the Kingdom Room

RAG BALL
SCAFFOLD
+ Fatso

Tickets £1.00 advance, £1.20 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel (89) 39125. Members Bar. Tube Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 233. M4 one mile

CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC
102/105 Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1
Friday January 21st

SWIFT + DISCO

Admission 40p on door. Doors open 7.30 p.m.
Nearest tube: Aldgate East

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm.

Wednesday 19th January
GEORGE CHISHOLM QUINTET

Wednesday 26th January
RAY RUSSELL QUINTET

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30pm

Thursday 20th January
Trevor Watt's AMALGAM

Thursday 27th January
Piano Night, Frank Roberts Trio
+ Keith Tippett — solo piano
+ Lysis Roger Dean Trio

Enquiries to the Jazz Centre Society,
c/o ICA, Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930 4261

WORDS

(BARRY CLARKE) CITY HALL ST. ALBANS

Saturday January 22nd
JENNY HAAN'S LION
(ex Babe Ruth)
+ NUTZ
MARY JANE DISCO
Bar — Food
Advance tickets £1.10 from box office, Chequer St., St. Albans; tel. 64511, or £1.20 on door (inc. VAT).

Saturday January 29th
PINK FAIRIES
+ Thumper
MARY JANE DISCO
Bar — Food
Advance tickets £1.20 from box office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel: 64511, or £1.20 on door (inc. VAT)

Saturday February 12th
Back by public demand
"0" BAND
+ special guests
MARY JANE DISCO
Bar — Food
Tickets available from box office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel: 64511.

Sunday February 13th John Miles at the Hemel Hempstead pavilion.
Sunday February 27th S.A.H.B. (without Alex) at the Queensway Civic Hall, Dunstable.

Dapper JOHN OATES looks modestly at his feet after reading ecstatic review in the New Musical Express.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH Part II:

These funky white boys aren't just a pair of moving clothes hangers, they got...

PHILLY MAGIC

Hall & Oates

BRISTOL

THIS WAS A concert that I had really been looking forward to; my absolute favourite American group of '76, and here am I scribbling five times my normal amount of notes, an endless list of superlatives, all superfluous, all redundant.

It would be impossible, of course, for anything to be Absolutely Perfect, but this gig was perfect, and perfect music speaks for itself. No writer could do justice to their performance.

From "Abandoned Luncheonette" they played "Lady Rain", "Laughing Boy", "Abondoned Luncheonette" and "She's Gone". From "War Babies" they played "You're Much Too Soon", and from "Daryl Hall & John Oates" they played "Sara Smile" and "Camellia". From "Bigger Than Both Of Us" they played "Back Together Again", "Rich Girl", "Crazy Eyes" "Do What You Want, Be What You Are" and "Falling".

Apart from the occasional extended instrumental passage the songs were identical in form and flawless sound to their vinyl counterparts — and if you haven't got at least one of the albums you should be ashamed.

Their music is a synthesis of rock, R&B, folk, jazz and Philly soul; what makes Hall & Oates so outstanding, though, is that they can dovetail these diverse influences into their songs so smoothly, while not weakening the effects of the individual elements, making them sound perfectly natural together. Masters of the invisible join.

Daryl Hall has blond hair and is dressed in baggy black shirt and trousers — in other words, the Bowie look of a year or so ago. John Oates has dark hair and is dressed in white baggy shirt and trousers. Cute.

Daryl takes 90% of the lead vocals, with a voice so magnificently stentorian it is hard to believe it emanates from his slender frame. From near scat singing in soprano to harmonies in alto, whatever the volume he never misses a note; makes darling Freddie sound like Daffy Duck. He moves a lot too; a sex symbol definitely — the Fonz meets androgyny in '77.

John Oates, on the other hand, stands back from the front of the stage most of the time, seemingly content to contribute his share of the harmonies, the occasional lead vocal or guitar solo, and let Hall be the frontman.

The backing band are a strange bunch. The drummer and keyboard player, Eddie Zyne and David Kent, are virtually hidden from view by their equipment; sax player Charles DeChant in a safari suit, looks like a reject from the Carpenters' backing band, and is the oldest and most static person onstage. The lead guitarist and bassist, Todd Sharpe and Stephen Dees, are quite young looking, attired Ronson circa '74, and are very into posing.

They are all excellent, especially Sharpe, recreating exactly the various moods of the albums — and they feature people like Tom Scott, Jim Gordon, Leland Sklar and Todd Rundgren. The PA is very good, the volume at a surprisingly low level, so there's a minimum of distortion; the lighting show is also extremely slick and efficient.

And please don't try to tell me that they're sterile. They may sound like they do on the albums, but Daryl's emotive singing on the quieter stuff like "Laughing Boy" is almost continual improvisation around the lyrics, and the band's overwhelming delight in playing together is anything but sterile.

The audience is on its feet dancing, shouting, applauding, and Hall & Oates look almost embarrassed at this adulation. For their two encores they do four runaway train rockers: "Ennui On The Mountain", "Gino", "Room To Breathe" and "Johnny Gore And The C Eaters", generating enough power to run Lynyrd Skynyrd for a year and still have enough left over for a brace of BTOs. They were enjoying themselves so much that they actually ran on to do the second encore.

The music was Great. Great. Great. Truly great. Will life ever be the same again great. Sublimely great. Amazing great. Great great great. Not small, GREAT. What more can you say?

David Housham

The Jam, Clayson

100 CLUB

I'D SEEN THE Reading based Argonauts twice before, and found them interesting in the face of massive indifference from the rest of their audiences. This time, things changed.

Alan Clayson stridently read out a review from a well-known NME imitator which was little better than a putdown, and indicated that he and his cohorts would be playing very much the same set as they had on the occasion they were reviewed.

There followed an hour of generally humorous activity, interspersed with several of Clayson's historically accurate (or so he claims) epics from the Middle Ages. Of particular note was "The Rake's Progress", which boasts a naggingly memorable hook.

After a ludicrously fast version of "Idle On Parade" from Anthony Newley's 1959 EP of that name, Clayson said, "You liked that, didn't you — so we're going to play it again", and they did.

A definite improvement is noticeable in the band's performance, so much so that impresario Ron Watts prevailed upon the audience to grant the group an encore. After an incredulous look from Alan Clayson (to whom this had obviously not previously happened), the rest of the band were reassembled, and an onstage discussion of what they should play resulted in a gripping version of Stanley Holloway's "Sweeney Todd", which vied with a terrifying performance of "On The Street Where You Live" as the major highlight of the set. All six members of the group played in confident style, but John Harries on sax, Mic Dover on guitar, and the new drummer were notable: potential successors to the Bonzos.

I wasn't sure whether to stay for The Jam, but it soon became obvious that I would regret it if I left. While they have the outward trappings of a punk band, with guitarist / vocalist Paul Weller wearing a stiff standup collar of the Eton variety, and drummer Rick Buckler wearing what appeared to be masochistic goggles as used by those under sunray lamps, their musical ability was considerably in advance of that displayed by most young bands that I've seen.

A trio, with Bruce Fox on bass and extra vocals, their material appears to come from three sources — originals; early Who LPs, from which we heard "Much Too Much", "So Sad About Us" and "Heat Wave"; and neatly crossing over into the second category, classic soul from the '60s. It's a long time since I've heard "Sweet Soul Music" done with any enthusiasm, and I've never heard it done as a medley with "Mustang Sally" before. Also their version of "Slow Down" was sufficiently urgent to revitalise a song we've all heard too often.

With such familiar fodder as a base, their originals also worked well. "Sounds Of The Streets", a first public performance apparently, was highly reminiscent of the Who ten years ago, and the encore "In The City (There's A Thousand Things I Want To Say To You)" belied its unwieldy title.

The urgency of the music made any attempt at a stage act unnecessary, except for the occasional Hunter / Benderesque bumping between Weller and Fox, and the rarity of soloing made for a continually interesting set. In comparison to the much vaunted Clash, The Jam are totally superior, not least because they have sufficient respect for their material to want it to be heard as music, rather than felt as noise. Exceedingly promising.

John Tobler

JAZZ DIARY

IN PLACE OF guitarist **Kenny Burrell,** tenorman **George Coleman** and piano player **Tete Montoliu** are blowing at Ronnie Scott's from 17th January for two weeks. Next in to bat will be the **Dexter Gordon Quartet,** then **Louis Hayes** with **Woody Shaw.**

The old Klook's Klique in West Hampstead rides again as the Zodiac Jazz Club on Sundays: 16th January, the **Ray Warleigh Quartet;** 23rd **Major Surgery;** 30th **Bobby Wellins.** All gigs 8.30-midnight, admission 70p, venue modernised to fit the sounds.

The JCS launching pads at The Phoenix and 7 Dials feature fascinating gigs on 26th and 27th. The **Ray Russell Quintet** should sort out those who judge guitarists by whether they stand or sit to play; leader Russell has plucked in both positions and his style is a convincing mixture of jazz and rock. Those who don't like guitars anyway can console themselves with sidemen **Harry Beckett** and **Gary Windo,** both swingers supreme. The Piano Night at the Dials features **Frank Roberts, Keith Tippett** and the **Roger Dean Trio.** Dean's recent album, "Lysis Live", deserves a wide hearing for its logical approach to improvisation and its range of achievement. A fine debut on the Mosaic label.

New albums from Milestones — **Joe Henderson's** "Black Narcissus" which is less commercial than the last couple, and **McCoy Tyner's** "Focal Point" featuring the lovely opener from the "Newport In London" concert, "Mode For Dulcimer".

On the Phil Spector label "Slow Burn" by the **Barney Kessel Trio;** on the Little David label; "Hummin' " by **Nat Adderley** and the interesting reedman, **John Stubblefield.**

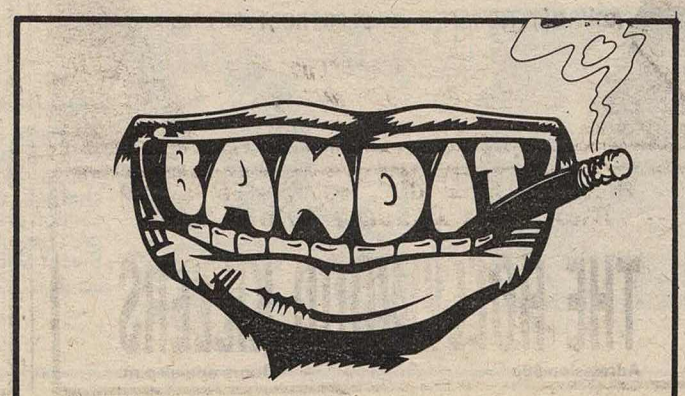
Brian Case

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX ENTS presents
The New Year of Music with the
MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
+ CLUMSY
In The S.U. Dance Hall
Saturday, January 22nd, at 8.30 pm
Tickets £1.00 from S.U. or Parrot Records.
Late bar and disco
Next week: Reggae Special

ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM NW1
GOOD EARTH PRESENTS
F.B.I.
Diversions
DARTS
SUNDAY 13th FEBRUARY 6·30 p.m.
TICKETS £1·50 IN ADVANCE FROM ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE 267·2564; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439·3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240·2245 AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

S.U.S.U. ENTS presents at
Salford University (1 mile from Piccadilly)
Saturday January 22nd
CLIMAX BLUES BAND
Saturday January 29th
TODD RUNDGREN
We are open to the general public!

CITY ENTS PRESENTS
A PUB ROCK NITE featuring
MAX METTITT AND THE METEORS
THE VIBRATORS LITTLE ACRE
Friday January 21st at 8 pm.
NEW HALL, CITY UNIVERSITY, ST JOHN ST., EC1
70p Late Bar Tube: Angel



Postal Bargains from: Permaprints (Dept. N.M.136), P.O. Box 201, 96 Newington Green Road, London, N1 4RR

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST!

With Permaprints 1977 range of designs!

DESIGN NO. 106. SPARKS T-SHIRTS
Only £1.95 each or £3.60 any two)

108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined SWEAT SHIRTS only £3.95 each (or £7.60 any 2)

All designs shown below are available on both garments
Details as follows.
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(106 Type T-Shirts also available in child-sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")

Now available
HOODED SWEAT SHIRTS
All designs shown in this advertisement are available on this garment

ADULT SIZES ONLY
36" 38" 40" & 42"
Colours: Red, Black and Blue
Available Plain or Printed

VERY HEAVY COTTON
Fleece lined

HOODED SWEATS
Printed..... only £6.35 each
Plain..... only £5.95 each
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour. If printed — give details of design. If not printed state 'plain.'

659. NORTON

Also available
655. HONDA
656. YAMAHA
657. BMW
658. SUZUKI
660. TRIUMPH
661. HARLEY DAVIDSON

199. EAGLES

662 STARSKY & HUTCH (2)

LIPSMAKIN
THIRSTQUENCHIN
GUTROTTIN
BRAINDAMAGIN
TEETHEATIN
BLINDMAKIN
NAUSIACREATIN
WINDGIVINSOUL
DESTROYIN
STOMACHTURNIN
COOLFIZZIN

126. LIPSMAKIN

QUALITY CONTROL PASSED INSPECTION DEPT

THIS PRODUCT WILL GIVE SATISFACTION AT ALL TIMES. GUARANTEED TO MAINTAIN IT'S HIGH PERFORMANCE IN THE COMING YEARS
DEMONSTRATIONS ARE AVAILABLE ON REQUEST.

188. PRODUCT

NEW FROM PERMAPRINTS
YOUR OWN SLOGAN
Added to any Permaprints design. We print the design of your choice plus any wording you want added in 2" bold capitals sizes and colours of garments as shown on left hand side of advertisement.

When ordering give full details of design /wording and layout on piece of paper.

Prices (including design and wording up to 10 letters) T-shirts £2.45. Sweats £4.45. For extra letters add 4p for each letter (over 10 letters) NOTE: maximum of 20 letters per shirt.

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

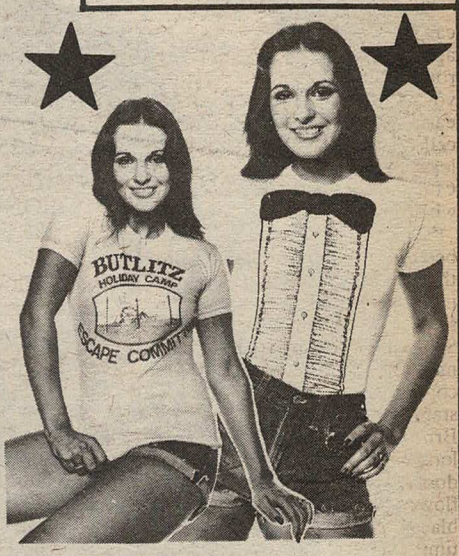
125. VULTURES

167. JOIN THE ARMY

134. GENESIS

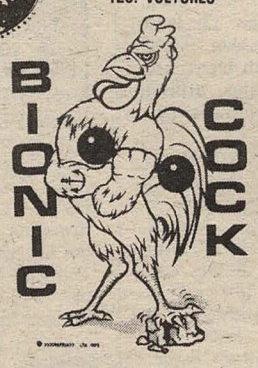
168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'



No. 205 BOW & FRILLS As Shown Above

508. NEW ZEPPELIN



214. BIONIC COCK

612. PATCH

528. APOLLO

JOIN THE AIR FORCE
FLY OVER DIFFERENT COUNTRIES
LOOK DOWN
ON FRIENDLY WAVING PEOPLE
AND DROP BOMBS ON THEM
219. JOIN AIRFORCE

221. UNDERSTAND

I Know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realise that what you heard is not what I meant.

229. SERENE BOOZER

ALSO AVAILABLE
234. THIN LIZZY
237. STEELY DAN
238. CHICAGO

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

159. BEETHOVEN

175. UNION JACK

135 STATUS QUO

CONTENTS untouched by human hands **CERTIFIED** all moving parts in working order

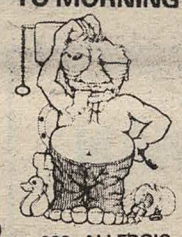
224. WINGS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

I THINK I'M ALLERGIC TO MORNING!



223. ALLERGIC

233. GENESIS (2)

161. JAMES DEAN

GUARANTEED PURE

129. CONTENTS

FLY UNITED

132. FLY UNITED

215. SING IN MORNING

227. MILCH TRAY

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

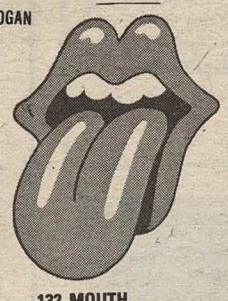
WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

Nazareth

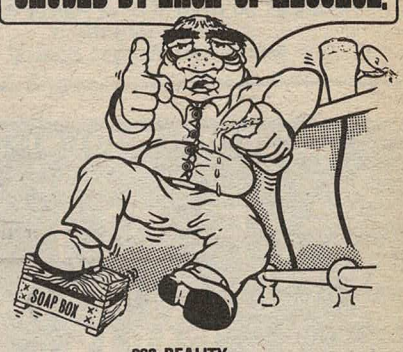
200. NARAZETH

653. STARSKY & HUTCH



132 MOUTH

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.



232 REALITY

NEW FROM PERMAPRINTS PHOTO DESIGNS — DIRECT FROM THE STATES

P1. YES

P2. BLACK SABBATH

P3. McCARTNEY

P4. BEATLES

P5. LYNYRD SKYNYRD

P6. ROD STEWART

P7. DYLAN

P.9 GYPSY QUEEN

All these designs shown are available on the three garments shown above. Due to import and other charges the 8 designs in this section are charged at an extra 30p per garment. I.E. T-Shirts **£2.25.** Sweat Shirts **£4.25.** Hooded **£6.65.**

115 BLACK SABBATH

111 NEWCASTLE BROWN

538 GROPIN' HAND

235. GUITAR & DRUMS

647 CAUTION

236. FOOTBALL

217. TOO MUCH

Trade and abroad enquiries welcome.

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-Shirts (min. 20) Write in for details.

Visit the Permaprints Shop at 292 Holloway Rd., London N7

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS
(Dept. N.M. 136 P.O. BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N1 4RR

Name ..... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*
Address .....
.....
.....
.....
X

please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment.

.....
.....
I enclose £ **(Dept N.M.136)**

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

Eater, The Damned

ROXY, COVENT GARDEN

THE NICE THING about +unk rock gigs is that the mezzanine boasts more stars than the stage. In the Thursday night audience at the Roxy were Starchild, Rat Scabies' beautiful girlfriend Simone (in white PVC and high boots) and assorted alumni from the pages of *Anarchy In The UK* (20p — buy it) including a Siouxsie lookalike in black lipgloss, red tights and little else.

The barboys at the Roxy can't mix screwdrivers, but apart from that it ain't too rough. Not the kind of place you'd take your mother, but easily as good as the Hope cellar on a polite night. At least it doesn't have a Watch Committee, and kids can play without running the gauntlet.

The Damned are playing before Eater tonight, but there's no way they're supporting them. Everyone came to see The Damned: Captain Sensible wearing a short blue nurse's dress (great legs) complete with a crisp, white, starched (starched!!!) apron, Brian James and Rat Scabies looking suitably psycho-next-door, Dave Vanium wearing a flowing black cloak over a black suit — and for the first time I was struck by the full horror of him.

I got a glimpse of him onstage at the Hope one night, but I've never really watched him perform before. He terrified me. I took several steps back when he started to sing, and it wasn't because of the volume. He's simply very frightening.

"This is for Johnny Thunders, who's been busted!" After some problems with the sound, The Damned tore into their set. Dave Vanium tackles the songs as though he hates them and is attempting to disembowel them on his tonsils. The Damned are the antithesis of any concept of harmony. And, of course, it suits them.

They didn't make me shake like the Hot Rods do, but they make me feel uncomfortable, they made me feel threatened, and that's what rock and roll needs. It's also what people can't accept, which is why The Damned, Clash, Pistols, *et al* won't reach the mainstream of kids like the Hot Rods do. People, especially young people, are insecure enough as it is without any additional menace. And The Damned are certainly menacing. Or maybe it's all in the mind.

The kids at the Roxy loved them. Subterranean boys made good, The Damned had come back from the overworld down to this dark cellar to show just what colour their roots are *(maybe they can't get any other gigs — Ed.)*. Dave Vanium bellowed like the prodigal returning to Hades as he assassinated "Born To Kill", "Fish", "Help" and the incredible "New Rose", jumping off the stage for a soupcon of performer participation as he pogoed wildly with all the young +unks. The Damned left me feeling like a speed come-down, like the feeling you get watching day break after three nights awake.

After they left the stage, I noticed a sweet young thing hovering nearby. I took it to be a particularly hip midget, but my escort scoffed at my naivete and told me it was none other than Dee Generate, Eater drummer, all 14 years of him. Just as susceptible to jailbait as lesser mortals, I peered eagerly through the gloom at young Mr. Generate. He's almost as cute as Joan Jett.

But oh my, Eater ain't no Runaways. Ian Woodcock (the wrong side of 17) especially ain't no Lita Ford. After a while I noticed that Dee Generate and bassist Ian seemed to be playing ping-pong with the beat. The boy I was with told me this was because they were tired. I could sympathise with them.

They fold, mutilate and spindle classics by David Bowie ("Queen Bitch"), Alice Cooper ("I'm Eighteen", which has become "I'm Fifteen" for the benefit of vocalist Andy Blade — good name) and worst of all, Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane". There's a few crimes which should be punished by death to my mind, and treating "Sweet Jane" like just another disposable bin liner is one of them.

The +unks also were pretty hostile; "Passe!" a clever bilingual +unk. Less sophisticated +unks suggested that Eater remove themselves in plain Anglo-Saxon. But Brian Chevette plays the guitar okay.

To my mind the real stars of the evening were several young things (well, maybe they were pushing 19) who were pogoing for all they were worth in front of me. If you were under the misapprehension that pogoing consisted solely of jumping on the spot, shame on you. These young people were covering the floor in bounds that would make a wallaby long-jump champeen feel redundant. Made me feel real old.

Rat Scabies is a better drummer than Ringo, anyhow.

Julie Burchill

THE DARTS (left to right): A.J. (drums), Den (vcls/baritone sax), Lydia Martin (vcls), George Currie (gtr), Horatio Hornblower (tenor sax), Thump Thomson (bass), Bob Fish (vcls), Hammy Howell (piano), Griff Fender (vcls).

Darts

NASHVILLE

AS LONG AS there are gigs like this, mankind lives in hope. I jest not — the holy ghost of rock'n'roll breathed through the very timbers of the venerable Nashville last Saturday night as Darts took the boards for a memorable affirmation of rock roots.

Darts are a nine-piece outfit including a vocal foursome upfront. They play and sing the vocal McCoy from the '50s, and ladle in bountiful helpings of humour, visual pizazz and sheer good time get-greasy energy. In the repertoire are velvet doowoppers and teen heartachers like The Diamonds' "Little Darlin' " and The Fleetwoods' "Come Go With Me"; and R&B warhorses like James Brown's "Think", and the Coasters' "Youngblood" and "Smokey Joe's Cafe", and back beyond even these to the Lindy-hopping pre-natal rock'n'roll likes of Louis Jordan's "Saturday Night Fish Fry" and Amos Milburn's "It Ain't The Meat It's The Motion".

If that reeks of fading archivists and phony nostalgia then forget it; no fusty gathering this. Punters of all persuasions packed the place, bouncing quiffs, hippy gumbo, downheel beat and artskool rocker all craned for a view, though it was evidently too cold for the *American Graffiti*'d Hampstead Komprehensive Kidz to be nipping round the back doors tonight.

Phoenix rising from the ashes of the late lamented Rocky Sharpe and The Razors. Darts have obviously taken many of Rocky's faithful following with them, as well as a tasty slice of Rocky's personnel and style, even though the emphasis of the material has switched away from obvious crowd faves like "Teenager In Love" and onto the more erudite R&B and doowop.

I'm not familiar with the origins of all the musicians (the John Dimmer Band provided some, I believe), but anyway it's the ex-Rocky personnel of Friff 'Marlon' Fender, Lydia Martin, and Dennis (jes' plain Den) on collected vocal refrains that the band revolves round with Dennis in particular acting as a pivot for the action.

Plenty of that for sure — like Rocky, Darts go in for lots of combo choreography; open mouths and palms outstretched, eyeball the audience personally; how can you refuse? The killer is their knackerpella version of Jerry Lordan's "Summertime" (you know, as in *'It's Summertime, summertime, sum-sum-summertime . . .'*), taken at a fast trot with lashings of manual semaphores.

Both vocally and visually, they (or at least I) miss Rocky himself, though the new group has allowed both Lydia and Marlon (who's improved enormously) more scope for their talents. Den still booms a treat, prince of the bass chords, but he overloons here and there when more cool would be more effective. The fourth vocalist, Bob Fish (ex-Mickey Jupp Band), can get too cute as well; at any rate he shouldn't wear a plum red tie with pink jacket and shoes. Lose a mark.

Musically the five-piece back-up band are unobtrusively excellent, lay back on the beat and swing beautifully, no heads down and hunched shoulders here. Special commendation to guitarist George Currie for cool and playing a solo (a good one at that) under a heap of bodies (really), and a pint of Guinness to the man in the green and yellow bookmaker check suit, pianist Hammy Howell, who contributed a brief frazzling barrelhouse boogie solo and who should be milked up (or turned up) rather better than he is.

In short, they're a band out on their own. How they relate to a dollar blitzed campaigns for the future of rock'n'roll I'm not sure, but it's clear that this is not only where it all started but where it keeps on happening. Catch 'em on Charlie Gillett's *Honky Tonk* show on Radio London on Sunday for a taster.

Pub Rock Paragraph: Pass the Pride and praise the Lord for The Nashville's contribution to gigs like this. If the Albion Agency do as well as this with the lease to the Hope and Anchor then North London should be well served. Oh, and slaps on the back for outgoing Hope landlord Fred Grainger for services to the nation and tireless foundation building.

Neil Spencer

Salt

MARQUEE

SUNDAY NIGHT at The Marquee this time of year is a pleasantly uncrowded time to suck on chewed plastic beer glasses and to absorb some good old rhythm'n'blues. "After all, this is wot the Marquee's all abaht, ennit?" bellowed the lead singer of The Marauders before launching into another Chuck Berry number.

The Marauders generate a lot of excitement and play a solid diet of Chuck Berry and Rolling Stones numbers, which can't be bad — after all, The Stones don't play down the Crawdaddy Club anymore. The Marauders are raw and often out of tune, but they play with energy and enthusiasm and are a good healthy buzz.

Salt are not a fledgling band at all, they are totally professional and play hard rock with a blues bias with all the assurance and skill of one of the grand old West Coast American bands. They even look a little like one.

The bass player has a Fu Manchu moustache, hair to his waist, and looks like he might have left his chopper backstage. He plays a solid web of notes which hold the group up like a sprung boxing square. He opens his mouth, stares blankly at the audience with a reasonable imitation of Ken Weaver's "I am an animal" look, and fires off clusters of notes in a way some people might fire off an M-16.

The drummer likes to keep friendly with the beat, he's always spot on and heartbeat regular. He plays interesting shapes, always powerful but not forced. It comes naturally.

The guitarist is the star. He laughs through each number, never missing a chance to play all the old licks, but casually throwing out riffs which some people would build a whole song around. He showed us how to sustain notes on "Streetwalker" and how to play a slow blues.

The singer was mixed down so low that I couldn't hear him so well. He's only little and he's got no neck, but he can play blues harp and really rip up the stage, running round like a demented tom cat, pulling out people's leads and falling over.

At one point he grabbed an unwilling roadie and waltzed with him. He is a singer of the white suit, black shirt variety, and demonstrated his blues power on "Full Moon". During this number the bass and drums conspired together to blast the guitarist offstage.

The group left the stage to the singer and he began to play blues harp. He must use up harmonicas at a terrific rate, sucking and blowing — at one point it sounded as if he had a hi-hat there providing the beat. Between blows he was singing "Baby Please Don't Go". The audience clapped time and was persuaded to sing along.

Salt finished with a manic hard driving version of "Highway 61" which I really enjoyed a lot. It's nice to hear the past rewritten.

As a token of roots and other related R&R data they encored with "Johnny B. Goode". The guitarist played the theme with the same degree of freedom that Otis Redding brought to "Satisfaction". Another hit. Catch them if you can.

Miles

Rod Stewart, Liverpool Express

EDINBURGH

THIS CONCERT started bang on time, which must qualify it for an award of some sort. Unfortunately it meant that Liverpool Express started off playing to a house that was still only filling up. That, however, was the latecomers' loss, as they missed an excellent set.

Liverpool Express are much punchier and rockier than you'd expect if you're only acquainted with their two hit singles. They've tapped a rich vein of sophistication and vigour, combining attack with polish, due in no small measure to the experience and talents of ex-Merseybeat (and Mersey) Billy Kinsley. The end result is a highly pleasing blend of accessible and commercial rock.

Their set included numbers from their album, including their two hits, the unaccountable miss "Smile", and some odd material like "Space Oddity" and "Back In The USSR", which came across very well. And there was a special moment for the few who treasure that Rockin' Horse album (where are you now, Jimmy Campbell?) with "I Remember Julian The Hooligan". All good body building stuff.

In all the publicity that has surrounded this tour, it's a great pity so little of it has been centred on Liverpool Express. It can't be much kop (sorry!) going out every night to play to an audience that has come for one thing and one thing only, but to their credit they finished to a roar of approval from a now full house.

And now for the man who has brought everyone here tonight. Mr. Rod Stewart, very much the man of the moment, the guy every punter would like to be, or at least be pals with. It's his birthday too, his hemty-hemth, (32, in fact), which adds an extra bit to the general air of excitement. Everything is set for a terrific night.

Did I enjoy every minute? Much as I would like to say I did, conscience, I'm afraid, compels otherwise.

Now before the Rod Stewart Defence League leap for their pens to dash off thousands of interesting new curses and tortures, let me say my criticisms are not a personal attack on the Man Himself, who gave a great performance, but are aimed at the pacing of the concert, which was pretty much an object lesson in How Not To Do It from one whom you would certainly expect to know the ins and out of these things by now.

We had fast and slow songs alternately *all night*, a stop-go policy which would have been a recipe for disaster for almost any other band — and I venture to suggest that it was only because the audience were determined to adore without scruple Rod's every move that this concert got going.

"Come on, let's get the balcony moving — there's people still sitting upstairs!" hollers Rod and sure enough a rocker gets them going. Having done that, instead of smiting while the balcony is hot, we then get a slow number like "Tonight's The Night", and the whole mood collapses. Or take "Maggie May" — the audience would chant "Maggie, I wish I'd never seen your face" all night if he wanted them to, but again the momentum is killed off by that ludicrous fake reggae ending which belongs as much as a fish in a tree.

The dissipation of mood didn't stop there. Numbers that were moving well were derailed by the solo spots of the band members, which were far longer than their use of them warranted. Only Gary Grainger came close to carrying it off.

And the birthday boy himself? Wearing a bijou little ensemble looking like a cross between something out of *Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves* and Andy Pandy, he leapt about the stage with whatever abandon is now that it can't be gay. In fine trim and fine voice too, he worked hard to give himself to the audience.

There were no special guests for the birthday bash and the only nods made to it were a brief break on stage for champers and cake and three attempts by the audience to sing "Happy Brithday", only one of which did they manage to sing together. Oh Edinburgh, if you weren't so tragic you'd be funny.

Ian Cranna

SO THIS IS HOW THE STARS CELEBRATE GROWING OLD (by ignoring it)

HALL 'N' OATES

■ *From page 16*

Beatles thing, marching fiddles and squinky rhythms, well matched to the cut-up familiarity-breeds-automation lyrics.

The album ends on "Soldiering," a reggae song rearranged into a calypso chant by John Oates, the only non-original Hall & Oates have ever recorded.

"I was in Jamacia on vacation, John explains, "and I heard the song and couldn't get it out of my head. I just thought it was very much the sort of lyric I would write." (That's pretty odd: it's straight innuendo mixed with stuff about *"dread lock smoke too much Haile"*, U-Roy's reply to I-Roy's "Welding".)

So that's "Daryl Hall And John Oates", the silver album. It's probably their best so far, a solid base of the scientifically delineated Hall & Oates sound with a couple of misfits to leaven the mix and a couple that transcend the groove.

A MAJOR aspect of Hall and Oates, which I have tended to ignore so far but which becomes inescapable with their latest album, "Bigger Than Both Of Us", released autumn 1976, is their ostentation.

It hits you right off with the cover. After sleeves related to the contents of the first three records, the silver album featured a silver airbrushed cosmetic shot which, combined with their always immaculate grooming (I even heard Hall refused to change his shirt for one photographer who wanted a special pic at the *OGWT* studio last week in case he disarranged his hair before performing), gave rise to a lengthy discussion of their image when I interviewed them last year. As then, I still think it does them more harm than good.

"Bigger Than Both Of Us" shows the casually barechested dynamic duo actually writing a song, so it seems, on the front cover. The decor is horribly suave — the designer of the table gets a credit, fer chrissake — while behind them stretches a scene of, er, some kind of 1984 studio city.

Predictably, the sleeve is Hall's idea. At least five people have asked me what he's like in person in the past week. "God, I bet he's a pretentious bastard." In fact, I found him very amenable — though they did require to be interviewed at the rather extraordinary time of 5.00 Sunday afternoon.

Hall's affectation reaches through into his singing. His penchant for twisting the syllable at the end of every line inside out and upside down before letting it go is often somewhat irritating, but on the new album it almost ruins "London Luck & Love", where the chording is unusual and understated enough for melodic games to be decidedly risky. For me, Hall risks it once too often here.

Another mannerism both singers take to an irritating extreme in several places on this album is their repetition of lines and phrases. *"Just like the old days, old days, old days/Yeah he could sing, he could sing, he could sing,"* Oates informs us, and, to make sure we got that, *"Listen to him sing,"* adds Hall.

In some cases, certainly, it works to genuine effect, but at others it sounds horribly self-indulgent.

"Bigger Than Both Of Us" kicks off with the pair of songs they played so uninspiringly on the *Whistle Test* last week. Virtually the first note on the album comes from Tom Scott's ubiquitous elastic sax — and it's presumably his presence on the album alongside the basic guitar/keyboards/rhythm section personnel from the silver album that has prompted the addition of saxist Charlie DeChant to the live band.

Scott's brief sunrise kicks into the harsh light of jagged riffs against Oates' trebly rhythm guitar, and into the deep voiced guitarist's "Back Together Again". The shifting patterns of strings, sax and guitars behind the attractive, straightforward song recall Norman Whitfield's masterjig-saw techniques.

Despite my dragging out those dumb repeated bits, it's a good number. Surely songs like this will soon be widely covered by black soul artists.

From Oates to Hall for "Rich Girl", which, recently released for the second time, must surely get them in the charts with a current single for once. If you don't know it, turn your radio on.

Little touches like the guitar line that pulls the whole band into the first 'middle eight' evidence the extra sophistication Hall, Oates and Bond have acquired since the last album — and, being so close to it, it is that kind of progress that makes H&O number "Bigger Than Both Of Us" as their best record ever, seemingly unaware of the tendency towards blandness in all departments. Not so adventurous, is it?

"I think it's a lot more adventurous," Oates counters. "The production, our performances — a lot more adventurous. This was the second album we've done with the same musicians, so it was a chance to really refine everything; communication was easier with the players."

After "Rich Girl" John Oates' lucid acoustic guitar trickles into "Crazy Eyes", maintaining the high standard set so far and using a couple of tricks — falsetto whispers, falling synthesizer — out of "She's Gone". It also continues an Oates tradition (like his third person songs) for playing "too young", as on "I'm Just A Kid" and "Alone Too Long". Were I a psychologist we'd be assured of a sequel out of that . . .

And yet another goodie, marred by slight oversinging: "Do What You Want, Be What You Are", which is reminiscent of O'Jays ballads from the "Backstabbers" period without the harsher vocal inclinations.

The side finishes on "Kerry", which was written by Daryl Hall with their excellent bassist, Stephen Dees. The guy doesn't even get to play on his own song on record, though: doesn't he mind?

"Well," says Oates, obviously a little uncomfortable about the situation, "it's the kind of thing . . . when you work with Chris (Bond) . . . see, you can't . . . you don't wanna diminish the, er, effectiveness of people you work with, and Chris, as a producer, can be most effective if you let him do what he wants.

"Not that our band is bad at all, but it takes a certain kind of control . . ." (Yet as anyone who's seen them knows, there are few more controlled live bands on the planet).

"The reason Steve *didn't* get pissed off," Hall says, "is because I just reproduced 'Kerry' *with* Steve, using our whole band. I just did a whole album, me producing Steve. It's gonna be released in March. It's Steve's album, his songs, a rock album."

Sure enough, "Kerry" is the rockiest track on "Bigger Than Both Of Us", apart from that the side is pretty close to mainstream R&B. Yet, curiously, Hall says: "What we were mainly concerned with on this album was infiltrating rock arrangements to the songs, trying to get a little looser with it." (This I hear, slightly disappointingly, as more predictable structures — although the minutiae may indeed be more adventurous).

"The songs are pretty R&B oriented, I guess, but none of it's conscious. Our R&B comes out because we can't help it. A lot of people try to play R&B: we try *not* to."

Flipping the album, we get the least R&B styled song first up: "London Luck And Love", inspired by a walk in Green Park, musically almost a throw back to their early acoustic days with a laboured melody that would not even flatter the English folk tradition it seems to hint at, so we'll just call it nebulous.

John Oates rescues the side with "You'll Never Learn", an excellent slinky rocker with a fantastic, simple, rubbery guitar line over the chorus and very unstudiofied guitar muttering quietly throughout. If anything, it harks back to "Lady Rain" from "Luncheonette"; certainly they're both superb numbers.

Daryl's piano ballad of the set, "Falling", winds it up. Guitars ripple and synthesizers thrum, like you'd expect from the title, Sklar earns his fee with a few mood-setting lines, Bond plays a dramatic guitar solo, but somehow the whole concept is a little too trite to justify the painstaking treatment it gets.

"Bigger Than Both Of Us" is probably Hall & Oates' most technically sophisticated album — and, for a musician, that is obviously one of the main criteria by which he/she judges her/his own work. But to a listener it's not really as good as the silver album, nor does it ever touch the peaks of "Abandoned Luncheonette". Frequently weak material is sustained by unimpeachable performances and production.

NATURALLY what Hall & Oates are attempting is a pretty mammoth task. They want to be live performers, studio performers, producers and writers — and currently it's the last category that's suffering. As live performers they are almost perfect — in fact I'd bet that the excellence of their live band has been more than partly responsible for their increased record sales: witness the case of "She's Gone", which really started selling here last year after their tour — while as studio manipulators they are certainly increasing on their already large prowess, arguably to the detriment of their recorded impact.

The next album from the band is — at last — a live album, cut on the first leg of this current tour in the USA and due out around March. It should be their best.

Atlantic Records also tell me that they have uncovered a bunch of unmixed tapes, mainly from the "Abandoned Luncheonette" period. Arif Mardin is mixing them now — release date unknown.

H&O also take March off to write material for the next studio record, which they'll be doing in April with Chris Bond. On that one I won't make any hopeful predictions.

But listen: if you like Todd and Thom Bell, sweet soul music and brainiac hard rock, and you haven't stocked up on Hall & Oates yet, you just might be missing your personal version of aural perfection.

BERLYN
ARCADE
ALL PRICES INCLUDE AN 18" STERLING SILVER OR 9 CT GOLD CHAIN
THINGS GO BETTER WITH COCAINE £5·25 Silver Only
Solid Silver SCREW £5·75 or have it in Gold·£29·50
SHARP PRICE BLADE Silver £4·25, 9CT £27·95
WISHBONE Silver £5·75, 9CT £30·75
FOR YOUNG CHICS AND RANDY ROOSTERS
INITIALS ANY TYPE OF LETTERS A-Z Silv £3·45, 9CT £19·75
ALL OUR GOODS SOLID SILVER OR 9 CARAT GOLD
QUOTE YOUR ACCESS NO OR MAKE PO OR CHEQUE PAYABLE TO:
GARY BERLYN
Dept NME, 32 Market Row Arcade, London SW9 9DL
7 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LOOK SCANDINAVIAN
FROM £5.50 post free U.K. & Eire
SCANDINAVIAN STYLE CLOGS. The original and still the best at Scancentre bargain price. Buy direct and save money. SEND £5.50 (sizes 1-3) £6.25 (sizes 4-6) Uppers in Red, White, Yellow, black, blue, brown leather. £6.99 (sizes 7-11) Uppers in black, blue, brown and white leather on natural wooden orthopaedically shaped sole.
STATE SIZE AND 2nd CHOICE COLOUR
SCANCENTRE (dept NME)
27 Larksfield Cres., Harwich, Essex.
overseas enquiries welcomed

CANNABIS LEAF
Fabulous Jewellery
By popular request we have designed a good quality highly detailed Cannabis Leaf Ring for you!! A chunky real silver bargain at only £7.00. (Send size or we can make it adjustable). Our 1¼" high real silver leaf pendant on silver plated chain is £4.00 or on quality real silver chain £7.00. A ¾" single earring on silver hook is £1.85. Join the rush and sent money to
ATLAS (Dept N), 40 SYDNEY ST. BRIGHTON.

Great NEW DEAL
EMBROIDERED AFGHAN COATS!
£11.75 + £1.00 carr.
Brown sheepskin, hairy fur, ¾ length. New but slightly marked in storage. 32-36" chest only.
Perfect 38-42" chest
£16.75 + £1.00 carr.
Shop price £19.95
BIG BOY JEAN CO. (XM)
48 Manor View, London, N3.

NEW EXCITING 64-PAGE GUITAR and AMPLIFIER, DISCO and LIGHTING
FREE CATALOGUE
Hot off the press comes this new BELL Catalogue. Packed with exciting instruments and profusely illustrated with actual photographs. It contains absolutely the latest — model after model of all types and makes of Guitars, Pick-ups, Amplifiers, Echo-units, Microphones, Accessories, Disco Units, etc. Wonderful cash bargains or easy terms.
Call or write for your FREE Guitar Catalogue TODAY.
BELL'S
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS LTD.
(Dept. 21), 157/159 EWELL ROAD, SURBITON, SURREY KT6 6AR
Callers welcome. Tel. 01.399 1166. Open all day Saturday.

CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cotton cheesecloth kurta with white embroidery. Only £2.60 + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 28" to 40" girls 30" to 44". Him state chest size, her state bust size.
COLLAR SWEATSHIRT
Cotton sweatshirt with a collar. £3.50 + 25p p&p. CHEST SIZES 30" to 36". Bust sizes 32" to 38". Colours: Black, navy, light blue, & rust. Please state alternative colour.
PLAIN SWEAT SHIRTS
Cotton crew neck sweat shirt. £3.15 + 30p p&p. Colours: Sky blue, red, brown, cream, black, navy. Chest/bust sizes: 34" to 40". Please state an alternative colour and your chest/bust size.
COTTON DRILL LOONS
A good quality cotton drill in the original hip fitting loons made in Britain. Still only £2.60 + 40p p&p. 2 pairs 65p p&p. Colours: Navy, olive green, red, yellow, purple, brown, maroon. Guys waist sizes 26" to 34". Girls hips 32" to 39". (33" inside leg length). Please state alternative colours and your waist size. Girls state your hip size. Also black, drk. green, Pacific blue in guys waist 26" and 28", girls hips 32" and 33"-34".
EMBROIDERED LIGHT BLUE DENIM SHIRT
A light blue denim shirt, fades when washed, with colourful embroidery on the pockets, pop button front, cuffs and pockets. Still £4.45 plus 55p p&p. Guys chest 32" to 36"-38", bust 34" to 38". Please state your chest / bust size.
DELIVERY 7-10 DAYS. POSTAGE OUTSIDE U.K. DOUBLE. PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME, FULL ADDRESS, COLOURS AND SIZE CLEARLY. ALL GOODS CAN BE EXCHANGED OR REFUNDED IF RETURNED UNWORN WITHIN 7 DAYS.
SEND A P.O. CHEQUE TO:
SHAPES MAIL ORDER (Dept. A)
252 High Street, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire
Our shop is open all week with bargains in Jeans, Knitwear, Tops, Tee Shirts, etc.

FANTASTIC VALUE
Super flowing feminine dress in cotton. Plain colours: Lt Blue, Cream, Bottle Green, Dark Blue, Olive Green, Dark Brown, Rust, Wine, Black. Neckline trimmed with cotton lace. IN ANY SIZE!! at these unbeatable prices!
1) Pinafore dress (sleeveless) £4.99+35p p&p.
2) Puffed sleeved dress £4.99+35p p&p. State style, size, colour and alternative colour. Allow up to 21 days for delivery. Send cheques or P.O's to:
JENNIFER WALKER, Dept N, 30 Stag Leys, Ashtead, Surrey.
KT21 2TF. Trade enquiries

GENUINE "LEVI & LEVI" TYPE JEANS
Preworn and shrunk, just need patches.
Send £2.00 + 50p P & P to:
M. HANGER, Esq.
55 Northall Street
KETTERING, Northants
Money back guarantee

THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR
SPLIT KNEE JEANS
£6.95 + 65p p&p
Original old Levi or Wrangler jeans to the knee, but flaring out with panels of matching old denim to 28" bottoms. State waist (girls-hip) and inside leg measurements. (Up to 42" waist).
JEAN OVERCOAT
£14.00 + 70p p&p with fur collar (as illustrated)
£15.95 + 70p p&p with fur lining
£13.00 + 70p p&p with plain denim collar
Knee length old denim overcoat with metal button fasteners and half belt. State chest/bust size.
JEAN LAPEL JACKET
£7.95 + 65p p&p. Nicely fitted flared jacket with single centre back vent. State chest/bust size.
JEAN WAISTCOAT
£4.95 + 50p p&p. Very well fitted old denim waistcoat. Looks good on guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.
JEAN SHIRT
£7.50 + 65p p&p. Our ever popular old denim jean shirt, wear it as a shirt or a jacket. Cut to fit guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.
JEAN BOMBER JACKET
£7.50 + 65p p&p with fur collar (as illustrated)
£8.95 + 65p p&p with fur lining
£6.95 + 65p p&p with plain denim collar
Old denim bomber with two front pockets, chunky zip fastener and elasticated waistband and cuffs. Looks good on guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.
JEAN SKIRT
£4.95 + 60p p&p. Calf length skirt made from old Levi or Wrangler jeans with V insert front and back. State hip size. (30"-44")
JEAN SHOULDER BAG
£2.50 + 40p p&p. (not illustrated). Made from old Levi/Wrangler shorts, with base sewn in and shoulder strap.
SHORTS
£2.95 + 45p p&p. Levi or Wrangler cut-offs. State waist size (girls-hip)
tommy
When in Northampton pay a visit to: TOMMYS JEAN STORE, Wellingborough Rd., Northampton.
And also at: 17 St. Giles Street, Northampton.
Send cheques/P.O.'s or Access/Barclaycard nos. to:
Tommy Clothing Ltd., (NME 1) 2 Oakley Street, Northampton.
Please send double postage and packing outside U.K.
Please allow 10-14 days delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be refunded on all goods returned unworn within 7 days of receipt.
All goods are made from famous name old worn denim jeans. Trade enquiries welcome.

SITUATIONS WANTED

9p per word

PSYCHEDELIC LEAD guitarist seeks place in progressive rock band. Tel 021-704 4578.

YOUNG D.J. seeks resident work, any area considered. — Phone after 7.00 pm. Tregaron (Dyfed Wales) 335.

FREE RADIO

12p per word

AIR MAGAZINE, first issue featuring Ian Anderson, Caroline and WMR. Now available from FRC-Scotland, NBPS, 52 Saint Enoch Square, Glasgow. Price 40p + large sae.

SITUATIONS VACANT

9p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on Liners, Oil Rigs. Experience unnecessary. Details Maritime Employment Guide. Price 60p. Working Holiday & Free Travel Guide. Price 70p. Mailex, Novembereve House, Oakhill Avenue, Pinner, Middx.

BANDS

12p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-876 4542.
DISCOTHEQUES BANDS groups. — Tel: 01-361 9385.
HOWARD BAKER bands, groups — Tel: 01-550 4043.

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

9p per word

PURCHASED FOR CASH Good Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs. Top prices — 01-836 7811.

TRAVEL

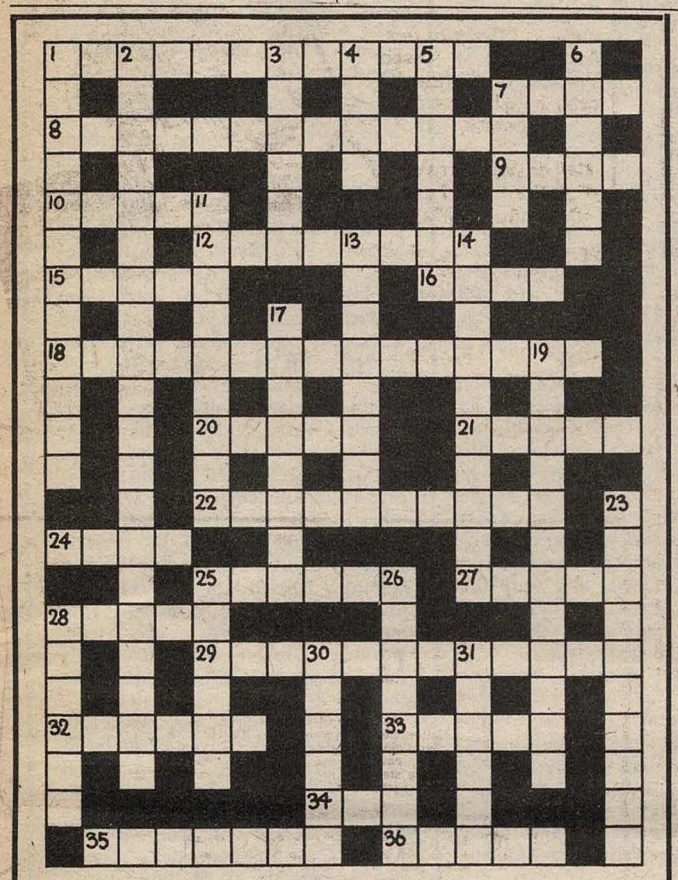
12p per word

LONDON — DELHI — Katmandu. 5 weeks from £77 monthly departures. Thorps, 4 Redwood Drive, Ormskirk, Lancashire.

MUSICIANS WANTED

12p per word

LEAD GUITARIST versatile and willing to rehearse — Dorking 81699. Dave.



ACROSS

1 Hers was the *first* hit with "I Heard It Through The Grapevine", U.S.—only in '67; Marvin's was in '68 — both were on Motown (6, 6)
7 The Rhinestone Cowboy
8 Formed 1969 by Vincent Crane and Carl Palmer, though Palmer left same year for E£P (6, 7)
9 Baker-Gurvitz platoon
10 See 36
12 Superceded by the starship; that's progress — or, rather, *that's progress???*
15 Familiar with R. Plant!
16 Nee Nelhams, Terence
18 Other side (it was a double 'A'-side remember?) of "Maggie May" (6, 2, 7)
20 See 28 across
21 A '66 hit — in original form by Bobby Hebb and in cover version by Georgie Fame
22 They had a hit with "To Know Him Is To Love Him" and featured the teenage, crooning Phil Spector (5, 5)
24 Minimal applause/Or case for clinic!
25 Hope for all who thought their tra-la days were over?
27 & 6 Warden, my nan! (anag. 5, 6)
28 & 20 Formerly of Rory Storme and the Hurricanes, he replaced Pete Best
29 He sneaked *(snook?)* Sally down the alley (6, 6)
32 Returned to charts last year with "A Little Bit More" (2, 4)
33 Johnny's younger bro'
34 Collaborator on "Low"
35 See 7 down
36 & 10 Formerly one half on U.K. wimp duo, now producer of Sweet Baby James and even sweeter Baby Linda

DOWN

1 A Rumour To believe? (6, 6)
2 Sam Cooke oldie — as the week grinds to a close (7, 8, 5)
3 Old gravel-voice — ex of Blues Inc and CCS
4 As used in heathen services — you know, concerts, recording sessions, stuff like that!
5 From the USA, they 'warmed up' for the Stones as Knebworth (3,4)
6 See 27
7 & 35 After his death, his corpse was hijacked and burned in the LA desert
11 Old ugly chops of Mungo Jerry (3, 6)
13 He had hits with "1-2-3" and "Like A Baby" (3, 5)
14 Stop him on sight, a soulful relative of 28 across? (5, 5)
17 Roxy elpee
19 Aka Paul and Linda? (5, 3, 4)
23 Fabs hit from '65, double 'A'-sided with "We Can Work It Out" (3, 7)
25 One of David's pin-ups, originally by the Merseys
26 Danny and the Juniors R'n'R classic (2, 3, 3)
28 Driver, gopher, lifter, slave — the NME crossword salutes that 'ard-working body of men . . .
30 You'll find them at Hotel California
31 Disbanded in 1976, they derived name from their keyboards player and singer

ACROSS: 1 Rick Derringer; 6 Nashville Teens; 9 Ry Cooder 11 Cher Bono; 13 Leon Russell; 14 "Benny And The Jets"; 15 Van Morrison; 16 "Rubber Bullets"; 19 Island; 21 "Peggy Sue"; 23 Gary Puckett; 25 Brown; 27 "Without You"; 28 "Fresh"; 29 Green.
DOWN: 1 Randy California; 2 David Byron; 3 Rolling Stones; 4 Natty; 5 (Mick) Ronson; 7 Pete Townshend; 8 "Revolver"; 10 Carlos (santana); 12 "Heartbreak Hotel"; 14 Jan (And Dean); 17 "Benny And The (Jets)"; 18 (Gordon) Lightfoot; 20 "Lean On Me"; 22 Runaways; 24 Waters; 25 Buffy; 26 Roger.

Classified

Charge for Box Numbers is 90p. All Classifieds must be pre-paid.

for further details ring
01-261 6122
or write
Penny Morgan,
New Musical Express,
Classified Advertisements,
Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1

RECORDS FOR SALE

12p per word

ABOUT RECORDS AND CASSETTES, efficient Mail Order for **OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS** only from **JO—JO'S TAX FREE, SEND FOR UP-TO-DATE CATALOGUE** and **BARGAIN OFFERS. — JO—JO'S RECORDS,** 60 Adams Street, **BIRMINGHAM** B7 4AG, England.

A CHEAPER LIST? Obscurities: rarities: oldies. Send s.a.e. — Goddard, 105 Canrobert Street. London. E.2

ALBUM HIRE. S.a.e. details Dianne, Taw Records, Westover, Ivybridge, Devon.

AVAILABLE NOW our latest list of pop oldies 1956-1975. Send 10p & large sae:— F. L. Moore (Records) Limited, 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

BEST SHOP in London for 60's singles. Also deleted LPs. Curios, 453 Edgware Road, Little Venice, London, W9. Tel: 01-459 0895.

BIZZARRE is **BACK AGAIN** with the **BLONDIE** Album and its great!!! £4.25. New releases: **GORILLAS** "Gatecrasher" in pic sleeve 70p. **TOM PETTY** & Heartbreakers 1st Album £4.25, **LITTLE BOB STORY e.p.** £1.00. Back in stock: Iggy & The Stooges **METALLIC K.O.** £3.75, Flamin' Groovies "Grease" **e.p.** £1.50, Ducks Deluxe 'Jumpin' £1.50, Nuggets (still original cover) £5.50. Little Bob Story first album "High Time" £3.50, Eddie & The Hot Rods L.P. £3.25, live **e.p.** £1.00, Writing on the Wall 70p, Wooly Bully 70p, Runaways 1st album £4.00, Modern Lovers 1st & 2nd **l.p's** £4.00 each, Kim Fowley "Animal God" £3.75. Marianne Faithful "This Little Bird" £3.75, Ramones live maxi single £1.50, Richard Hell "Blank Generation" £1.50, Gorillas "She's My Girl" 70p, Count Bishops "Speedball" **e.p.** £1.00, "Train Train" 70p. Rubinoos "I Think Were Alone Now" £1.50. The Saints "I'm Stranded" 70p. Shakin' Stevens "Frantic" **e.p.,** "Sexy Ways" **e.p.** £1.50 each. Blue Oyster Cult "Born to be Wild" (Studio) £1.50, Velvet Underground Foggy Notion **e.p.** £1.50, Damned "New Rose" 70p, Lew Lewis "Boogie on the Street" 90p, Little Bob Story "Let Me In" & "Don't Let Me Be" £1.00 each. Trouser Press No. 17 (Dec-Jan) 75p, Sniffin Glue No. 5 (6 soon) 30p. (Add 10 p+p for mags). P.P. free for U.K. Cheques/P.O.'s to Bizarre Records Distn., 33 Praed St., London, W.2

CENTRAL CASSETTE LIBRARY no hire charges, subscription only. Stamp. — 176a Coombe Lane West, Kingston, Surrey.

"CHARTBUSTERS"! 56-'76 for collectors and D.J's. S.a.e: Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

DON'T BUY — borrow **L.P.'s** from top 50 and beyond. S.A.E. details — Irving Library, 7 Cambridge Road, Hastings, Sussex.

EX TOP 30 singles / LP's Send sae free lists — 1 Crossways, South Chard, Somerset.

EX TOP 30 Records (1955-76) from 10p. Thousands of titles, hundreds of stars. S.a.e. for free lists — 82 Vandyke St., Liverpool L8 ORT.

FUNHOUSE RECORDS buy & sell. — Buckley, MC5, Stooges, Deviants and all rarities. Send wants and s.a.e. — 136 High Street, Margate, Kent.

GIANT AUCTION of 1960's records — many rarities. Alex Harvey, Downliners Sect, Jimmy Page, Jimi Hendrix, Blossom Toes, Graham Gouldman, Paramounts, many RGM, Track, Reaction, Immediate labels, etc, etc. Leader of the Pack, 96 Longhurst Road, London SE13. 01-318 0862. Closing date 12th February. 9p sae/2 IRC's please.

MANY RARE records for sale, e.g. Who — My Generation album. Sae with wants price offered. Carol, 29 Painswick Road, Cheltenham.

OLDIES 56-76 guaranteed condition. Large s.a.e. plus 5p for lists — 24 Upper Hall Park, Berkhampstead, Herts.

OVERSEAS READERS. Speedy delivery records and tapes. Tax free, large discounts. Free catalogue. Counterpoint, 12 Graham Road, Malvern, Worcs.

PASTBLASTERS! Thousands available '56 — '76. — S.a.e. 24 Southwalk, Middleton, Sussex.

PRETTY THINGS Electric 'Banana', 'More E.B.', 'Even M.E.B.' LP's, new, £5.90 each (£6.25 overseas). leader of the pack, 96 Longhurst Road, London SE13. 01-318 0862.

PROTECT YOUR RECORDS with polythene sleeves. 25 L.P. record sleeves 12 × 12 ins for £1. 10 L.P. jacket covers (heavy gauge) 13 × 13 ins for £1. Single record covers 7 × 7 ins 50 for £1 post free. Peter Coombs, 230 Garstang Road, Fulwood, Preston, Lanc.

SINGLES FROM 29p — Large s.a.e. — T.S.M.Records, 220 Victoria Road West, Cleveleys, Lancs.

SQUARE RECORDS presents pop/soul deletions — 9 Hart Road, Erdington, Birmingham B24

THE WHO — My Generation L.P. on cassette. Top quality. Sae 51 Leamington Ave, Morden, Surrey.

MUSICAL SERVICES

12p per word

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W.1. 6½p stamp.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee — 11 St Albans Avenue, London, W4 5LL.

SONGWRITER MAGAZINE explains copyright protection, recording, publishing royalties, songwriting competitions and interviews famous songwriters Association NME), New Street, Limerick, Ireland.

SONGWRITING COURSE with free personal advisory service. Details: B.C.M. Leeber Music, London WC1V 6XX.

YOUR SONG recorded professionally — Henshilwood, 130 Frankby, W. Kirby, Wirrall.

YOUR LYRICS could become popular songs. Details (s.a.e.) — 6 Oaklands Grove, W12 OJA.

RECORDS WANTED

12p per word

ABSOLUTELY ANY price paid for good copy of : Rob Storme Group — Here Today, Nirvana — Adventures Simon Simopath, Nirvana — Pentecost Hotel. Phone Vaughan 01-550 8302 eves

ALL YOUR UNWANTED 45's & LP's bought or part exchanged for new records. Large collections urgently required. Send records or lists with s.a.e. F.L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for your unwanted LP's and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with s.a.e. for our cash offer by return of post — Gema, Dept. NME 1, P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

JERRY LEE LEWIS L.P.'s Please state record, sleeve condition and price wanted — Mr Starr, 286 Greystoke Avenue, Southmead, Bristol.

L.P.'S "CATCH Us If You Can" — DC5, "Take A Heart" — Sorrows, "On The Scene" — Various Artists. State price/condition — 7 St John's Road, Barking, Essex.

THE WHO'S I'm The Face, Substitute, Last Time/Under My Thumb, Summertime Blues, all originals singles & My Generation L.P. Also any live albums. Your price paid if in mint or ex. cond. All letters answered — Dave Dempster, 2 Park Spring Gardens Leeds.

PERSONAL

24p per word

ALONE! MEET new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write:— Countrywide Introductions, ME/Martin House, Brighouse, Yorks.

AMERICAN HERBS See 'For Sale'.

BILL, 21, LONDON, seeks girl 17-20. Tel: 01-723 7367.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE for over 18's. Free details: Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tek: 63525 anytime.

GUY, 24, LONELY seeks chick for friendship, Edinburgh area. Box No. 3353.

INTERNATIONAL PEN FRIENDS . . . is now regarded as one of the greatest penfriend organisations in the World. It has 40,000 members in 140 countries and can provide a service in English, French, German and Spanish. All age groups catered for. Enquiries regarding membership should be sent to: International Pen Friends, P.O. Box 340, Dublin 12, Ireland.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness — Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GL.

NATIONWIDE OCCULT, witchcraft contacts, etc. S.A.E. — Baraka, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

PENFRIENDS AVAILABLE Worldwide. Free details: I.P.F., 39A Hatherleigh Road, Ruislip Manor, Middx.

PENFRIENDS HOME and abroad. — H.F.B. Penfriends, P.O. Box 109, Stoke-on-Trent. S.a.e. for details.

PENFRIENDS, NEW contacts, all ages. **LEISURE TIMES** (50p) fortnightly. Pay after receiving six. From: Pen Society (RT.88), Chorley, Lancs.

PHOTODATES (NM) — 29 Westfields Avenue, London, SW13 0AT.

PHOTOGRAPHER REQUIRES teenage male/female models. Fee paid, photo appreciated. Bolton/Leigh area. Box No 3354.

POEMS NEEDED URGENTLY for new books, exciting prizes. Send poems for free editorial opinion. — Regency Press, (A3), 43 New Oxford Street, London, WC1A 1BH.

STEVE, 24, warm blond romantic fun-lover wants special girl for good times for steady, let's hope more. Girls, please write and tell me all about yourselves. Don't be shy, send a photo (much appreciated) to: Steve, 74 Chart Place, Wigmore, Gillingham, Kent.

WORLDWIDE PEN FRIENDS Write for free details — Pen Friend Service, PL27, SF-20801, Turku 80, Finland.

FOR SALE

12p per word

COLOUR ROCK PHOTOS. NEW BRYAN FERRY IN STUDIO. Choose from proofs and see before you buy. Bands available: New Queen, Zep, Beach Boys, Harrison George, Ronstadt, Spedding, Manzanera/Eno, Roxy, Rod Stewart, Kiss, Essex, Wings, Harley, Purple, Blackmore, Bowie, Who, Stones, Todd, Harvey, Emmylou, Patti, Sailor, 10CC, Young Stills, Dylan, ELO, Feat, Joni, etc. Please state interests and send s.a.e. for fast personal service. — Dick Wallis, 23 Dulwich Wood Avenue, London, SE19.

FILM POSTERS for sale £1 each. — 453 Edgware Road, Little Venice, Maida Vale. London W.9.

GENESIS 1977 b/w photos 10" × 8" 5 for £2 p&p incl. Also Peter Gabriel. SAE samples/details: Lewis, 115 Cae Mur, Caernarfon, North Wales.

HERBAL HIGHS . . . You read all about them last week, now try some! We supply the famed **GUARANA POWDER, KAVA KAVA,** etc. etc.: Send us a SAE and we'll mail you details **HTS IMPORTS** (NME) 46 Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings, Sussex.

PREMIER FOUR drum kit as new, many extensive extras, £120. — Tel. Guildford 73159.

RICK GRIFFIN 1960's AMERICAN ROCK POSTERS Limited Edition, superbly printed and individuallly numbered posters. Send SAE to : Alcock & Dicks Trading Company, P.O. Box 244, London SE3 9JW.

3"/1½" BADGES to order 25p/15p. Send s.a.e./p.o. picture(s) "Pinecraft", 104 Seaview Road, Wallasey. Leave extra ½" for cutting. Wholesale 15p/10p. Printing arranged.

FAN CLUBS

12p per word

ENGELBERT FANS (stamped addressed envelope please) to: Janet Wynn, Engelbert Humperdinck Fan Club, 49 Ashford Road, Ashford Common, Ashford, Middlesex.

FOR INFORMATION about Dave Clark Five, Dave Clark & Friends, Smith & d'Abo, John Christie write to: World-Wide Dave Clark Fan Club, c/o Herman Hamerpagt, Weverstraat 519, Gorinchem-2800 / Holland.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN Official Fan Club. Send stamped addressed envelope to P.O. Box 51, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

INTO LYNYRD SKYNYRD? S.a.e. to: Paula, 13 Hawth Close, Southgate, Crawley, Sussex.

RECORDING

12p per word

J. J. STUDIO — Multi-tracking demo-tapes £3.50 per hour. 01-673 5055

Are you over 20 and under 32 with stage experience as a harmony singer?

If you meet these requirements we are urgently looking for three girls and two boys for the biggest national TV show of the year.

Please send tapes and photos and biographies to Target Records, 108 Park Street, London W1Y 3RB.

Professional performers please!

Computer Dating...
Find Friendship, Love or Marriage. Dateline, Europe's largest most successful and reliable service for all ages in all areas – Send for free colour brochure & details Now –
To: Dateline Dept (NM)
23, Abingdon Road, London W8
Tel: 01-937 6503
Dateline

INSURANCE

12p per word

MOTOR INSURANCE. Archway Insurance Brokers, 664 Holloway Road, N19. 01-272-0557.

WANTED

12p per word

ABBA TICKETS London. Name your price — 68 Priestleys, Luton, Beds.

ANY PHOTO'S of Jenny Haan's Lion taken January 6th at The Rockgarden. Also any other Lion gigs. Your price paid. R. Ferguson, 52 St Quintins Ave, Kensington, London W10.

SONGS LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. Details (sae): Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffs.

URGENTLY WANTED — a copy of the magazine 'Fabulous 15th February, 1964. Will pay your price — 16 Wadhurst Avenue, Luton.

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

9p per word

A1 ACORDIONIST. 01-876 4542.
A1 PIANIST 01-876 4542.

DISCO SCENE

All lineage in this section 12p per word

DISCOTHEQUES

BAR DISCO large light show. 01-670 2006.

CAN'T Get The Best? Then try the Mad Hatter Mobile Disco. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ring 01-254 6812.

DAVE JANSEN — 01-699 4010
STEVE DAY. Tel: 01-524 4976.

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

DISCOLIGHTS. 3-chan Soundlights £17.50; Strobes £22; etc. etc. etc! Free catalogue: **AARVAK,** 12a (C) Bruce Grove, London N17. 01-808 8923

DJ JINGLES

I.J. ENTERPRISES Tel 069-83 72748 (evenings only)

SENSATIONAL NEW JINGLES from the **ROGER SQUIRE STUDIO.** Tailor-made jingles featuring your disco name jingle specials created to order, and now brand-new **JOCK I.Ds** Jingle your way to success with Roger Squire's attention-getting jingles. — Telephone Barbara, 01-722 8111.

TO ADVERTISE 01-261 6153

NME CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Use this form for your classified ad.

RATES

Personal 24p per word, Printing 24p per word, Engagements 9p per word, Artists Wanted 9p per word, Situations Vacant 9p per word, Situations Wanted 9p per word, Instruments For Sale 9p per word, Instruments Wanted 9p per word. All other headings 12p per word. Box Number Service fee 90p. Heavy Black Capitals after the first two words are charged at double rate.

Please Use Block Capitals

SECTION:		

Name and address in advert must be paid for

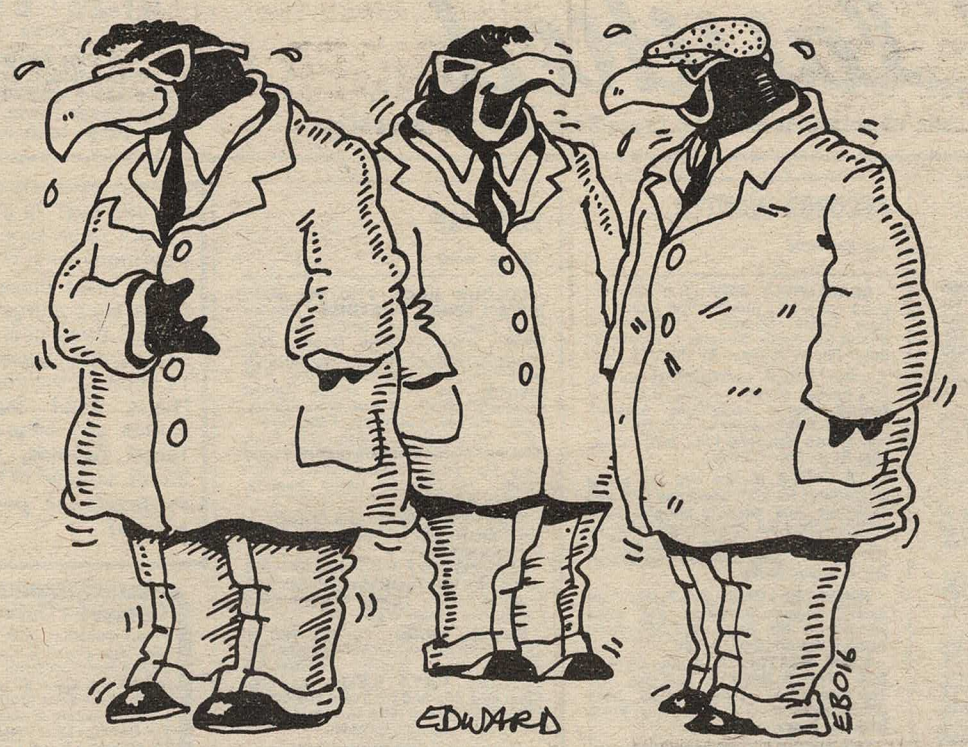
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

All Advertisements must be prepaid. I enclose P.O./Cheque value £ . . .

Post to: NME CLASSIFIED ADS., KINGS REACH TOWER, STAMFORD ST., LONDON, SE1 9LS



THE Bag

THANKS TO Brian Case and Tony Parsons for their Sideswipe on the Beat Generation. Good to see some people remembering how today's version of the alternative culture grew from its shaky roots.

When you think of the energy generated by those kids, that of our own so-called new wave or punk rockers begins to look forced in comparison, and I have this feeling that the Blank Generation will be unable to produce many writers or poets able to compete in standard with those of the Beat Generation.

Their energy seems to take on a negative quality which cannot find a way to perpetuate itself; unlike the searching and productive energy of the beats, it is in danger of fizzling out before it has begun through the lack of enough channels through which to communicate — you could call it the explosion of the Beat Generation compared to the implosion of ours. Still, let's hope they don't blow it, cos it's a worthwhile effort if they can make it work.

By the way, Tony Parsons left out of his bibliography a book that in my opinion (hem-hem) should have been included — *Penguin Modern Poets No. 5*, which has a fairly hefty chunk of relevant beat poetry by Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg between its hallowed covers.

And as an afterthought — to annoy the nurd whose communication appeared in The Bag on January 8 — I was only 12 when Jack Kerouac died, so "I wasn't there to begin with" neither. Nyahh!

May the good Lord in his mercy save us from Hideous Bill Gangrene and Devolution, in that order.
ANN, Golspie, Sutherland.

● **Dunno 'bout that. My money'd be on Rotten to trash Kerouac any time. Defunct literati make lousy fighters . . Feet off the desks chaps, Sideswipe order coming up . . .**

CONGRATS TO Brian Case and Tony Parsons on their authoritative, concise articles on Beat poetry. It made a nice change — better than those silly existentialist Jon Anderson lyrics, what?

However, a few points: There did seem to be an over-riding superficiality in both articles. This is verified by Case's over-concentration on Kesey and "Cuckoo's Nest" — such is the power of the Oscar. Again, the relevance of Manson, Grateful Dead or Jimmy Dean is at best peripheral. Perhaps Case was including the odd idiom especially interesting to the average *NME* Led Zep brickie? The superficiality is emphasised by the lack of info on Richard Wilbur, Jean Stafford and Frederick Beuchner, the debt owed to William Carlos Williams, Pound, Cummings, Mailer and Lowell's visions of the godless militarism of the Pentagon-CIA, and the non-mention of foreign influences (e.g. Kafka, Brecht).

Also, the Beats are uniquely related to the Dadaists and Surrealists, even the Symbolists, which brings us round to Mallarme, Rimbaud and Verlaine (i.e. Patti's fave poets).

Surely there is enough interest to be cultivated in these spheres to warrant more articles on poetry? It often seems like any demented axeman from any demented p*** rock band merely has to mention Rimbaud in order to gain acceptance from critic and layman alike. But who of them have ever taken the trouble to read "Les Illuminations" or "L'hiver qui vient" even in translation? So, howz about more articles on these particular streams of literature that have so contributed to our present rock culture? How about some in-depth articles on Beats, Symbolists, present US poets like Ruth Stone and Gary Snyder and the Liverpool poets et al?

As Snyder says: "Of all the streams of civilized tradition with roots in the paleolithic, poetry is one of the few that can realistically claim an unchanged function and a relevance which will outlast most of the activities that surround us today."
ALFIN MOLECH MATTHEWS, St Brelade, Jersey.
P.S. When does Melvyn Bragg review the next BOC LP?

● **I like the "even in translation" bit.**

MY FRIEND recently went to see the film *The Texas Chain Saw Massacres* but did not ask me to go. When he came back he told me he was going to start a new hobby and could I give him a hand. I replied that I would although later I felt rather hurt and cut up about it.
LESLEY M. FROST, Withington, Manchester 20.

● **Your friend was mucking you about.**

WHILE BROWSING through the *NME* June 14, 1975, I was pleased to find a guarantee from Bruce Johnston that Brian Wilson was gonna "make two monstrous hit records in the next six months" and stake his whole record company on this.

We're gonna claim it; coz we're been considering entering this line of business for several years now. We'll take over the company any time he likes, for the exclusive use of one of the six best rock bands in creation — Ratpower.
RON THE RAT & PETE THE PYRENEAN MOUNTAIN DOG California, Holland.

● **Right, you two for the quarantine pen. *I'll* have his record company, Neil can have his sandbox, Max his surfboard, and anything left shared among the . . . blimey, here's an angry bugger.**

THIS PEN has been put to paper in a flying rage. I have just come across the most incredible sweeping statement of total untruth that I have ever seen in print. Angus MacKinnon, assessing German Rock *(NME* 8/1/77), decides "that the indigenous rock music available is obsessively humourless." Not content with that he declares that ". . . to dismiss the output of Grobschnitt, Eloi and their many imitators as an obnoxious amalgam of neanderthal heavy metal and sub-Hawkwindery would be doing them a kindness".

Digging his own grave now he concludes that "Exiled Britons Nectar operated along similar lines and were (still are?) accordingly huge".

Bizarre! Unforgiveable! Nektar (spelt wrong) are in America now, though this is not mentioned. Eloy (also spelt wrong) and Grobschnitt described as sub-Hawkwind? An outright shameful lie.

The fact that I consider Nektar's "Recycled" and Grobschnitt's "Jumbo" as two of the finest albums ever committed to vinyl shows you where I stand, but if MacKinnon wants to lay down a statement about German rock in general, then let it be this:

"German bands in the main take a far greater pride in their work and performance, and display a far higher standard of songwriting and musicianship than bands from any other country." Obsessively humourless? Grobschnitt's 'Sahara-Show' stage act, including their roadie's maniac fight with a metallic ladder and the desert snowball fight blow that assumption to little pieces.

MacKinnon may not like this but he damn well better acknowledge it.
PAUL JOHNSON, Reading, Barks.

● **Each to their own, Paul. As it happens I caught Grobschnitt's act, found it most UN-funny and still loathe Nektar. That's blind prejudice for ya. — ANGUS MacKINNON**

IT'S A PITY Angus MacKinnon couldn't leave his excellent article on Can just as an excellent article on Can, without trying to develop it into an epic analysis of the West German scene, Because this secondary theme was well and truly ballsed up. Apart from the numerous spelling mistakes (forgiveable, I suppose), he failed to mention Guru Guru, who were the big hit of this season's "Rockpalast" series, so carefully described elsewhere in the same issue.

The most glaring omission, however, was MacKinnon's failure to mention Germany's *only* rock superstar, Udo Lindenberg. As Lindenberg and his Panik-Orchester are the only German rock outfit that is totally original, shifts albums in millions and can pack the big concert halls again and again, this omission was unfortunate.

While on themes Teutonic, Bob Edmands' review of the "Wizard's Convention" album was similarly remiss. To say that Hardin and York had "Little success" may be true of this country but certainly not of Germany, where in the late sixties and early seventies they were one of the top attractions. And a final gripe: to imply that "Wizard's Convention" is a tarted-up Hardin and York album is unfair and untrue. Pete York appears on only one track, playing in the Chris Barber Band, of which he has been a member for several months.
OLIVER GRAY, Winchester, Hants.

● **Guru Guru? Yeah well, although cognisant with their oeuvre, 'fraid I didn't rate them worth a mention. And Lindenberg? My mistake, he's good. More soon. — ANGUS MacKINNON.**

EDITED BY NICK LOGAN

JUST IN CASE there are any 1976 nostalgic freaks listening in, perhaps you'd like to know which artists achieved the hallowed position of "Cover Of The NME" during 1976.

First place with two covers each was between Patti Smith, David Bowie, Eric Clapton, Ron Wood (with Mick J. plus E.C.), and Roger Daltrey (on his tod and with The 'Oo). Tie second with one cover apiece were Paul Rodgers, the re-united Small Faces, 10cc, Robert Plant, Phil Spector, Bobby Womack, Neil Young, Sweet, Charlie Watts, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Nils Lofgren, Mick Jagger, Helen Mirren, Bob Marley, Bryan Ferry, The Who, The Runaways, Fleetwood Mac, Freddie King (with E.C.), Ted Nugent, Blue Oyster Cult, Freddie Mercury, Dave Higgs, Bob Dylan, Johnny Rotten plus Feelgoods, Marvin Gaye, Bunny Wailer, Rod Stewart, Dirty Dick Corby from Heston, Graham Parker, Jimmy Page, Eno, Paul Shuttleworth and Jackson Browne.

Other covers featured a smashed up room, the Great British Music Festival, old men of rock'n'roll, the NME Hot 100 Singles, Olde Tyme Rock-'n'Roll, How To Bluff Your Way Through Rock'n'Roll, Zen And The Art Of Cool Maintenance, a TV set, and the best albums of 1966.

Whatever happened to Bruce Springsteen?
A. L. ROWSE, Prof. (retd.).

● **Readings from *NME* Covers for 1976 are currently being given at the Purcell Rooms. Extracts are also available in the current issue of *The Listener*.**

I WRITE with a grouse *(You should have that seen to — Ed)*. It concerns your infuriating and plain stupid habit of writing (blah, blah, blah — Ed) in the middle of your hack's articles. Why are you doing this? It isn't funny, it isn't anything apart from bloody annoying. I mean, it's so futile that even *Sounds* have started doing the same.

So cut it out Nick, please. Apart from that the paper is so obviously better than the others that it doesn't rate a mention.
PADDINGTON, North Evington, Leicester.

● **I'm grateful for this opportunity to explain that I have been out of the country for the past four years, and that it came as a grave shock to me when I returned to find the *NME* in its present depraved condition. It seems that a carton of contaminated *T.Zers* was somehow left on a shelf and over a period of time leaked its deadly contents around the . . . I'll spare you the awful details, just to say that everything's in good hands and that, for the time being, all interjections purporting to be editors' remarks should be regarded as forgeries but tolerated as part of the withdrawal treatment, including** *(You should have that seen to — Ed.)* **— THE REAL NICK LOGAN** *(You should have that seen to — Ed.)*

DEAR Ball Bag: Testes, testes, one, two . . .three!!!
GEZ THE MUTANT, Prince's Gardens, London SW7.

● **Clever dick!**

JEFF LYNNE is a Birmingham City fan you queers! Apologise.
BODGE, Birmingham

● **No.**

GROWING UP BLUES

I JUST HAVE to laugh. Saturday night at the Cricket Club was one not to be forgotten. All day I'd been playing "School Days" by Chuck Berry, relishing the lines . . .

"Soon as three o'clock rolls in/Close up your books, get out of your seat/Down the hall and into the street/Up to the corner and round the bend/Right to the juke joint you go in"

. . . To meet, face to face, two of your teachers.

'Course I danced with them, but shit, what are those lines worth to me now?

Even Paul Simon's "Hey Schoolgirl" with the immortal lines...

"Hey Schoolgirl in the second row/The teacher's looking over so I got to whisper way down low/To say who-bop-a-loo-chi-bop/Let's meet after school at three"

now depresses me.

But it's not only that. All I wanted to do that particular night was to dance my feet off. Then some pure shit-bag comes over and asks me to dance, which is quite fair (quite 'coz I already was), but then he presses his mouth hard against mine and forcefully pushes his tongue in, after knowing him for the lengthy period of five minutes.

I immediately took his head away (another Henry VIII) coz I wasn't having any.

To add to this, he had the nerve to say "thanks very much" for not participating. No one ever sang about this happening while dancing to "At The Hop". I just can't stop thinking of *"Sweet little sixteen, she's got the growing up blues"* 'coz I am that and I do have them (yeah them too) but I'm different!

LINDA, Dublin 5, Ireland.

Beats vs Blanks

DELIVER US FROM GANGRENE

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY CONTRADICTION

IN HIS confessions to *The Sun* last week, 'The Squealer' **Maurice O'Mahoney** — The Man With A £20,000 Underworld Contract On His Head — revealed that certain elements of London's gangland planned to kidnap Watford Chairman **Elton John.** Acting on information provided by "a close associate of the singer" the mob planned to grab Elt from his home and hold him in Scotland for a two million pound ransom. Before the grab could be effected, however, O'Mahoney and criminal cohorts were nabbed by Old Bill during an armed raid on a Securicor van at Heathrow Airport. Who is this "close associate" of EJ, *T-zers* wonders . . .

And, hot on the news of the **Lennon, Harrison, Starr** settlement with **Allen Klein** (see *Thrills*) comes the news that at last the **Fab Foursome's** 1962 Hamburg tapes — recorded at the Star Club by **King Size Taylor** (who was appearing at the club with his band, **The Dominoes**) — will be released by Buk Records in Britain as a two record set. Tracks include early versions of "I Saw Her Standing There", "Long Tall Sally", "Roll Over Beethoven", "A Taste Of Honey" and Marlene Dietrich's "Falling In Love Again" performed solo by **Paul McCartney.** It's worth noting that most other major record companies turned the tapes down, while **Brian Epstein** refused to buy them from King in the mid-Sixties . . .

Rightwing columnist unhelpful to rock'n'roll guitarist: **J. Page** of beat group **Zed Leppelin,** it was reported in last week's *Sunday Express,* has been looking for the original furniture of his neo-Gothic Kensington domain, Tower House, which he purchased from **Richard Harris** for over £350,000. Poet Laureate **Sir John Betjeman** apparently gave away some of the furniture to **Evelyn Waugh** when the former inherited a tail-end of the lease in 1962. This, the *Express* points out, was a curious thing to do as Betjeman never owned any of the house's furniture. The furniture then passed to Waugh's son, **Auberon,** who says: "I now have them and absolutely love them. I have no intention in parting from or selling them. I suppose I would feel a twinge of moral obligation to return them if the house were taken over by the Victoria and Albert Museum and opened to the public, but not for the private use of a guitarist.". . .

Congratulations to **Andrew, Tony** and **Steven Tyler** on their release from imprisonment by Eritrean guerrillas . . .

"I've had managers who've asked me what I want. Is it a Cadillac? A house like Elvis? I've always said I want the money in my hand. I've never got it. I guess they always want to be in control." — **Joe Cocker** talking to the *Evening Standard* . . .

And rapping in London last week, Mr. **James Brown**: "I had a letter from a fan asking 'Why does James Brown make so many records?' I wrote back asking why **Ford** made so many cars."

Robert Plant and **Jimmy Page** spotted by "The Raver" checking out **The Damned** at Covent Garden Roxy Club last week . . .

Stocks of "Anarchy In The UK" left in the EMI warehouse will, according to *Music Week,* be recycled. What as? **Cliff Richard** and **Ken Dodd** platters? . . .

Writes a doctor: "According to a report in medic's trade mag, *The Lancet,* sniffing glue and related substances has killed forty youngsters in Britain since 1970 and the mortality graph is heading upwards. Average age of sticky noses is around 15. It is not a good idea to indulge in this senseless practice.". . .

The Return of **The Fonze**!!! *Happy Days* returns to the screens of TV watchers in the London Weekend area on March 5. The only other British TV companies to have picked up the series are Grampian and Harlech. None of them are touching the hilarious spin-off series about **Laverne** and **Shirl** . . .

Steve McQueen somewhat amazed to find, at three in the morning, an intruder in full Nazi regalia walking along his beach. It was, of course, none other than his new next door neighbour **Krackers Keith Moon.** "These pranks of Moon's are becoming tedious," writes a senior *T-zer* . . .

Tush, tush, **Ricky Monsoon** (aka **Mick Ronson**) picked up by police for drinking and driving after first night of seesions for **Daltrey's** new elpee. You know it makes no sense whatsoever . . .

The *Daily Mirror* reports: "The sniffing cult arrived in Britain from California. It is proving a bonanza for the drug pushers . . . because they are duping many pop fans into buying a highly-dangerous cocaine substitute. This is amphetamine sulphate. Cocaine and amphetamine sulphate look identical. But there is a major difference: Cocaine, used by many highly-paid stars, isn't addictive.". . .

Stevie Wonder reported as busy writing the soundtrack for *The Secret Life Of Plants* movie and preparing to go to Africa, Cannes (Midem) and then London at the end of this month. Hence, it was necessary for Stevie to pull out of the **Jimmy Carter** pre-inaugural concert gala. Stevie sent a tape to President-elect Jimmy explaining why he wouldn't be attending. "That was his letter," explained an associate. "Rather than send a letter in Braille, which Carter probably couldn't understand, he sent this tape.". . .

Joe Walsh may be recording a solo album in Miami with producer **Bill Szymzcyk** but he will *not* be leaving **The Eagles.** In fact, les Eags are playing on his album. A tour of British eyries begins by the band around April 25 . . .

ELP, The Great Missing Men Of British Rock, have *finished* their next album. A US tour is planned for the summer . . .

Into the office of a Sydney (Australia) promoter came a waltzing sheepherder the other day, quite a rich sheepherder in fact. He owned a sheep station all of his very own. He had discovered of late that a nice couple of million had piled up in his bank account. However, proving the old adage that money doesn't buy happiness, Mr. Sheepherder was starved of entertainment in his financial paradise in the outcast. "How much would **Frank Sinatra** cost?" he asked the promoter. "About fifty grand," came the reply. "I'll have him," he decided, pulling a wodge of readies out of his pocket. The promoter made a few phone calls. Unfortunately, Frank was unavailable. There is no moral to this story. *T-zers* just found it mildly humorous . . .

And **Stevie W** may be out, but LA rockdom's fave crumpet **Linda Ronstadt** is set to play at the peanutty inauguration ball . . .

The Brum reunion of the original **Band Of Joy** postponed after **Mrs. Robert Plant** had been admitted to hospital. Her leg, broken in the Greek car crash that put hubby **Robby** in plaster for months, set crookedly and has had to be broken again and reset. The reunion is re-scheduled for Soon . . .

Predictable rumours that **D. Bowie** to play keyboards in the **Ig's** band when the Phantom Of Detroit tours. "Although this seems unlikely," writes an Elder *T-zer,* **"Tony Sales** is confirmed for the band.". . .

Third generation rock cohorts create camaraderie: Visiting Boston on their current US tour, **Queen's Brian May, Roger Deacon** and **John Taylor** visited **Aerosmith** lead guitarist and **Keef** lookalike **Joe Perry** for a blow in his studio . . .

Incidentally, isn't it suddenly rather dangerous to be a **Keef** lookalike???

One **Johnny Gonzales** was fined fifteen quid last week for possessing the dread cannabis. Mr. Gonzales works under the stage name of **Johnny Thunder** . . .

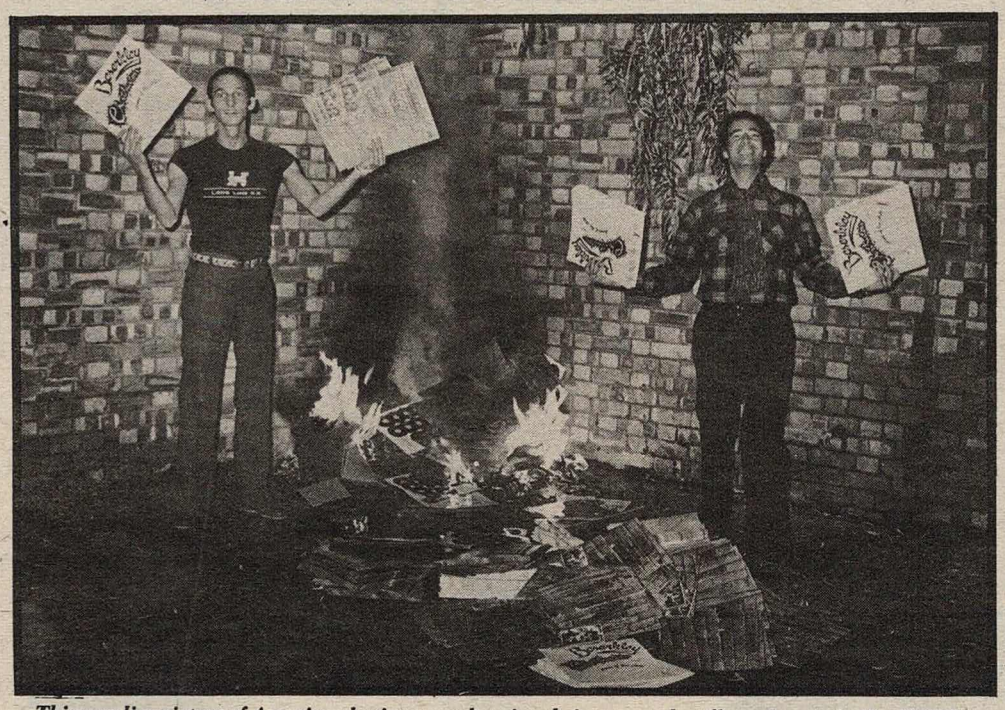
Before visiting **Rod Stewart's** Olympic gig last Saturday, waggish **Mick Jagger** visited The Scotch House in Knightsbridge and purchased a tartan scarf and Tam O'Shanter. Unfortunately during revelries leading up to the gig our Michael managed to lose his purchases . . .

Ah, troubles, troubles: apparently EMI have even been having hassles with establishment rockers, the **Pink Floyd** pop group. It was apparently necessary for the chaps to amend quite a few four letter words before the company would stop perspiring slightly and put out their new elpee. It's not just these short-haired punks who need their mouths washing out with soap and water, you see . . .

After the **Keef** bust, weren't quite a few well-known rockpeople raided last week? . . .

Though **Steve Sparkes** may have abandoned interest in the next **Runaways** tour, **Karl Dallas,** the young music writer *(Young? He's joking. — Ed)* with whom he co-promoted the last bash, maintains he is currently holding discussions about picking up his option for the next UK visit by les petites cuties. He also states that **Kim Fowley** is now firmly back holding the management reins . . .

The **S** P****** spotted in London's once fashionable Speakeasy club last Saturday night. Said a P***** to a reporter: "Don't say we're down here. Our manager doesn't like us coming here." . . .



This peculiar picture of American businessmen burning their own product flopped on to the T—ZERS desk last week with a caption which read as follows: 'Beserkley President and Attorney have a good old American bonfire — United Artists returned all Beserkley labels, sleeves, and existing product that they had been distributing after their distribution deal had run out. At that point, rather than allowing any further "adminstrative errors," Beserkley President Matthew King Kaufman (left) and Beserkley Attorney Joel Turtle (right) took matters into their own hands.' Another major British record company is about to take over Beserkley's distribution here it is believed.

NME CURES! GPs ASTOUNDED!!
In a rare interview in 'The Lancet', Joey Ramone of Brooklyn provided the photographic evidence necessary to demonstrate just how his choice of reading material helped heal his badly injured left hoof. You will note the leather pyjamas, also apparently part of the therapy.

HEAVY PROMOTIONS
BEHIND THESE TWO TITLES
"SINGER OF SONGS"
by MAHOGANY
DJM DJS 10739
"YOURS"
by LOVE APPLES
B&C BCS 0002
EMI MUSIC, 138/140 Charing Cross Rd., London, WC2
01-836 6699

new MUSICAL EXPRESS
Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street,
London SE1 9LS.
01-261 6820
01-261 5000

EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews): Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray
Contributing Editor: Mick Farren

Staff:
Julie Emberton
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill

Contributors:
Tony Tyler
Ian MacDonald
Andrew Tyler
Nick Kent
Bob Edmands
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Rod McShane
Miles
Edward Barker
Angie Errigo
Kate Phillips
Lester Bangs
John May

Photography:
Pennie Smith
Chalkie Davies

New York:
Lisa Robinson

Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisement Department
Ad Director:
PERCY DICKINS
(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads
Penny Morgan
(01) 261 6122

Ad production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
IPC Magazine Ltd. Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden.

WARTS: TAKE A FRIEND'S ADVICE
I'D LIKE TO TAKE JILL OUT, BUT NOT WHILE I'VE GOT THESE WARTS
NO PROBLEM, DAVE. JUST GET SOME... COMPOUND W
THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND
HI, DAVE. HOW ARE THINGS?
GREAT. THE WARTS HAVE GONE, AND I'M MEETING JILL TONIGHT.

Compound W* dissolves away unsightly warts painlessly, without cutting or cauterisation. It's a clear, colourless liquid that penetrates deep into the common wart destroying the cells from within. The problem just melts away, leaving your hands wart-free! 'Compound W' from chemists everywhere.

Compound W

* Trade Mark.

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

EMMYLOU HARRIS

"LUXURY LINER"

A great lady takes the grand tour 'cross country, rock and pop.

Appearing at the Ninth International Festival of Country Music, Wembley, Monday, 11th April, 1977.

K56334

COWBELL MAKE IT A YEAR!

Would you buy a used band from these men? Left to right: John Jackson, Kenny Bell, Steve Andrews. Seated: John Martin, Richard Cowley, Martin Hopewell. This special NME Advertisers' Supplement marks the first anniversary of the formation of Cowbell Agency. The development of Cowbell must be regarded as one of the success stories of the last year. Under the directorship of Kenny Bell and Richard Cowley, the staff comprises Stevan Andrews, Martin Hopewell, John Jackson and John Martin assisted by Dottie O'Rourke, Linda Ruddock, Mary Cashman and Ian Walker.

Brian Ferry touring U.K. in February, Continent in March and Japan and Australia in April. **Rod Stewart** who has just completed a gigantic European tour and who will be off to Australia in February. Ian Anderson and **Jethro Tull** will be touring U.K. during February and Europe in April, May and June of this year.

THE ROLE of an Agent has always been associated with that played by the villain in the pantomime of the music business. The guy you love to hate: Mr. 10%. There might have been a time when the parallel was quite valid; when all you needed to be a good agent was a lot of insurance, a good dentist and a patter that would make Nicholas Parsons wince. However, at a time when, even to the most uncommitted observer, the vast potential for profit within the music business has become apparent, the situation of the agent has remained pretty stationary.

Popular myths exploded department

Agents set up the live work for the Artistes they represent. This may be a relatively simple job or an excruciatingly difficult one depending on the stature of the act.

In the first category of big name, universally known bands, an Agent sells the band, as opposed to a date, to a Promoter who then delivers the tour. From then on the role is chiefly mediating between the chosen Promoter and the Manager of the act i.e. getting it from both sides — explaining to the Manager why you just can't do that sort of thing in a corporation building and explaining to the Promoter why the band must have a particular brand of Tequila / piano / power supply only available in America / 400 miles from the venue / if the gig's in Battersea power station.

In the second category of middle range acts, the job entails selling dates one by one to individual promoters in the various venues the band need to play. This entails a lot of phone work "They'll definitely break on this tour" "They're enormous in Germany," hassling the Record Company to come up with the publicity campaign, then re-arranging the dates so the tour has some semblance of routing and then pulling all the dates out when the tour is cancelled because the bass player's broken his arm.

The final category — cheapo cheapo, unknown, obscure bands are simply hard work. The difficulties in actually selling an act that nobody has heard of, are obvious. There's always the people who thought Dr. Feelgood operated from Harley Street, or that 10cc was marketed by Honda — (until they discovered the AGENT?) 'Well I wouldn't say they were bizarre, more unusual' 'A cross between Led Zeppelin and Leo Sayer'. Since the demise of the club circuit, most Promoters at small venues / colleges find it a lot easier / less aggravation / more profitable to book discos and to be fair to them a lot of potential audiences are loath to part with a proportion of their dole money / grant / hard earned wages on a band they've never seen or heard of and might possibly detest. Stringing dates together on small acts takes a lot of time and costs and a lot of money as the commission doesn't begin to repay the time needed to sell the act.

The aim of the agent is to take an act from the bottom bracket and elevate it to the status of the top bracket — by which time he isn't needed any more. Once acts are of the stature where 10% amounts to a lot of money, they don't 'need' agents and 'the contract's expired'. Such is the ephemeral nature of fame.

So bear a thought for the friendly agent. He's not really a bad guy and he has to make a living, it's just that he has this act which is going to be enormous, I mean **good** — is the Pope a Catholic, if rock and roll had a future, this would be CLICK brrrrrrrrrrr

Dottie O'Rourke

Congratulations Cowbell on your first birthday

ALEX HARVEY
BAKER GURVITZ ARMY
BE BOP DELUXE
JETHRO TULL
JESS RODEN
NAZARETH
PAT TRAVERS BAND
THIN LIZZY
S.A.H.B. without Alex
SAILOR

Harvey Goldsmith, 7 Welbeck St., London W1M 7PB.

BEST WISHES FOR A HIGH VOLTAGE BIRTHDAY TO COWBELL

LOOK OUT FOR AC/DC ON THEIR FORTHCOMING TOUR

AC/DC on Atlantic Records ATLANTIC

Happy Birthday Cowbell

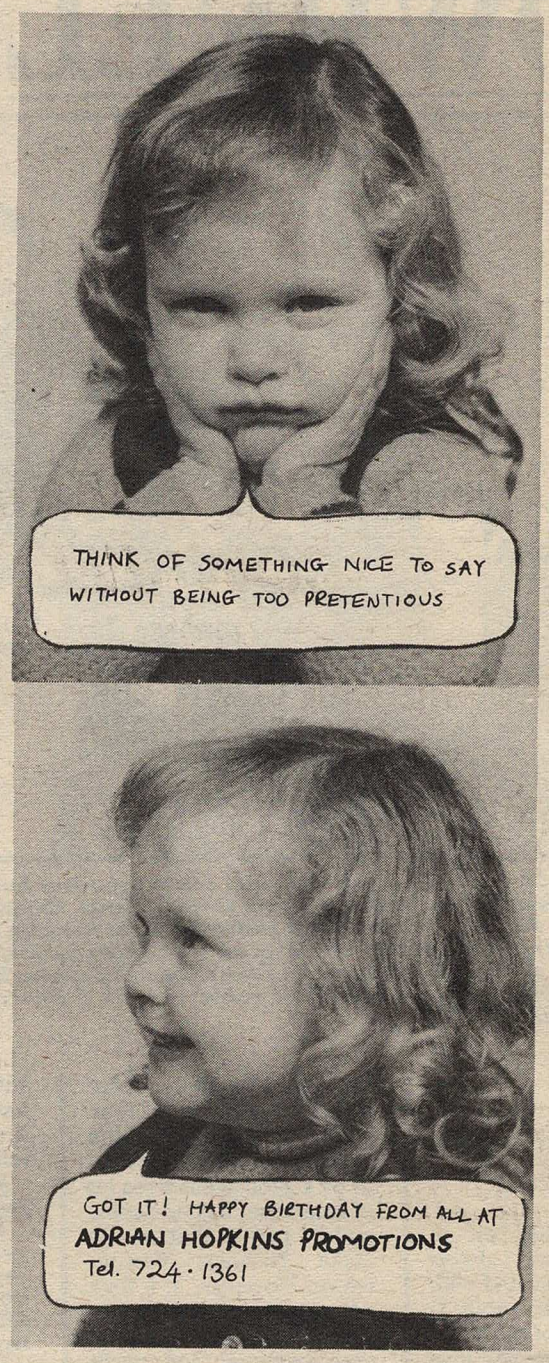
from

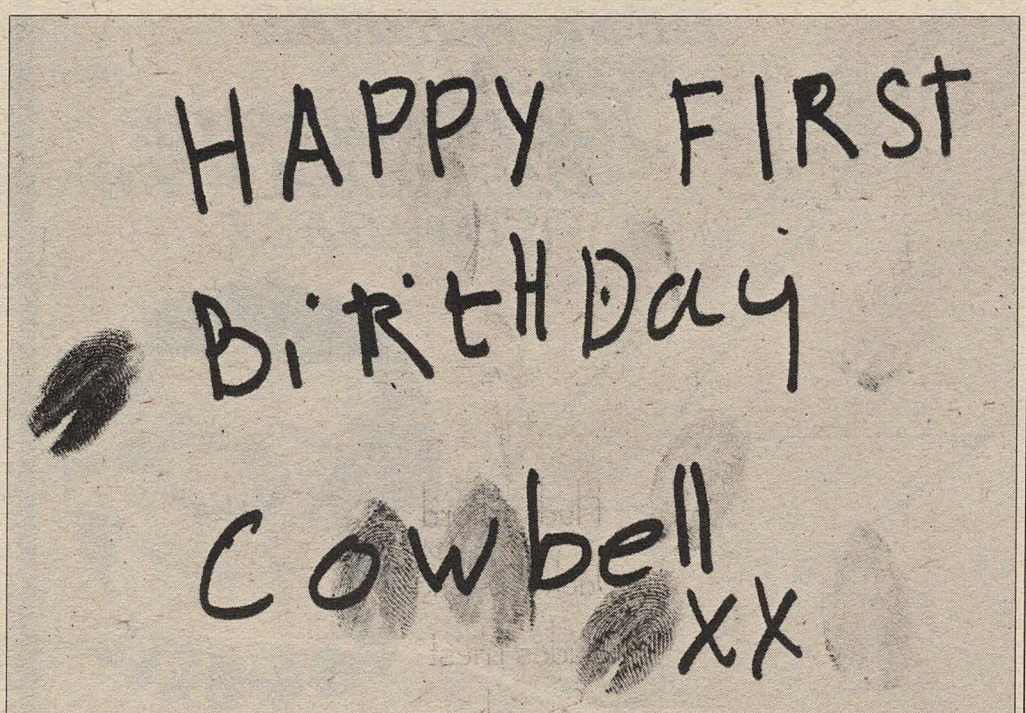
Fritz Rau & Michael Scheller

on behalf of

Lippmann+Rau
Concert Buro
GmbH+Co KG

Hollerkopf
Str. 6
6 Frankfurt Main 50
0611
phone 581041
telex 411589 lur d.
cable lippraucon


THINK OF SOMETHING NICE TO SAY
WITHOUT BEING TOO PRETENTIOUS
GOT IT! HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM ALL AT
ADRIAN HOPKINS PROMOTIONS
Tel. 724·1361



from

NAZARETH
SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND
BAKER GURVITZ ARMY
KRAZY KAT

and all at

MOUNTAIN

Mountain Managements
64-65 Grosvenor Street, London W1. Tel: 01-493 4256

MAZAL TOV
ONE YEAR COWBELL
from
MICHEL PERL & PAUL AMBACH
at
GEMco

ISABELLELEI 42
2000 ANTWERP
BELGIUM

Tel: (031) 30.90.04
30.80.71
TELEX: 34644

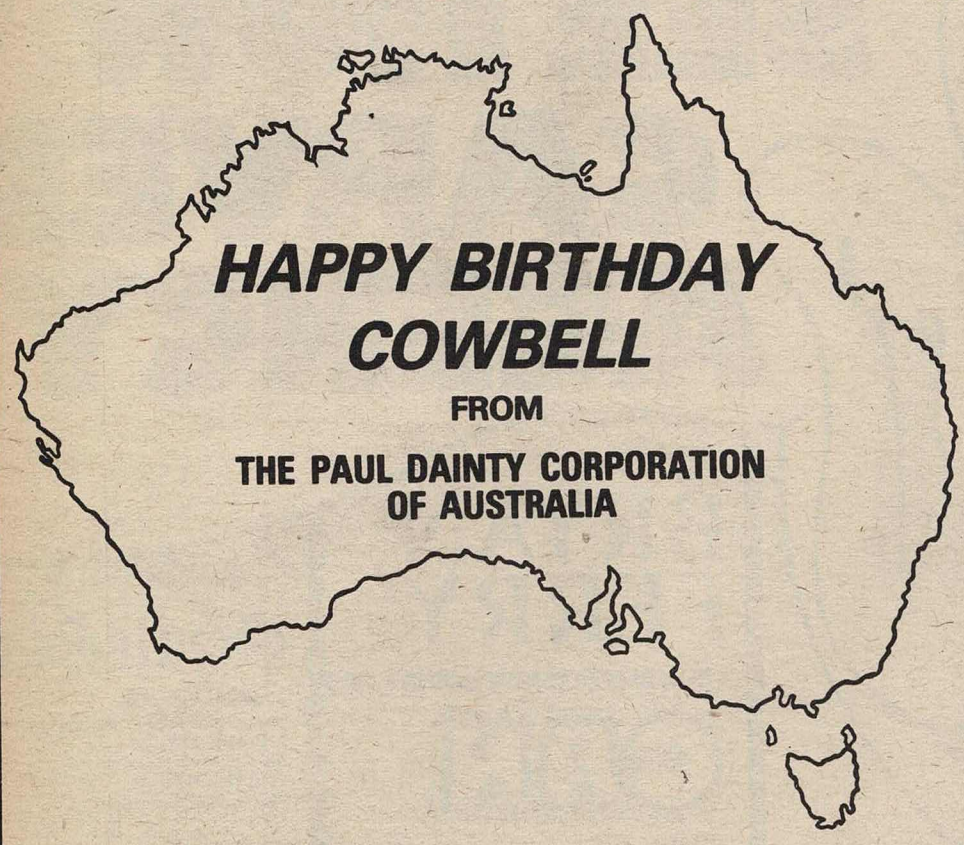
COWBELL'S FIRST YEAR
THE FIRST OF MANY
CONGRATULATIONS

from

PAUL ACKET AGENCY
PRINSESSEGRACHT 3
THE HAGUE
HOLLAND
TEL: (70) 62.46.21
TELEX: 33083

MOJO CONCERTS
P.O. BOX 3035
DELFT
HOLLAND
TEL: (15) 12.19.80
TELEX: 32582

PD

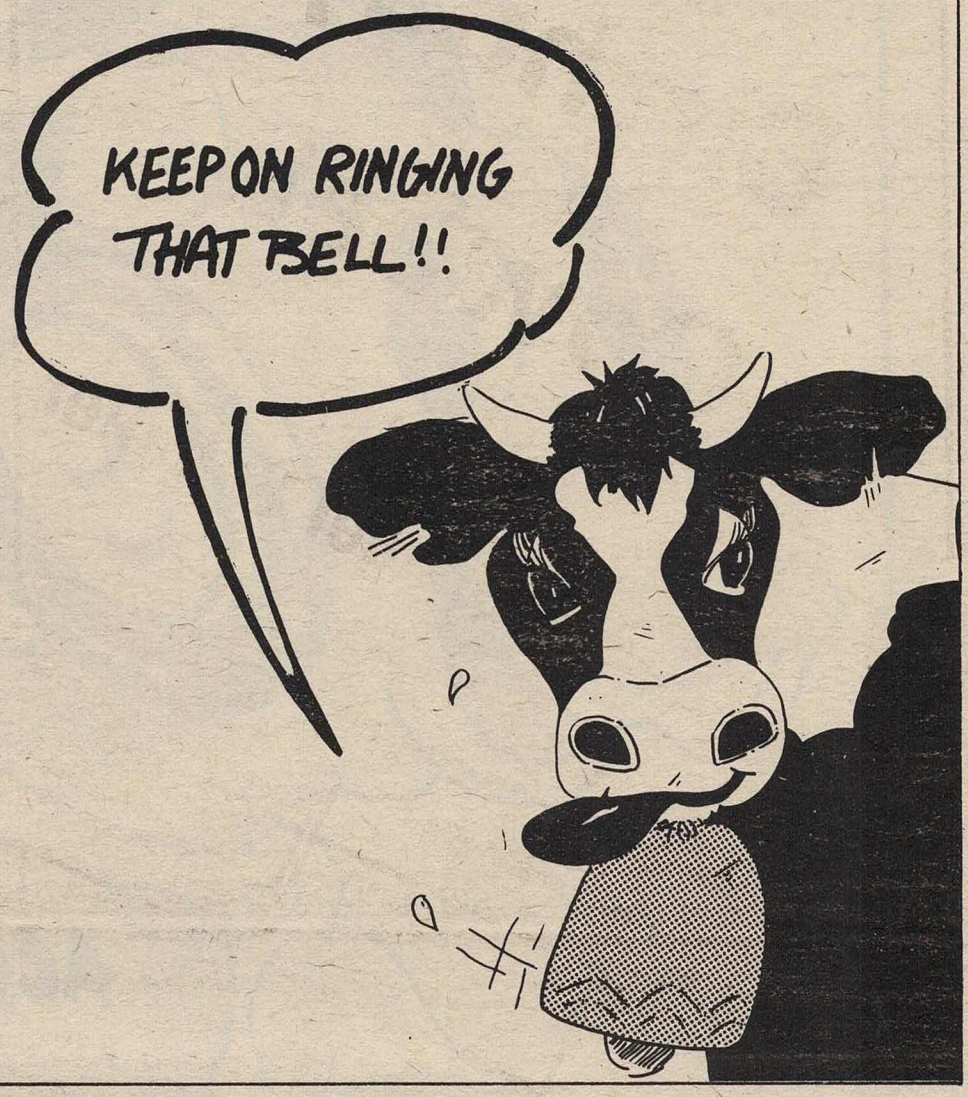


HAPPY BIRTHDAY
COWBELL
FROM
THE PAUL DAINTY CORPORATION
OF AUSTRALIA

U.K.
7 HERTFORD STREET
MAYFAIR
LONDON W1Y 7DY
TEL: 499 5005
TLX: 25935

AUSTRALIA
229 LENNOX STREET
RICHMOND
VICTORIA 3121
TEL: MELBOURNE 4293577
TLX: 33357

CONGRATULATIONS
COWBELL
ON YOUR FIRST YEAR
FROM ALL AT DECCA



Congratulations Cowbell on your first birthday
from

Be-Bop Deluxe
Rupert Holmes
Hudson Ford
Jack The Lad
Judas Priest
Strawbs
Pat Travers

and all your friends at Arnakata

Arnakata

35 Homer Street, London W.1 Tel: 01-723 8424 Telex: 24996
598 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Tel: 212 421 1870 Telex: 423265

JUST ONE YE
SEE HOW W
CARVED
AGENCY

BRYAN FERRY

Gentle Giant

30TH APR–17TH MAY
Headline U.K. Tour incl Theatre Royal, London.
21ST MAY–5TH JUN
Headline tour of France and Italy.
16TH SEP–7TH OCT
Headline tour of Europe.

CAN

4TH DEC
New Victoria Theatre, London.

AC/DC

23RD SEP–19TH OCT
Euro Tour; as special guests to RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW, Belgian T.V. Special.
27TH OCT–15TH NOV
Headline U.K. Tour incl. London Hammersmith Odeon.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS

31ST DEC
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Olympia, London.
8/12TH JAN
Tour of Holland.
22ND JAN–29TH FEB
Special guests on BE-BOP DELUXE Tour
4TH MAR–30TH MAR
U.K. Tour of clubs and colleges.
9TH APR–19TH APR
Tour of Scandinavia plus Festivals in Arnhem and the Hague.
13TH JUL–1ST AUG
"SUMMER MADNESS" U.K. Tour of holiday resorts.
15TH SEP–2ND COT
Tour of Belgium, Germany, France and Switzerland.
23RD OCT–21ST NOV
"END OF THE WORLD" U.K. Tour incl. 1st major London concert at Shaftesbury Theatre.

Groundhogs

20TH FEB–3RD APR
Headline U.K. tour incl Roundhouse London
10TH SEP 22ND SEP
Tour of Scandinavia
30TH SEP 31ST OCT
Headline U.K. tour of colleges and clubs.

THE BAKER GURVITZ ARMY

1ST JAN
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Olympia, London.
2ND JUL
Headline ROSSKILDE FESTIVAL, COPENHAGEN.

JACK the LAD

1ST JAN
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Olympia, London.
8TH JAN
Tyne Tees T.V. Special.
23RD JAN–29TH FEB
U.K. tour of colleges and clubs.
3RD MAR–14TH MAR
Tour of Scandinavia incl. Norwegian T.V. Special.
30TH APR–5TH JUN
U.K. tour of colleges and clubs.
20TH JUN–27TH JUN
Tour of Scandinavia incl. ISLE OF CALF FESTIVAL, KRISTIANSAND FESTIVAL, TRONDHEIM FESTIVAL and HORTEN FESTIVAL.
24TH JUL
JULY WAKES FESTIVAL.
25TH SEP–2ND NOV
U.K. Tour to promote Jackpot album incl. Victoria Palace, London.

BE-BOP DELUXE

2/3RD JAN
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Olympia, London with BAD CO
22ND JAN–29TH FEB
27 date headline U.K. tour incl. Theatre Royal, London & T.V. appearances on Top of the Pops, Supersonic & Old Grey Whistle Test
8TH MAR–25TH APR
1st U.S. Tour.
25TH SEP–2ND OCT
Major U.K. Tour incl. London, Hammersmith Odeon.
4 OCT–15 DEC
2nd U.S. Tour.

ENO

28TH AUG
READING FESTIVAL, with PHIL MANZANERA BAND.
6TH SEP
Queen Elizabeth Hall, London with PHIL MANZANERA BAND.

The Jess Roden Ba

4TH MAR–15TH MAR
U.K. Tour incl. Victoria Palace, Lon
18/19/20TH MAY
3 night special at Marquee Club, Lo

Cowbell have exclusive agency repr

EAR AND WE'VE UP THE BUSINESS!

Just a glance at the names on this page will tell you that we've skimmed the cream of British rock – and it's a measure of our success that, in the past twelve months, we've put together many of the year's most memorable tours. So remember the name, because we'll be bringing you more great rock in '77.

COWBELL

153 GEORGE STREET, LONDON W1H 5LB TEL: 01-262 7253

HUDSON Ford

Nazareth

2/3RD JAN
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL Olympia, London
20TH APR–25TH APR
Major U.K. Tour incl. Hammersmith Odeon, London.
13TH NOV–4TH DEC
Headline European Tour.

Robin Trower

20TH FEB–6TH MAR
Major tour of U.K. incl. Empire Pool, Wembley.
29TH MAY–19TH JUN
Major European Tour.
7TH OCT–18TH OCT
Major European Tour.
25/26TH OCT
Hammersmith Odeon, London.

The Sensational ALEX HARVEY BAND

18TH DEC–24TH DEC
Christmas Show. 3 days Glasgow Apollo and 4 days London, New Victoria.
30TH APR–16TH JUN
Major U.K. Tour incl. shows at Charlton, Swansea and Glasgow with THE WHO.
7TH AUG
Co-headlined TURKU FESTIVAL, Finland.
30TH SEP–18TH OCT
Headline Euro Tour.

JETHRO TULL

24TH FEB/15TH MAR
Supersonic and Old Grey Whistle Test.
3RD MAY–20TH MAY
Major European Tour
17TH JUL
LWTV Special "TOO OLD TO ROCK AND ROLL".

PAT TRAVERS

20TH FEB 3RD APR
U.K. Tour with THE GROUNDHOGS.
30TH APR 16TH JUN
U.K. Tour as special guests to THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND
5TH JUL 15TH JUL
U.K. clubs and colleges
28TH AUG
READING FESTIVAL
21ST OCT–20TH NOV
'AUTUMN STORMER' Tour of clubs and colleges in U.K.
31ST DEC
New Years Eve Charity Show at Marquee Club, London.

ROD STEWART

24TH OCT
NIGHT ON THE TOWN LWTV Special.
1ST NOV–22ND NOV
14 date major Euro Tour.
26TH NOV–16TH JAN
Major U.K. Tour incl. 6 days at Olympia, London and O.G.W.T. Live Christmas Show on 24th December.

STRAWBS

24TH JUL
CARDIFF CASTLE as special guests to STATUS QUO.
23RD SEP–3RD OCT
U.K. Tour incl. Theatre Royal, London.

John Miles

1ST JAN
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Olympia, London.
20TH FEB–5TH MAR
Special guest on tour with ROBIN TROWER
2ND MAY–18TH MAY
Special guest on European Tour with JETHRO TULL
30TH MAY–7TH JUN
Headline tour of U.K. incl. Hammersmith Odeon, London.
11/13/19TH JUN
Open Air European shows with the ROLLING STONES.
28TH JUN–27TH AUG
U.S. Tour incl. shows with ELTON JOHN and PETER FRAMPTON.
28TH NOV–17TH DEC
Headline European Tour.
19TH DEC
Supersonic Charity Show, Theatre Royal, London.
24TH DEC
Christmas show, New Victoria Theatre, London.

Ronnie Lane

2/3RD JAN
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL Olympia, London.
9TH JAN–8TH FEB
U.K. Tour incl. Shaftesbury Theatre, London.

THIN LIZZY

31ST DEC
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Olympia, London.
5TH MAR–4TH APR
Headline U.K. Tour incl. New Victoria Theatre, London.
11TH JUL
'THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN' Hammersmith Odeon, London.
30TH SEP–2ND OCT
Headline dates in Scandinavia.
7TH OCT–17TH OCT
Holland, Belgium and Germany as special guests to ROBIN TROWER.
20TH OCT–18TH NOV
Major Tour of U.K. incl. 3 nights at Hammersmith Odeon, London.
Special guests on ROD STEWART LWTV Special.

PHIL MANZANERA

28TH AUG
READING FESTIVAL.
6TH SEP
Queen Elizabeth Hall, London.

ROXY MUSIC

PROCOL HARUM

1ST JAN
GREAT BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, Olympia, London.
3RD JAN–11TH JAN
Major U.K. Tour.
14TH JAN–10TH FEB
Major European Tour incl. 11 dates in Poland.
5TH MAR
Tyne Tees T.V. Special.
6TH MAR–27TH MAR
U.K. University concerts.
26TH APR–2ND MAY
Major tour of France.
22ND JUL–1ST AUG
Major tour of Scandinavia.

SAILOR

7TH FEB–7TH MAR
Headline U.K. Tour incl. New Victoria Theatre, London.
1ST OCT–19TH OCT
Headline Euro Tour.
24TH OCT–5TH NOV
Major U.K. Tour incl. New Victoria Theatre, London.

Band

22/25TH MAY
Open air shows in France with THE WHO.
3/7TH JUN
Tour of Holland incl. PINK POP FESTIVAL.
31ST JUL
CRYSTAL PALACE GARDEN PARTY with ERIC CLAPTON.
14TH AUG
BILZEN FESTIVAL, Belgium
14TH OCT–31ST OCT
Tour of Holland, Belgium and Germany.
5TH NOV–4TH DEC
U.K. Tour incl. Theatre Royal, London.

London.
b, London.

presentation of all the above artistes.

COWBELL ARE:

Stevan Andrews
Kenny Bell (Director)
Richard Cowley (Director)
Martin Hopewell
John Jackson
John Martin

Bon Anniversaire Cowbell!

Wishing you a long life.
Keep the industry rolling,
and keep our friendship rolling

KOSKI/CAUCHOIX PRODUCTIONS
23 RUE DUFRENOY PARIS 16e
TEL: 504 32 96/36 74

Cowbell is music to our ears.

So it's pretty unusual for a record company to congratulate a booking company on the way their phone sounds.

So after so many phone calls and so many good bookings who cares?

So why are Jethro Tull, Split Enz, Robin Trower, Gentle Giant, Procol Harum, and Alvin Lee also congratulating Cowbell?

So far because they've had no bookings which were only so-so.

So what more can we say?

Reach for the so and so phone and listen hard.

When Cowbell give you a bell it's worth listening.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

COWBELL'S
FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS ON TOUR

BE-BOP DELUXE
January 20-February 18

BRYAN FERRY
February 1-March 14

JETHRO TULL
February 1-February 14

JOHN MILES
January 13-February 13

PROCOL HARUM
February 10-March 12

SAHB
(without Alex)
January 26-February 28

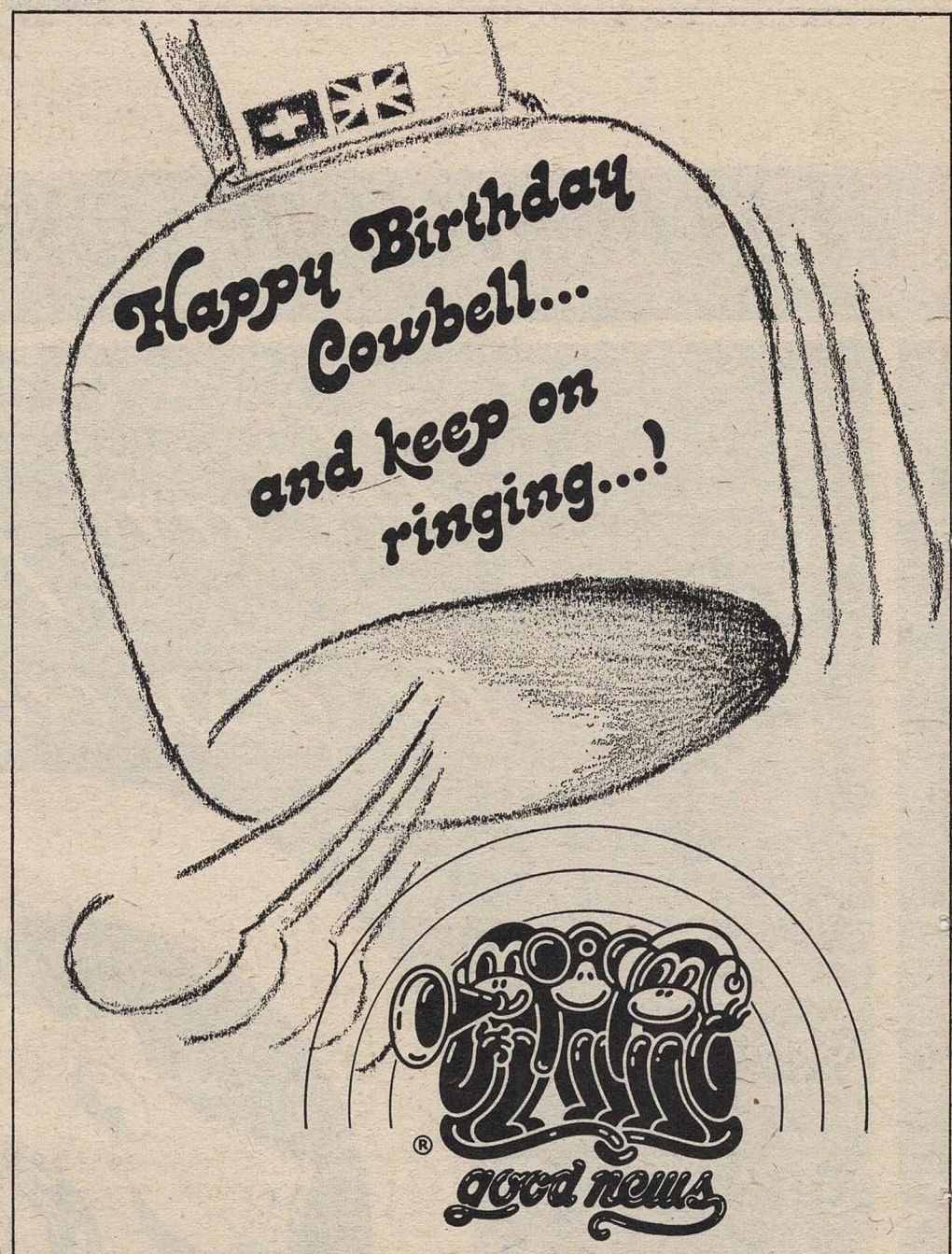
'ROUTE 77' Featuring
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
PAT TRAVERS
plus support
February 16-March 19

JACK THE LAD
March 2-March 26

CONGRATULATIONS
TO COWBELL
ON A TERRIFIC
FIRST YEAR
FROM
ALL OF US
AT ISLAND...

...GOOD LUCK FOR THE NEXT TEN.

ISLAND



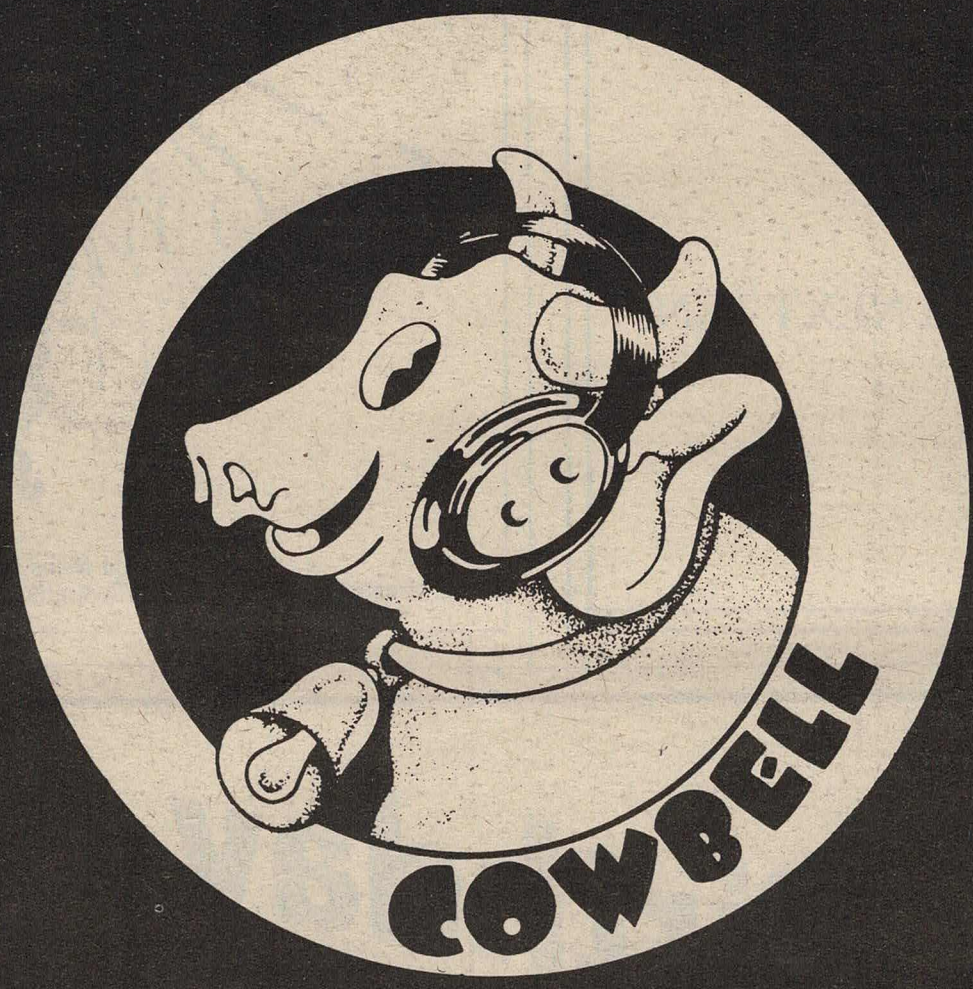
The Good News Group of Companies,
Carmenstrasse 25, 8032 Zurich/Switzerland, Phone: 01 32 1168/69, Telex: 55691 news

Happy Birthday,
Cowbell. It has been
a great year
for us both!!

INTERNATIONAL CONCERT ORGANISATION A/S
24 KNABROSTRÆDE . DK-1210 COPENHAGEN K . PHONE (01) *12 20 00 . CABLES INTERMUSIC-COPENHAGEN . TELEX 27531

INTERNATIONAL
CONCERT
ORGANISATION

We are proud
to be associated with



and wish Cowbell and
their artists every success

EMA · TELSTAR

Knud
Thorbjørnsen
ApS